Contemporary Review

126th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

052
008

JULY 1992

CHINA DEBATES CAPITALISM
Keramat Poorsoltan

CHERNOBYL AFTER FIVE YEARS
Peter Hodgson

THE SKULL BENEATH THE SKIN
Anthony Harrigan

A NEWLY DISCOVERED SHELLEY DIARY
Desmond Hawkins

and other articles together with a fourteen-page Literary Supplement.

£2.20

UK-H06554-231-P5442

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

July 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1518 Founded 1866

Contents *Page*

China Debates Capitalism	Keramat Poorsoltan	1
Poem: On Hearing That the Wall in Berlin	Alamgir Hashmi	13
The Skull Beneath the Skin	Anthony Harrigan	14
Chernobyl After Five Years	Peter Hodgson	20
The Limits of Tolerance	Raymond Tong	26
Poems: Indecision Among the Apple-Trees **A New Voice for Pastoral Poetry**	Pam Gidney	32
A Newly Discovered Shelley Diary	Desmond Hawkins	34
Himalayan Development	Jo Pacsoo	36
The Czech Zither	Richard Pennington	39
A Close-Kept Secret in Edinburgh	Robin Mead	41
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		
Some Recent Fiction	Betty Abel	43
Non-Fiction Reviews		45
Esmond Wright, Leo Muray, Richard Mullen, A. D. Harvey, Peter Hodgson, Betty Abel, Muriel Julius, Molly Tibbs, Rodney Aitchtey.		
Shorter Reviews		56

P 5442

Editor: DR. RICHARD MULLEN

Associate Editor: ANSELMA BRUCE

Literary Editor: BETTY ABEL

Music Correspondent: DAVID FINGLETON

Editorial Advisors: PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT, PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Finance Director: LEONARD SKIPP

© 1992. Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ U.S. Mailing Agent. Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage), U.K. £29.00, U.S.A. and Canada $130.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.

(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 **incorporating The Fortnightly**

July 1992 **Vol. 261** **No. 1518**

Editor:
DR. RICHARD MULLEN

Literary Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisors:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT
PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Associate Editor:
ANSELMA BRUCE

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

CHINA DEBATES CAPITALISM

by Keramat Poorsoltan

CHINA, long before the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries, initiated its own version of perestroika. The purpose of this change was using economic and legal means to control the economy indirectly, which was a great departure from controlling the economy through administrative directives. At the end of 1991, China had accumulated 13 years of experience, saturated with ebbs and flows. During those years, a great number of policies — and policy adjustments — each with its own mixed results went into effect. And the results came to be a bittersweet legacy. Nothing better than a live workshop may be educating, irrespective of environmental differences. In fact, the lessons learned from this experience are eye opening for both socialist states and Third World countries. China is both.

In December 1978, at the Third Plenum of the 11th Central Committee of the Communist Party a new economic policy was basically accepted. In this historic meeting, the egalitarianism of Mao Zedong was put aside and Deng Xiaoping began encouraging 'a part of the population... to become well off first'. Under Mao Zedong, China sacrificed growth for equality. Deng Xiaoping reversed Mao Zedong's priorities, condoned inequality, and urged the Chinese to compete for wealth in a drive for economic efficiency and prosperity.[22] The main contents of decisions made in this meeting were: to delegate decision-making power to local authorities and production units, and to allow local authorities and enterprises to retain more revenue, so as to stimulate their initiative. This reform was summarized in the slogan 'Delegate Power and Relinquish Revenues'.[41] No precise timetable was presented for introduction or implementation of the reforms, although most of them were expected to have taken place within five years. Price, banking, and monetary reforms were expected to require

additional time.[3] The various pieces of the reform were gradually put into their appropriate places, and after five years of wide-ranging experiments, the lessons learned were consolidated in a national programme — Reform of the Economic Structure — at the Third Plenum of the 12th Central Committee of the CPC on October 1984.

Despite careful planning, and great strides in implementing the economic reforms, ten years later, the Deng decade — after Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping — had run into a series of difficulties, involving both economic and political factors. These can be grouped under several general headings: economic bottlenecks, overheating, structural problems, issues of corruption and social morale, and problems of political structure and philosophy.[4] In order to rectify the disturbing situation, the Chinese government back-tracked on domestic reforms, and in the mid-1980s initiated a number of plans to reassert central control over major segments of the economy. Austerity programmes which would last at least until the end of 1991 went into effect. The dual pricing structure was abandoned, and the financial credits tightened. However, the resulting fiscal pressures which led authorities to reassert their grip, rendered the 'capitalistic' trend in China meaningless.

The great debate of the decade is how the transition from a centrally planned economy to a market one should take place, and what steps must be taken in order not to make 'mistakes', which would hamper, delay or postpone the transition, although there could not be found a country that is immune from making policy mistakes. Some observers advocate an earthquake approach where over night prices are decontrolled, and an invisible hand is allowed to work itself out through the process. Opposing this method, others press for minor earth shakes, and incremental implementation of policies. As China's experience and today's developments in Eastern Europe have demonstrated, a panacea does not exist, and in fact such a transition is entrapped in a bind. The quick track is politically and socially inapplicable, and the incremental approach generates a kind of hybrid, or 'two-track' system. Under the latter system, economic bureaucrats and enterprise managers would share some very important decision-making powers. This web of interests dictates a pattern of mutually beneficial behaviour between the two parties which creates conditions conducive to both economic and political obstacles.[44]

A critical element in this transition is the intervention of ideology in every aspect of life. In socialist societies the gains and losses should be regarded in the light of politico-ideological terms instead of economic terms. Indeed every issue, be it social, economic, cultural or technical, is expressed in political terms. An example that demonstrates how ideology may affect a business decision is illuminating. The rapid growth and expansion of independent enterprises alerted the Chinese officials to the matter of hiring helping hands and making profits — which are not allowed in a socialist country. However, eager to let the process proceed, the private enterprise was given a legitimate appearance as soon as an ideological justification became available. Ideologists could find a quotation from Carl Marx

saying that an enterprise with seven or less employees is a 'workshop', and hence, its existence is permissible. But it evolves into a capitalistic enterprise when it passes that cut-off point.[42] In summary, because of the nature of reforms, inconsistencies and contradictions in policy formulation and implementation, government's inability to set clear operational objectives, the level of opportunism in the system increased and economic reforms were challenged, suppressed and distorted by a combination of official and unofficial practices. A controlled delegation system was converted into a decentralized one in which major objectives were replaced by local goals.

The economic reform brought four major changes in four major areas; the first was: peasants' productivity, income, and employment. The economic reforms greatly benefited Chinese peasants. The relative prosperity of these people materialized because the state sharply raised purchase prices for farm products and concurrently reduced its purchase quotas. The general level of purchase prices of farm products increased by 77% between 1978 and 1986.[45] These changes coupled with the abolition of the People's Commune, introduction of responsibility systems and land-use rights made millions of peasants more prosperous, but also made other millions redundant workers and therefore, unemployed. While China had a 400 million rural work force, only 200 million were needed to stay on farms. About 90 million of these surplus peasants were able to secure themselves jobs in collective rural industries. The remaining 110 million peasants had nothing to do. To get rid of surplus peasants, many have advocated 'exporting' them to cities which themselves are beset by chro ic housing and job shortages.[12] In many villages, officials took advantage of reforms to diversify from agriculture into rural industry, and thereby, providing employment opportunities for the surplus peasants. As the villages prospered, the average yearly income for some peasants increased nearly sixfold, to 1,000 yuan ($270) which was about the average wage paid to the lowest paid industrial worker.[16] The more common income is, however, an average $121 per year, less than half the $266 urban average.[12] But the sharp rises of average incomes were eroded by inflation and currency devaluations. Rural industries became one of the greatest successes of the past decade of economic reform in China. Run by villages, groups of farmers and peasant families, rural enterprises rose from 1.5 million when reforms began in 1978 to nearly 19 million at the end of 1987. Making everything from prefabricated concrete to textiles and handicrafts, the prospering little firms supplied a quarter of China's total industrial product in 1988, their output value surpassing that of agriculture.[29] Rural industries enabled many farmers to refurbish their homes, and purchase such appliances as televisions and refrigerators. Despite these bright spots, the development of rural industries has been criticized on the grounds that they compete with urban industries for scarce resources. But some other observers have replied that these industries have supplemented urban industries, as suppliers and as markets for the larger enterprises' products.[19]

The reform brought also a new pragmatism. Beginning in 1986, the government started to phase out the traditional policy of sustaining the poor with handouts of cash, grain, and cotton cloth. Instead, most state poverty funds were channelled into low-interest loans for development projects. Irrigation projects dramatically increased crop yields in some areas. Other areas were beyond the reach of development projects, so peasants were and have been encouraged to migrate. Great income inequalities between city wage earners and peasants, coupled with unemployment have given peasants an extra incentive to rush to cities looking for better paid industrial jobs. For instance, while a street vendor can earn up to 1,000 yuan a month, about one hundred million Chinese in remote mountain and border areas live below the official poverty line, surviving on less than 200 yuan or $54 a year.[32] During the 1980s, millions of youths from the backward areas of inland China quit school at the urging of their parents and sought work in booming coastal cities. One undesirable by-product of rapid industrialization has been child labour.[33] According to China's Labour Ministry statistics, in some areas, 20% of the employees in township enterprises are children. As stated by observers, the cause of the problem is that during the course of reform, the state loosely enforced weak laws against the employment of child labourers, and has not been able to keep pace with changes in society. As soon as the winds of self determination began to blow, instead of planting wheat, rice, and other critical staples for a fixed state price, peasants started to grow cash crops that fetch a higher price on the market, and in this process they were assisted by some corrupt officials who were selling them precious fertilizer.[36] However, progress eventually came to a slow march forward. It has been argued that the slow-down was due to the government's reluctance to allow individuals to take possession of the land.[42] Although farmers are permitted to handle tracts of land as they desire, and even their children can inherit their parents' rights to properties, they are granted the right to use land—for up to 50 years (for orchards), i.e. manage it—and not own it. Beginning in 1989, the government, implementing its austerity programmes, starved millions of rural enterprises' supplies of credit, energy, and raw materials, channelling the scarce resources to state-owned enterprises. China's agriculture bank cut its loans to rural enterprises by 13.4 thousand million yuan ($3.6 thousand million) in the first nine months of 1989. The official reports, released in November 1989, revealed that about one million rural enterprises either stopped production, merged, or shifted to make other goods.[29] By late 1990, controls had been tightened to the extent that some local officials were expressing a need to go back to the Mao Zedong-style communes — renamed 'collective economy'. Of course, consolidating lands into collective fields must be with the consent of peasants, and with proper compensation. A more acceptable policy has been two-tier farming. This new system sets a layer of collective farms atop family farming. A return to strict quotas also would move China further away from its once touted capitalistic alternative.[38]

Success in rural reform encouraged the officials to take further steps

and begin urban reforms. Major elements included a certain autonomy in regard to retained profits, production planning, sales of outputs, capital expansion, and experimentation with new products. The first major policy regulating the private enterprise was issued in 1981, by the State Council delineating the rights and limits of non-state owned enterprises.[40] But these reforms turned out to be more difficult than agriculture reforms. Hence, after several years, the 12th Central Committee of the Communist Party adopted a major proposal to achieve overall reform of the urban economic structure. October 1984, marked the official beginning of expansion of the private sector. The economic reform allowed rapid growth of enterprises and employment. From 1979 to 1984, urban collective employment increased by 14.52 million. Urban and private sector jobs grew from virtually zero to 7.4 million.[41] In Beijing alone, by mid-1987 there were 140,000 self-employed persons, with a total of 17 million throughout China.[13] It is said that the greatest stimulus for change in state-owned enterprises has come indirectly in the shape of intensified competition from rural collectives and privately-owned enterprises.[1] The competition has made state-owned enterprises more efficient in the sense that fewer inputs are needed to produce the same amount of output.[2] A very unique situation has allowed the formation of integrated industries in China. Since the land and labour is very cheap in rural areas, some state-owned enterprises relocated their workshops to the countryside and sub-contracted jobs to smaller, rural ones that lack the technology for efficient production. The result of this co-operation has been expansion of urban-rural co-operatives.[19] In the case of the automobile industry this integration is vertical, and in the case of the textile industry, it is horizontal.[6]

The rapid economic development was accompanied and sometimes followed by a number of social-political developments. It provided cadres and their children opportunities for personal gains — bribery, extortion, speculation, and profiteering.[13] It also encouraged university students to take a non-political stand, and pursue money making activities. In a drive for riches, the university campuses became quiet. The official newspaper *China Daily* called this situation 'business fever'. The students of Shanghai alone, started over 100 campus businesses.[34] Drawn by profits of private businesses, thousands of students in areas bestowed with fortune — such as Guangdong — dropped out of school each year to work. The drop-out rate reached 20% at some schools. Some youths who had failed at business turned to crime. According to official reports, China's juvenile crime rate rose sharply and criminal gangs were active in several big cities. After the Tiananamen Square incident, a social scientist (He Xin) who advises the government warned: 'The emergence of a mobile part of the rural population has created a huge unorganized force. It is already a hotbed of crime. Once they get organizations with an educated leadership and a political programme, the floating peasants could be moulded into a political force, a mobile, armed and formidable anti-social coalition'.[12] In a move to curtail further farm-to-city migration which disturbs the stability of cities, police have begun closing informal labour markets where peasants

and potential employees used to meet.

The economic reform shook the ideological foundations of the regime, weakened its legitimacy, and created opportunities for corrupt practices. By some estimates, about 220,000 private enterprises are run by the former party or government officials. As stated by the government's officials these people possess the qualities of an entrepreneur in that they have a deeper understanding of the party and government policy than ordinary citizens and have the right connections. A very successful businessman who is the son of a local communist cadre, has been a member of the party since 1972, and is a delegate of China's national assembly. Affluence has allowed this type of entrepreneur to indulge in a very luxurious lifestyle. The same businessman owns eight cars, and has asked the province for permission to purchase a helicopter.[32] These excesses led the Communist Party to expel 25,000 members in 1988 in an effort to curb corruption.[25] This situation could not last indefinitely. The Chinese tradition is overwhelmingly opposed to individual glorification and sees anyone who desires personal aggrandizement as a threat to the collective.[17] Hence, masses have revolted from time to time, punishing self-indulgent entrepreneurs. Vigilantism occurs routinely. After hardliners began reversing some of the gains of reform, the Communist Party's General Secretary, Jiang Zemin, accused some private entrepreneurs of indulging in a life of luxury.[26] Many Chinese intellectuals continue to uphold public ownership as an essential criterion for China, even though they advocate technology imports and more capital circulation.[6] According to the Chinese Entrepreneurs' Association: 'As the reforms depend [on us] we are the focus of all kinds of conflict... we face every kind of obstacle: illegal slanders, threats and injury'. Moreover, laws that have legitimized entrepreneurs and their firms lack effective measures and enforcement.[32] The reports published in the China press in 1987 indicated that due to the influence of the local cadres, about 20% of court decisions in economic cases were not carried out.[13] The urban population, especially the educated younger generation, has proved to be more responsive to unorthodox ideologies. For many of China's young private entrepreneurs — money not family, education, or profession, became the determinant factor of status.[25] Encounters with tourists, foreign films, and TV series from the West, Hong Kong, and Japan started to shape the values and dreams of many ordinary Chinese. As social restrictions loosened, and a get-rich credo caught on, provincial officials and managers of state-owned enterprises began to make quick profits by channelling funds into the production of lucrative consumer goods like refrigerators, motorcycles, and colour televisions[27] all made from imported components.

Tax evasion in the first decade of economic reforms became a widespread business practice. A survey of 788 businesses in Tianjin in late 1983 revealed that 558 businesses (71%) had evaded taxes, totalling one and a third times the amount of taxes turned over to the state by individual businesses in a four year period.[5] The state taxation bureau on November 1989 publicized a nationwide drive against tax evasion among the country's

14.5 million private enterprises, threatening 'severe punishment' for violators.[26] The evidence indicates that some of the bureaucrats have strong incentives not to enforce certain policies and regulations. In some cases they deliberately fail to collect taxes.[44] Under reform, Chinese courts have become busier. The free market created unprecedented labour and management conflicts. Chinese workers increasingly are responding to employment frustrations through the use of slowdowns, strikes and at times, physical violence against not only managers, but also customers.[15] Overall, the annual number of cases involving attorneys increased twelve-fold between 1981 and 1988 which far exceeded the capacity of the country's lawyers to handle them.[35, 40] As Deng Xiaoping subordinated Mao Zedong's radical feminism to his drive for rapid economic growth, many women across China began quitting the workforce, while others met heightened discrimination. The official New China News Agency reported in 1988 that 'The traditional division of labour between men and women — men work outside and women at home — has begun to emerge again'.[23] The economic reforms granted factory directors more power to hire and fire — in essence, more power to discriminate. As reform intensified competition among Chinese firms, profit-minded employers began openly discriminating against women, who are stereotyped as weak-willed and less competent than men. As state-owned enterprises move to cut millions of redundant workers from their payrolls, women are most often the first to go, according to official surveys. 'Women employees are likely to be the first to be fired when a unit is over-staffed and the last to be hired when new employees are needed,' the official China News reported. Sixty-one per cent of China's unemployed youth is female.[23] The reform has allowed localities to thrive or stagnate on their own strengths, sharply exacerbating regional income disparities. Most glaring is the contrast between China's prospering east coast and the remote, economically backward inland. In 1980, China's eastern provinces boasted an average rural income 27% above that of those in the west. By 1987, the differences had reached 60% according to Chinese and World Bank statistics.[22]

The economic reforms turned a highly centralized budgetary system into a stratified management with a contractual revenue sharing. Local governments were allowed to use their surpluses with no approval from the central government. This new arrangement coupled with decentralization in other managerial areas revived not only the private enterprises but also the state-owned sector. The economy grew by 7.4% in 1986, and by 9.4% in 1987. Industrial output had a faster growth rate, 16.5% in 1987. The GNP growth reached 9.8% in 1986, and 9.4% in 1987.[1] With the passage of the State Enterprise Law by the National People's Congress in 1988, the nature of the country's state enterprises, their relationship to the state, and their rights and obligations were specified. Under this arrangement, the state would sign contracts with the majority of enterprises allowing them to keep all of their revenues after they had turned over a specific amount to the state. The state also began very similar arrangements with provinces. Ironically, this arrangement created a coalition of interest

and strengthened a command-free market hybrid structure, within which bureaucrats were able to use many policy tools to exact benefits from enterprises, and enterprises were able to obtain dependency on bureaucracy and protection, and thereby benefit from dual-pricing structure.[44] The de-ideologization campaign subsequent to economic reforms loosened control mechanisms. This, coupled with decentralization of managerial and administrative power, paved the way for spreading corruption. A de-idelogized official, devoid of his/her principles, could hardly be expected to maintain an acceptable level of moral behaviour. Logically, the moral decay caused further socio-political unrest. The contract system allowed many state-owned enterprises to prosper, but it also impoverished the state and encouraged regionalism. The state-owned enterprises were spending huge sums on bonuses that contributed to inflation. Some observers[42] maintain that what led to this extravaganza was a fear that the 'party' may not last long, so they were transferring funds from productive projects to welfare spending, and depriving the state of capital vital for major infrastructural projects. In a 10-year period, financial decentralization slashed the government's share of the national income to 19%, compared with a much higher proportion in the 50s and 60s according to official figures.[27]

As the result of success of economic reforms, acute shortages of consumer goods, agricultural input, and construction materials occurred. The rural population as well as city dwellers had increased their purchasing power, but the supply of goods had not kept pace with demand. Consequently, in a classic display of imbalance between supply and demand, prices started to push upward. In 1988, the government acknowledged that about 20% of city dwellers suffered a decline in living standards because of inflation.[43] Some policy planners preferred to allow price rises to spur more production. Meanwhile to cushion the prices for city inhabitants, subsidies had to be increased, so huge budget deficits incurred. In 1991 the budget deficit amounted to \$10 thousand million[12] by Western accounting methods. By Chinese methods, it was approximately US\$1.9 thousand million.[31] Government subsidies to compensate city dwellers for the rising cost of living ballooned from \$296 million in 1978 to \$8.5 thousand million in 1988. In 1982 the value of urban subsidies per worker actually exceeded the average wage.[11] One reason for this was that the 1979 price increases for agricultural products were not passed on to consumers.[9] Subsidies to cover losses by state-run firms nearly quadrupled in the decade of reforms. In 1988, the bail-out subsidies rose to \$12 thousand million, which was equal to one third of total state revenue.[7] This situation prompted resorting to bankruptcy law, prohibiting managers of state-owned enterprises from spending sprees. Politically, the leadership has found it difficult to cut subsidies and other public expenditures. Instead, Beijing is likely to demand more revenue from provinces and state-owned enterprises, retracting one of the chief market-oriented reforms. In the process of reform it was understood that many inside and outside of the regime abused the dual pricing structure. A substantial number of enterprises were buying

goods at subsidized prices, then re-selling them in the black market or even exporting cheaply obtained goods. By mid-1987, according to *China Daily*, 250,000 of 360,000 new companies organized under the reforms were involved in the sale and resale of scarce commodities and production materials.[13]

A number of Chinese leaders — including the ousted Premier Zhao Ziyang — were pressing for phasing out the dual pricing structure, and installing a single price structure where subsidies are eliminated and prices are decontrolled so they can float according to supply and demand. However, abolishing the dual-pricing structure proved to be very devastating. While inflation was 12.5% in 1985, 7% in 1986, and 7.2% in 1987, as soon as price reforms were unleashed in May 1988, national retail prices jumped 11% in just three months, and non-staple foods hit the 24.2% mark. This policy was reversed quickly. In September 1988 a lengthy investigation report was released which described in detail the crises caused by mistakes in recent years. Although some Chinese leaders had believed that it is wise politically to keep the inflation below 10%, during 1989 it did not fall below 21.4% in 35 major cities.[28] However, 1990 witnessed a sharp decrease in inflationary pressures. By November 1990, the annual rate of inflation had fallen to 2.3%[31]. Under the austerity programme, almost all new investments — including those involving foreign businesses — were banned. Only those new firms are allowed to work that produce for state-owned enterprises, or export. During 1985-86 much uncontrolled borrowing, stimulated by low interest rates and tax deductability of principal repayment took place and helped to accelerate inflation. After tightening control in 1987-88, a bank would not lend to an enterprise without approval and guarantee of its risk-averting supervisory bureau.[1] The tight capital market, as well as energy and raw materials, led many enterprises to bankruptcy. However, the bankruptcy law which became effective in 1986 may prevent some of them to go under. The government's hope has been that they would attempt to merge with assistance of merger and acquisition markets, and/or to be sold to other enterprises on the stock exchange markets of Shenyang and Shanghai. It is interesting to mention that even the notion of bankruptcy law in a socialist state used to create an intense discussion. The basic socialist doctrine would not allow bankruptcy. Nevertheless, inefficiency in the state-owned enterprises made it imperative for the authorities to come forward with a solution. This law is limited to state-owned enterprises, and specifically excludes private and collective enterprises.[40] Although uncertainties would normally hamper the practice of saving, still the government expects infusion of capital from individuals into the bonds. This hope hinges on the fact that domestic saving as a percentage of GNP in China is about 30%. That puts China ahead of the rate of either the average developed or developing countries.[18] This high saving rate stems from China's peculiar economy: urban workers are covered by welfare plans, saving for retirement is not needed, and nobody saves for housing because houses are provided by the employing unit at very low rent. The strongest motivation for saving is purchasing

consumer goods. In rural areas, while income lacks stability of the urban areas, still there are plans that provide housing and pension funds. Peasants have investment opportunities which are not available for urban residents. Furthermore, they, too, save for consumer goods.[18] The recent economic slow-down has been very severe. By October 1989, industrial output had dropped 2.1%, the first such decline in more than a decade. According to officials, in that year private enterprises defaulted on nearly $30 thousand million of debt owed to banks and each other.[28] Economic statistics for early 1990 indicated that 34% of state-owned enterprises were in the red, and their total profits had dropped 59%, and thousands of factories were operating below their capacity.[30]

As part of the drive to invigorate the economy, tremendous efforts were made by the Chinese authorities to attract foreign capital. In this drive, a great amount of economic legislation was passed and enacted. Some of these laws established structures (contract law, enterprise law, joint venture law); some others provided incentives to increase efficiency (bankruptcy law); and still some other laws regulated economic activities (competition law, enterprise registration and licensing law, taxation law). It has been said that the main reason behind these significant legislations was a desire to encourage foreign investment.[40] As of early 1989, there were about 16,800 foreign invested enterprises with a contract value of US$34 thousand million. The great majority of these firms are Chinese/foreign joint ventures, about 25% of them are co-operative ventures, and another 5% are independent or wholly-owned projects. Japan ranks third after Hong Kong and the US in these investments.[14] By 1990, US/Chinese trade had reached US$ 18 thousand million a year, and 1,000 US companies had invested a total of US$4 thousand million in China.[10] With respect to China's 'opening' to the outside, a significant portion involved opening to Hong Kong and Taiwan. In late 1987, China began a policy of encouraging Taiwan businessmen to invest and set up production lines on the mainland, as opposed to encouraging imports of consumer goods from Taiwan. As of February 1988, 46 Taiwan-based companies had established production lines in Fujian province, and there were altogether a total of 80 wholly or partly Taiwan-owned factories in China.[13] The joint venture law that was passed in July 1979, and exchange control regulations which were promulgated in December 1980 injected a considerable amount of foreign capital into the system. However, due to relaxation of imports of foreign goods and services, trade deficit reached US$1.28 thousand million in 1984. Despite increasing direct foreign investment, the trade deficit increased to US$14.9 thousand million in 1985. In an attempt to reduce the unfavourable trade balance, the yuan was devalued by 15.8% in 1986. In addition, the State Council reasserted strict control over China's foreign exchange reserves.[20,21] Consequently, imports decreased and exports increased in 1987 and 1988. Trade deficit fell to US$3.7 thousand million in 1987.[39] To further halt imports, the yuan was again devalued by 21% at the end of 1989. The credit crunch drastically reduced imports of consumer electronics, luxury items, and other non essential goods. To

maintain its foreign exchange reserves, China resorted to its time honoured barter trade especially with the Soviet Union.[37]

While the Chinese officials have demonstrated that they are very excited about this influx of capital from Taiwan, many local people are not so happy. According to a school teacher in Xiamen, '... they adopt an air of superiority toward Chinese on the mainland...'. Taiwan's capitalists did not start to invest in China out of any desire to build up the mainland. For some, rising labour costs have been a driving force. In one case, a Taiwanese factory owner who shut his factory and shipped his equipment to China, pays his workers in Xiamen about $40 a month, one thirtieth of his old cost[8] Another harmful aspect of foreign investment activities has been the practice of land speculation. One spectacular example is the case of Taiwanese investors. In China no one can buy land, but the land use rights for periods of up to 70 years. A property 'bought' in 1987 for $64 a square metre by a Taiwanese investor, in 1990 had risen to $850 a square metre.[8] Evading customs duties under the guise of 'donations' from overseas Chinese and compatriots from Hong Kong, Taiwan and Macao prompted the government to issue new regulations to correct the situation.[13] An anti-corruption drive in early 1986 provided revelations about the role of overseas connections — primarily Hong Kong and Taiwan — in facilitating business transactions. In the spring of 1988 the government banned trade between local governments and individuals with relatives in Taiwan. Any trade between China and Taiwan has to be handled through trade and economic agencies in Beijing. In fact it is safe to state that China is returning to the early 1980s, when a limited number of specialized state-owned trading companies handled the nation's trade.

After this brief review of the bittersweet components of China's institutional reforms, one may like to know if the bitterness could be lessened, and if the prescription could produce only sweet results. The answer could be a qualified 'yes' if policies are consistent, comprehensive, and if players do not pursue a 'zero-sum' game. But even that qualified positive response may not hold true: if no country can attain symmetrical interests, no policy may be devoid of some flaws. Then no optimal outcome could be attained. All and all said, but it still may be argued that successes and failures are relative. It depends on how they are measured, and what the priorities are. In the end, what might matter will be the 'bottom line': maximizing the total gain by the greatest number of people.

REFERENCES

1. Boisot, M. and Child, J., 1988. 'The Iron Law of Fiefs: Bureaucratic Failure and the Problem of Government in the Chinese Economic Reforms', *Administrative Science Quarterly*, December: 507-27.
2. Byrd, W., 1983. 'Enterprise-Level Reforms in Chinese State-Owned Industry', *AEA Papers and Proceedings*, May: 329-32.
3. De Wulf, L., 1985. 'Economic Reform in China', *Finance & Development*, March: p8-11.
4. Gelber, H. G., 1990. 'China's New Economic and Strategic Uncertainties and the Security Prospects', *Asian Survey*, July: 646-68.
5. Hershkovitz, L., 1988. 'The Fruits of Ambivalence: China's Urban Individual Economy', *Pacific Affairs*, Fall: 427-50.

6. Huan-Ming Ling, L., 1988. 'Intellectual Responses to China's Economic Reforms', *Asian Survey*, May: 541-54.
7. Ignatius, A., and Bennett, A., 1989. 'China Syndrome: Beijing's Economic Ills Pose a New Threat of Social Upheaval", *The Wall Street Journal*, August 3: 1 & A8.
8. Ignatius, A., 1990. 'Coming Home: Taiwan Entrepreneurs Build Plants in China and Speculate in Land', *TWSJ*, August 2: 1 & A8.
9. Johnson, D. G., 1988. 'Economic Reforms in the People's Republic of China', *Economic Developments and Cultural Change*, April: S 225-45.
10. Kaslow, A., 1990. 'Bush's China Policy Gets Japanese Nudge', *The Christian Science Monitor*, July: 1-2.
11. Lardy, N., 1983. 'Runaway Subsidies', *China Business Review*, November-December: 21-4.
12. McGregor, J., 1991. 'Jobless Peasants Swarm Through China', *TWSJ*, May 2: 12.
13. Meaney, C. S., 1989. 'Market Reform in a Leninist System: Some Trends in the Distribution of Power, Status, and Money in Urban China', *Studies in Comparative Communism*, Summer/Fall: 203-20.
14. Miljus, R. C., and Moore, W. M., 1990. 'Economic Reform and Workplace Conflict Resolution in China', *Columbia Journal of World Business*, Winter: 49-58.
15. Moore, W. M., 1989. 'China Industrial Relations: Amid the Conflict of Tradition and Reform', *Labour Law Journal*, December: 747-55.
16. Nelson, J. A. and Reeder, J. A., 1985. 'Labour Relations in China', *California Management Review*, Summer: 13-32.
17. Pye, L., 1982. *Chinese Commercial Negotiating Style*, Cambridge, MA: Oelgeschlager, Gumm & Hain.
18. Qian, Y., 1988. 'Urban and Rural Household Saving in China', *International Monetary Fund Staff Papers*, December: 592-627.
19. Rensheng, D., 1988. 'Rural Employment in China: The Choices', *International Labour Review*, No. 3: 371-80.
20. Ross, M., 1988. 'Changing the Foreign Trade System', *China Business Review*, May-June.
21. Tsao, J., 1987. *China's Development Strategies and Foreign Trade*, Lexington, MA: Lexington Books.
22. Tyson, A. S., 1988. 'The People Prosperity Passed by', *TCSM*, October 13: 14-15.
23. ——, 1988. 'Mao's Iron Girls Back at Home', *TCSM*, November 4: 12-13.
24. ——, 1988. "Maoist Dogma in China Fades to Eerie', *TCSM*, November 10: 1 & 13.
25. ——, 1988. 'Glittering Nightspots, Fresh Wheeling Life', *TCSM*, December 9: 18-19.
26. ——, 1989. 'China Moves to Cure Economic Ills, Reverses Market-Oriented Reforms', *TCSM*, August 3: 1-2.
27. ——, 1989. 'Beijing Stuck with Empty Coffers', *TCSM*, October 25: 1-2.
28. ——, 1989. 'China Enters Economic Recession', *TCSM*, November 29: p.8.
29. ——, 1989. 'Rural Industry Grinds to a Halt', *TCSM*, November 29: 3.
30. ——, 1990. 'Party Wants Return to Limited Reforms', *TCSM*, July 18: 3.
31. ——, 1990. 'China's Budget Deficit Mounts as Officials Shore Up State Firms', *TCSM*, November 1: 5.
32. Tyson, J. L., 1988. 'King of Carving', *TCSM*, October 4: 16-17.
33. ——, 1988. 'Heading for Cities . . . and the Good Life', *TCSM*, 1 & 19.
34. ——, 1988. 'Docile Students, Quiet Campuses', *TCSM*, November 25: 20-1.
35. ——, 1988. 'Empowering the Little Guy, Nurturing Democracy', *TCSM*, December 2: 16-17.
36. ——, 1989. 'China's Farm Policies Roil Peasants', *TCSM*, April 14: 1-2.
37. ——, 1989. 'Trade Reform put on Back Burner', *TCSM*, September 8: 6.
38. ——, 1990. 'China Reapplies Farm Controls', *TCSM*, October 19: 1 & 2.
39. Wagner, C. L. and Turner, C. R., 1990. 'Foreign Exchange Shortages in Developing Countries: The China Paradigm', *Unpublished paper.*
40. Watson, G., 1989. 'Business Law in the People's Republic of China: 1978-1988', *American Business Law Journal*, Fall: 315-74.
41. Wu, J. and Reynolds, B. L., 1988. 'Choosing a Strategy for China's Economic Reforms', *American Economic Review*, May: 461-66.

42. Xue-liang Ding, 1988. 'The Disparity Between Idealistic and Instrumental Chinese Reformers', *Asian Survey*, November: 1117-39.
43. Yang, D. J. and Shepard, S. B., 1988. 'Free Markets and Chapter 11 — Can this Really Be China', *Business Week*, May 9: 60-2.
44. Yasheng, H., 1990. 'Web of Interests and Patterns of Behaviour of Chinese Local Economic Bureaucracies and Enterprises during Reform', *The China Quarterly*, September: 431-58.
45. Yunqi, L., 1989. 'China's Inflation: Causes, Effects, and Solutions', *Asian Survey*, July: 655-68.

[Dr. Keramat Poorsoltan is a member of the faculty at Frostburg State University in Maryland, USA.]

POEM

ON HEARING THAT THE WALL IN BERLIN

On hearing that the wall in Berlin
has come down in part, I want
to acknowledge a little sentiment
about its coming down a bit
before going back up again
to keep those behind it on either side
clear about their attachments,
of the difficulty without it
to look across —
forty years of building; a political art
that divides the heart from your heart:
a little regret, a certain loss.
Maybe it's too late for some.
Even dying were easier than some divisions —
when the holes made into the future
hold no light; even driving out at dawn
it is dark in your particular lane.
Now we can think of the walls that remain;
recess in the brickwork, love that is gone.

Islamabad
November 1989

Alamgir Hashmi

This poem [by Alamgir Hashmi] shows that actually the world was always concerned about Berlin and its Wall, and that the joy and happiness over the latest historic events are not only a matter for the people of Berlin but also characterize a feeling in the poem that transcends all borders.

Walter Momper
Governing Mayor of West Berlin
26th February, 1990.

THE SKULL BENEATH THE SKIN

by Anthony Harrigan

THE novel *Gorky Park* written by Martin Cruz Smith contains a passage that sheds light on the way the human brain makes contact with the world through the orifices of the skull. 'The head,' he wrote, 'is a machine for nervous response, seeing, eating, hearing and smelling — in that order. It is a machine with proportionally larger bones and less flesh than a hand. The face is only a thin mask of the skull.'

This observation brings to mind the limited attention devoted to the importance of the skull in human evolution. When human evolution is discussed, the hand receives much more attention than the brain case. Yet the skull is the most truly distinctive bone structure of the human body. It is the skull that enables us to identify with skeletons from thousands of years past. Skulls speak to us as to the humanity represented by the structures of bone. Leg, arm and chest bones don't have any psychological impact on us, but the skull 'testifies to the reality of a former life'. The skull is the base upon which the face is built and the face may be said to be the bow of the human personality, the instrument through which the human personality is projected.

Indeed, there is a power and authenticity in the human skull. It exists long after — sometimes millennia after — the inert mass or dead flesh returns to its constituent elements. The skull encloses the brain, protects it and makes it possible for the brain to deal with the surrounding world.

The brain and the brain case, which is a different structure, had to undergo simultaneous evolution, for the brain could not operate without its protective shell. It is interesting to consider that reproductive organs, for all their importance, are not shielded as the brain is shielded, and are vulnerable. The brain's wiring and blood vessels have been uniquely safeguarded by nature. The skull provides partial armoured protection for vision, hearing and smell, though not all mechanisms of speech.

Scientific studies sometimes proceed in strange ways. Enormous attention has been devoted to the movements of early peoples and to the tools developed. Yet relatively scanty attention has been paid to the bony structure that ensures the safety of neural and vascular components of the brain. To be sure, pondering the evolution of the brain and its protective shell is far more demanding than collecting and classifying bits of flint.

To date, science can't seem to address the question of why the Neanderthal brain had greater capacity than the brain of modern man. Everything in the human being arises from necessity. Then why did Neanderthal man develop a larger brain case? Was the protected brain within greater in cognitive capacity? It doesn't logically follow that the disappearance of Neanderthal man indicates a lesser breed, a non-competitive humanoid type. It may be that the Neanderthal groups became subject to a plague that swept them away or reduced their numbers to the point where the population could not be sustained. And why was the heavy protective

ridge above the eyes discarded in the evolutionary process? There's nothing in the life experience of Homo Sapiens to suggest that the need for such protection, such bodily armour, diminished as Homo Sapiens emerged. Physical combat is a constant of Homo Sapiens' life experience down to our own day, with on-going brutalization in human contacts. Another question, albeit a much more basic one, is why the eye sockets of females are much larger than those of males? A larger eye socket suggests a much more powerful mechanism of vision.

Some of the questions regarding the human structure are at least quasi-metaphysical in character. For example, how did the skull come into being? Did the evolving brain will the skull and cause the constituent elements to fuse into a protective shell? That is a question as much for philosophers as scientists. It strikes this writer as inconceivable that the brain and its supporting structures and chemistry were the result of an accident. Not everyone agrees, of course. Drs. Robert Ornstein and David Sobel, in an otherwise illuminating book, *The Healing Brain*, say that the brain is 'comparable to a crazily built old house'. I don't believe that one can downgrade in that way the most extraordinary structure in the universe. Indeed, the brain within its case constitutes a mini-universe. The brain is not only capable of regulating all the bodily structures, processes and chemical and psychological reactions, but it devises and organizes relationships with other human beings and other species. It masters the entire human environment and grasps the largest pieces of reality — galaxies, for instance, as well as microbes and sub-atomic particles. One has to be humbled by the capacity of the brain to comprehend and grasp all of reality, the depth of time and space and what is beyond time and space, namely eternity. The jump from the brain of other creatures to the human brain is colossal — indeed far beyond what that word suggests. As the brain is a mini-universe, it is hard to believe that its capabilities could have evolved in a mere two or three million years, why only one creature was endowed with extraordinary powers and why other creatures were cut off at a lower level of development.

We ought to focus more attention on the mini-universe within. Consider one feature of the capability of the brain, the ability of the human being to have relations of one sort or another with thousands of people in a lifetime, though the contacts may be momentary. One passes another individual in an automobile and, in a fragment of a second, arrives at an appraisal of that individual. And even in a state of sleep, the mind continues to roam, reaching to take in new worlds of experience through complex situations and relationships.

As we ponder the human mind, questions arise, one after another. What is human grief? And what is its function, if any? Why are certain human beings regarded as beloved human beings, set apart from other humans who look and sound alike, who have almost parallel characteristics? The human mind draws this distinction, treats individuals as exceptional, and holds to fidelity even after the death of a loved one. This is another extraordinary feature of the human personality.

Another metaphysical question: why are the powers of the human mind so enormous when the bodily structure lasts for such a short time and dissolves into its constituent elements? For all our ability to comprehend the wide universe, our internal universe is destined to disappear after an instant in time, leaving only the brain case as a reminder of our existence. That is a riddle that cannot be dealt with by other than philosophical means. We are fearfully and wonderfully made but we are mere specks of matter, nonetheless.

Back to the human skull and the face built upon it by muscles and layers of fat. The face and the skull beneath have long fascinated human beings. In the Middle Ages and later, religion reminded people of the skull. Depictions of the skull and the entire human skeleton were on countless tombstones as reminders of our mortality. In the modern world, depictions of the skeleton are virtually taboo. Death and the messy results of death are hidden away. Our lusts are public, but death is concealed — a contemporary form of prudishness and refusal to face the full reality of human existence.

The face of the living human being has fascinated people in all but a few cultures. The exceptions are those whose art was largely geometric in character; depictions of human beings were not encouraged or allowed. In the western world, the face always has been compelling — again, as the bow of human personality, pushing its way into the orbit of human experience. In art and architecture, sculpture and film, the face is the constant — in turn ascetic, aesthetic, sensual, twisted, demonic, and everything else that constitutes an aspect of human personality. We look at a face as a sign of the skull beneath. We look for beauty in high cheekbones, weakness in receding chins, brutality in heavy jaws. Psychological identity is rooted in the shape of the skull and the qualities that the skull imparts to the fleshed out human face. Except in polyglot America, one's nationhood is very much felt in terms of the way one looks, the way one's head and face are shaped. The Anglo-Saxon look is a world away from the look of the Slav. And beauty in a given culture is very much related to the shape of skull — round or long — or length of jaw. Arnold Toynbee, writing in *Experiences* (1969), made the point (page 139) that: 'the psychic aspect of life cannot be properly understood if this is artificially isolated from the physical aspect'.

We should ask ourselves what is so compelling about the face? The totality of the face, the bone structure beneath the muscles and fat, commands our attention. The eyes are often described as the windows of the soul, but other elements of the face shape our impressions of a human being. The shape of the jaw and the heaviness of the brow ridge are part of the total image. The face is expressive of health and sickness, strength and weakness, though this is the result of the layers on the skull. So it is with other facial manifestations that produce what we regard as the sensual face or the face of the disciplined individual.

It is noteworthy that when we describe the condition of anonymity, we employ the term 'faceless'. The skull itself, when exposed after years,

centuries or millennia, always commands a kind of respect. It is seen as the hard, enduring substance of a human being, an individual who once walked this earth. The skull always appears strong — even when cracked. The skull is the setting in which the jewel of life is placed. We admire what endures, and the skull endures more than any other part of us, endures and gives the human body its distinctive signature.

The skull also is a reminder of how we are armed against threats which have been a constant in human life over the long path of evolutionary development. The skull always leads one to consider anew the extraordinary character of the organ within the case.

From the earliest times, men knew that the matter inside the skull was of over-riding importance. The skull had a central place in the earliest burial rites. The brain was removed from the skull in certain pre-historic rites that reflected pre-historic peoples' understanding of the centrality of the skull's contents.

One of the great mysteries of mankind is what determines changes in the human skull. Were the changes in the past abrupt or gradual? What triggered them and why? What was the demand in nature for a re-shaped skull?

Patricia Phillips, writing in *The Pre-History of Europe* (1980), said that 'the differences in shape between Neanderthal and Upper Paleolithic (Cro-Magnon) skulls include greater height and reduced brow ridges in the latter'. Dr. Phillips quoted D. Ferenbach as saying that modern man probably appeared at different times and places because of a dominant mutation of the brain including the remodelling of the brain case. She asserted that change can take place relatively rapidly and noted that G. Billy accounts for the change by 'profound genetic transformations' conditioned by environmental influence. The actual mechanism, however, is shrouded in mystery and approached only through educated guesswork. Also unclear is whether the change took place through the mixing of stocks or whether the mutation took place in a single human group. Dr. Phillips also noted that Neanderthal populations 'had a range of skull types with examples of both more primitive and more advanced characteristics'. The evidence consists of about 200 Neanderthal skeletons in Europe, located because of the practice of burial of the dead.

The belief in swift changes in the period just before the arrival of fully modern man in Europe around 55,000 B.C. has to be viewed alongside other views. Colin Renfrew, the distinguished British archaeologist, writes in *Archaeology and Language* that there is now growing evidence for the very much earlier emergence of modern man in southern Africa, perhaps as far back as 90,000 years ago. What does this mean? Would the modern skull develop in one area 90,000 years ago and, then, surface elsewhere more than 50,000 years later? Obviously, something has to be reconciled in this connection.

The changes in the human skull over millennia are of major interest. They surely have a bearing on what the skull houses. The skull of truly modern man must have a particular utility that we cannot fathom, for, as

far as we know, modern man could get on very nicely with the skull of the Neanderthal with his sturdier frame and stronger musculature. Intricate and effective as is the human body in all its infinite complexity, one cannot believe that skeletal changes are merely some freak change without major significance.

What we cannot gauge, except in the most crude manner, is the onset of reasoning and conceptualization in human beings. Certainly it has to go very far back, for we know that as long ago as 70,000 B.C. people were living in huts in Siberia and obtaining skins and furs for shelter and clothing.

The most striking example of symbolization in the more recent past is the cave art of the Upper Paleolithic discovered in France and Spain. The art of Lascaux and the other caves is symbolic representation of the highest order, the equal of painting of the Renaissance. The cave dwellers visualized the animal world in the most detailed, accurate and lifelike way, more so than painters were able to do in the advanced classical world and later. This testifies to early man's ability to conceptualize. While figures of human beings are not numerous, there are sufficient numbers of them, especially at La Marche in France, to make clear that they could depict fellow human beings in the most individual way, with a variety of expressions. The more we learn about early peoples, the deeper the roots we discover of reasoning and communication.

This still leaves the question of why the people who could conceptualize in this way did not advance rapidly in other areas, why their tool kits remained static over thousands of years. To be sure, this kind of question can be asked with respect to people in classical antiquity. The ancient Greeks, with their mastery of mathematics and ability to develop grand concepts, could not envision any practical use for the force of steam, which they knew about as it was employed in a toy. This suggests that the human mind, for all its enormous powers from millennia past, has huge blind spots.

Touching the human skull is an extraordinary experience. It enables us to reach beyond the grave to the most material of human remains. As we stare into empty eye sockets, we experience the feeling of penetrating to the brain once housed within the structure of bone — to the mind that developed from the maze of blood vessels and nerves. We may wonder why nature elected to build an overall protective shell for the brain, instead of armouring the individual cell in which mental functions take place. In going with the overall shell, nature ordained that the highest form of life would be fragile, vulnerabe and possessed of a short span. But who can argue with nature?

Considering the character of the skull helps us to comprehend the brain within the case better. Drs. Ornstein and Sobel stated that 'there is an archaeology as well as an architecture to the brain... It is a compendium of circuits piled one atop another, most of the circuits developed to serve a short-term purpose in millennia past'. They add that the brain's structure may be 'co-opted, remodelled and put to different use... The

same head, the same neurons, and the same blood supply'. Injuries to the brain, and the way people adjust to them, underline the truth of this statement. People who have been injured in an accident or combat, and people who have suffered strokes, often discover that alternative pathways are available in the brain to help regain at least part of normal functions. Much of the brain seems to be underutilized under normal conditions. Certainly there is a vast amount that moderns don't know about the brain. Many recent discoveries are surprising. For instance, people who have been locked away, isolated and in distorted mental states, sometimes respond to therapy based on music.

One of the areas that may yield great progress within decades is that of memory. There seems to be no reason why one should be able to retrieve only a small part of one's life experience. An organ that can conceptualize everything from the state of a marriage to the state of galaxies should not have to limp along, retaining only bits and pieces of one's experience over 50 or more years. The chemical substances developed in the late 20th century should provide a tool to jog the memory part of the brain, jog it as never before in the history of humankind. Moderns also have learned an immense amount about the regulatory role of the brain, the wonderfully intricate relationship between states of feeling and the chemistry of the blood.

The skull is a good place to begin all studies of human beings. In a sense, the skull may be regarded as the principal monument of a human being, the material part that remains for millennia after the internal organs dissolve. The skull also is the bodily structure whose openings make possible the entry of all the information that comes into the body and that is sought by the brain. It is both the entry and exit port for the brain. As such, it should be of special interest to all who study human beings. The skull enables the brain within to translate its judgements and decisions into communications with the surrounding world. The skull makes it possible to manifest personality, to breathe the fire of life.

CHERNOBYL AFTER FIVE YEARS

by Peter Hodgson

THE fifth anniversary of the Chernobyl disaster provides an opportunity for an assessment of the consequences both for the inhabitants of the surrounding area and for the future of nuclear power.

It was, without any doubt, a major disaster. Indeed in a recent Oxford lecture Zhores Medvedev, the Russian dissident and one-time Head of the Institute of Radiological Biology in Obninsk, said that it was one of the main factors leading to the collapse of the Soviet Union. A short time before Chernobyl, Mr. Gorbachev's energy policy for the Soviet Union put increasing reliance on nuclear power. After Chernobyl, local anti-nuclear pressure stopped nearly all further construction and thus gravely exacerbated the economic difficulties that already faced him.

Around the time of the fifth anniversary, the media were filled with stories about the consequences of the accident for the people in the surrounding regions, giving substantial figures for the death toll, and for the expected numbers of cancer deaths. It is important to assess the actual evidence, and this can only be done on the basis of detailed measurements of the radioactive contamination. This information is now available from several surveys carried out by international organisations.

The workers in the immediate vicinity of the reactor at the time of the accident received large radiation doses, and 31 died soon after. In addition, there are 145 people who received large but not lethal doses; they are being carefully monitored and it is likely that some of them will develop cancers over the coming years.

After the initial power surge, the reactor caught fire and large amounts of radioactivity were released. Depending on the prevailing winds, some of this was deposited on the ground in the region surrounding the reactor, and some was carried large distances and was detected in many European countries. To minimise the danger to their health, the authorities evacuated over a hundred thousand people from the region extending about thirty kilometres around the reactor, and they have still not returned.

There are thus two questions to be addressed. Firstly, how seriously is the surrounding region contaminated, and will it ever be safe for the inhabitants to return? Secondly, what will be the effects of the much smaller doses received throughout Europe and elsewhere?

It is easy to detect the radioactive decay of a single nucleus, so exceedingly minute amounts of radioactivity can be measured. It is therefore already well-known that practically everything is radioactive to some extent, including our own bodies. We are continuously irradiated by the cosmic radiation from outside the earth, and by the radioactivity in the ground. This constitutes the natural background of radiation, and provides a standard with which to assess the likely effects of any additional radiation due to the nuclear industry, to medical irradiation and to accidents like

Chernobyl. Furthermore, the natural background varies very markedly from place to place, depending on the geology of the region. In Cornwall, for example, the natural background is over twice the average for Britain, due to the granite rocks that contain uranium.

Measurements of the radiation levels around Chernobyl show an excess over the natural level attributable to the accident. Detailed maps have been made, and show a very irregular distribution, impossible to summarise concisely. All that can be done is to give a few numbers to indicate the general levels found. All the following numbers are for levels of radiation expressed in terms of the unit microsieverts per hour:

The highest readings were of course near the reactor itself, being 30-50 at 300 metres. Further away, in the town of Pripyat, they were 0.5 to 0.9, and at the edge of the 30 km zone around the reactor, 0.7. In an administration building 18 km from the reactor, 0.2. For comparison, the Swedish scientists who made these measurements in September 1990 found 1.9 on the plane to Moscow. The average British exposure from natural radiation is 0.25, and that in Cornwall 0.85. From such figures it can be concluded that apart from the immediate vicinity of the reactor, the radiation levels are similar to those in Cornwall, or less.

This picture is confirmed by observations of the flora and fauna. Doreen Stoneham from the Oxford Research Laboratory for Archaeology visited the area in 1990 and found deserted gardens flourishing, with fruit trees laden with apricots, cherries, apples and greengages, and an abundance of flowers including rosebay, willow herb, wild chicory, thyme, cow parsley and verbascum. Birds were nesting in the chimneys of abandoned houses and in one nest there were two young storks. The only obvious damage was to the older pine trees.

Pripyat was derelict, with creepers growing over walls and pavements. Inside buildings the doses averaged 0.25, but outside they were much higher: 3-8 on the grass, 12 on exposed brick and 110 on another grass verge. She concluded that the contamination of the bricks is a difficult problem, but the biggest obstacle to re-occupation is the deterioration of the buildings themselves after years of neglect.

The health of the million or so people still living in 2,700 settlements in the contaminated area was studied by 200 international experts from 22 countries co-ordinated by the International Atomic Energy Agency and the results have been published in an 800-page technical report. The project was led by the Director of the Hiroshima Radiation Effects Foundation and included members of the World Health Organisation, the International Labour Organisation, the UN Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation and three other independent organisations. It is thus difficult to accept the claims of certain environmental groups that their report was a political whitewash and that they were duped by the Soviet authorities. The report found no health disorders directly attributable to radiation exposure, and in particular no indications of an increased incidence of cancers, including leukaemia.

To establish the presence of any adverse health effect, it is necessary to

P, 5442

compare the observed incidence with that expected in the absence of the accident. Thus for example it has been reported that there have been 6,000 deaths among the workers engaged on the clean-up operation, but this is just about the number that would have been expected from other causes in the very large number of people involved (some 600,000) over the period in question. There is a tendency to attribute every illness to the effects of Chernobyl, whether or not it is of a type that can be caused by radiation. Every sufferer from leukaemia is officially classified as a 'victim of Chernobyl', and is entitled to compensation, although there is no evidence that the illness is actually due to Chernobyl. Groups of children who have been sent to recuperate in other countries have been found to suffer from malnutrition, but not from the effects of radiation.

This conclusion is supported by the results of Professor Kellerer from Germany, who found that the people in the Chernobyl area thought the conditions were the result of radiation, and did not understand 'that the undoubted deterioration was the result of changed lifestyles and an enormous degree of anxiety, a sort of self-amplifying problem. People believe they are surrounded by problems and they do not drink local milk, abandon their cattle, rear no poultry and keep children indoors. This whole thing leads to a breakdown of lifestyle. So quite understandably you have indeed increased morbidity'.

Undoubtedly there has been much suffering due to the evacuation itself, and even more due to the very natural fears of the effects of radiation, not helped by the media. Indeed, the international project commented: 'The psychological problems were wholly disproportionate to the biological significance of the radioactive contamination. The consequences of the accident are inextricably linked with the many socio-economic and political developments that were occurring in the USSR. A large proportion of the population have serious concerns. The vast majority of adults examined in both contaminated and control settlements either believed or suspected they had illness due to radiation'.

This was underlined by a report from four Swedish scientists who visited the area in 1990. They were distressed to find evidence of widespread ill-health, but noted that this was not induced by radiation. They believe that 'many people are exploiting the biggest consequences of the Chernobyl accident — the radiophobia — to further their own aims'. Before the disaster there was chronic malnutrition, and now people are afraid to eat or go outdoors.

Soviet experts are well aware of this, but their reassurances are undermined by local officials with their own political interests. The Swedish scientists interviewed Professor Guskowa, a member of the Soviet Academy of Science, and noted: 'When we took our leave of Angelina Guskowa we said goodbye to a very pessimistic woman who all her professional life has been engaged in work at home and abroad to cure people suffering from the effects of radiation, to spread information about these effects, and who has endeavoured to estimate the risks of radiation. It was obvious that she was disappointed in how the egotistical interests of politicians and

suchlike who, totally without support for such a claim, pose as experts, have managed to sabotage everything she has worked for'.

What of the effects of the radioactive contamination of Europe as a whole? Here again the deposition was extremely patchy, depending on the winds and rain. Salzburg even received more than Kiev. The additional radiation received by people in Europe was far below the natural background, so it is not easy to estimate the effects on health. The effects of large radiation doses are well-known, but almost nothing is known for certain about the effects of very small doses. It could be that the body is able to repair any damage due to very small doses. There is even some evidence that very small doses are beneficial to health. In Cornwall, for example, the incidence of leukaemia is rather less than in the rest of Britain. Nevertheless, in spite of this, it is usual to assume that the effect of radiation is strictly proportional to the dose. This is almost certainly a very pessimistic assumption.

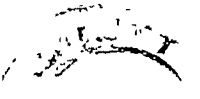
Making the assumption of proportionality, it is easy to obtain figures like the 40,000 deaths worldwide over the next 50 years quoted in the media. This would be statistically undetectable among the 500 million people expected to die of cancer in any case in the same period.

Once again the natural background provides a standard for judgement. The extra doses due to Chernobyl are very small compared with other increase we accept without hesitation, such as those on airplane flights, on mountains (due to the cosmic radiation, which becomes more intense with increasing height) and due to the variations from one place to another. There has been discussion about whether more people should be evacuated from the Chernobyl neighbourhood, but none about the evacuation of Cornwall, which has a higher natural radiation level.

There were even some reports of radiation effects beyond Europe. A much-publicised news item reported a strong correlation between mortality rates and the radiation levels from Chernobyl dust in the USA. This looked very convincing, until one reflected that if such miniscule amounts of dust could have such pronounced effects in the USA then the much larger (though still very small) amounts received in Europe would have spectacular effects, which were not present. Examination of the basic data showed that the alleged correlation was spurious. By that time the media had lost interest in the story and had gone on to the next radiation scare.

After Chernobyl several countries, such as Sweden and Switzerland, voted to phase out nuclear power as soon as practicable. But when they looked into the alternatives they realised that they were even less attractive. Coal is seriously polluting, and is contributing to acid rain and to the greenhouse effect. Oil will become more expensive, and it is politically undesirable to rely on it. Hydroelectric power is already used to the practicable limit in most European countries, and the renewables such as wind and solar are not credible as a large-scale source. So the resolutions to phase out nuclear power are being quietly forgotten.

The whole story of Chernobyl is one of tragic and misguided muddle that had brought death to some people and suffering to many hundreds



of thousands of others. It is important to examine it carefully, with due regard for the facts, to see what lessons can be drawn for the future.

The nuclear physicists and engineers have developed a new source of power that has many advantages over the alternatives as regards availability, capacity, safety cost and effects on the environment. But like most modern technologies, it is complicated and has to be handled with due care. This is not confined to nuclear power; it applies to all industrial processes and modes of transport. The choice is ours, both individually and as members of society. We do not entrust a car, let alone an airliner, to one who is not properly trained; if we were to do so we would be asking for trouble. In the case of new technologies, it is the duty of governments to lay down and enforce strict rules of operation. Indeed nowadays, when the effects of a major disaster are felt worldwide, it is arguably the duty of the United Nations to do this.

At this point the duty of the scientists and engineers ceases, and that of the politicians begins. It is now clear that the politicians in the Soviet Union failed in this duty. The reactors were built hurriedly for the dual purpose of producing weapons grade plutonium and providing power for civil use. To achieve this, a design was adopted that would never have been accepted in the West. It was basically unsafe, in the sense that when operating at low power it was thermally unstable; that is, a small extra power increase reinforced the increase instead of producing a cooling that would tend to reduce the power to the desired level. To prevent a dangerous situation developing, strict operating instructions were laid down.

Unfortunately people do not always obey instructions, and on the night of the disaster the reactor was run at low power so that the operators could make a certain experiment. In the interests of safety, the reactor was designed to shut down automatically if it was operated in the unstable region. However the operators realised that this might spoil their experiment, so they switched off the safety devices, and disaster followed. There was no one in the control room who understood the risks that they were taking by trying to make this experiment.

All this could never have happened if the design and construction of reactors had been carried out under the control of an international regulating body.

When the disaster occurred, the scientists and technicians around the reactor, aided by fire-fighters, fought with extreme bravery to control the reactor, and many paid with their lives. The politicians reacted by imposing secrecy until the accident became known internationally and they had to admit that it occurred. The evacuation of people was probably essential in the circumstances, but not enough was done to give the people accurate knowledge concerning the hazards associated with the doses they received.

Local politicians reacted by using the disaster to advance their own political ambitions. The politicians in other countries reacted with panic and voted to phase out nuclear power without a proper study of the implications. The people most affected who lived in the area around the

reactor were not given accurate information about radiation hazards, and so they were terrified by the inflated stories abounding in the press and many of them suffered severe psychological problems. They became apathetic and feared to eat readily available food. In the end the dangers to health from this were far larger than the dangers attributable to radiation.

Soon after the accident, a massive clean-up operation was started, and this has continued with international assistance. Extensive measurements have been made of radiation levels to determine when it is safe for the population to return. A major problem remains the healing of the deep psychological wounds.

And what of the Chernobyl-type reactors, not only in what was the USSR but also in Eastern Europe? Many, if not most of them are seriously inadequate by Western standards. Should not they be shut down at once? This extreme measure is unnecessary, and would cause widespread hardship and serious disruption of the economy. The Chernobyl disaster occurred as a result not only of design faults but also of a whole series of gross operating errors, including switching off the safety devices. With responsible operating procedures, they can be operated safely. Nevertheless it remains urgent to modify them to bring them up to international standards, and this is now being done with the help of the International Atomic Energy Agency.

The development of nuclear power has remained in the hands of the politicians, and they have failed to inform the public about its potentialities, and failed to adopt a long-term energy policy. The mass media, for a variety of reasons, launched a wholly dishonest propaganda campaign against nuclear power, and gradually succeeded in convincing the public that it is dangerous and uneconomic.

Ignoring the basic realities causes immense suffering, but in the end reality prevails. Practically ignored by the mass media, a quiet revolution has been taking place in power generation. Already nuclear has displaced coal as the main generator of electricity in Western Europe. France is 75% nuclear, and several other countries around 50%. Oil is expected to become increasingly difficult to find over the coming decades, apart from the political uncertainties. Apart from nuclear, coal is the only practicable large-scale alternative, and the inevitable pollution is making it less attractive.

The Chernobyl disaster was certainly a severe set-back for nuclear power, but over the coming years its advantages will steadily become clearer. Chernobyl will remain as a stern reminder that modern technology must be handled in a responsible way if it is to yield its benefits for us all.

[Dr. Peter Hodgson is Head of the Nuclear Physics Theoretical Group, Nuclear Physics Laboratory, University of Oxford, and Senior Research Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.]

THE LIMITS OF TOLERANCE

by Raymond Tong

TOLERANCE is clearly one of the prime virtues and its presence greatly improves the quality of civilised living. Its value is never appreciated more than when it is absent. Unfortunately, since good must for ever struggle with evil and dreams for ever clash with reality, tolerance is not always a virtue. As Edmund Burke once wrote: 'There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue'. In almost every human situation there are limits beyond which tolerance becomes an agent of confusion, submission and disintegration. There are situations of indignity and oppression where conscience demands that the individual must either take positive action or get up and leave, while collectively there is nearly always some point beyond which the governed should no longer be prepared to tolerate the abuse, mismanagement or failure of a government.

Naturally it is much easier to oppose the government in a free society than in an unfree society. However, almost every government, whatever the nature of the society, must at some juncture be faced with the dilemma of deciding on the limits of tolerance in relation to some major problem, on how far the problem can be allowed to develop before there is widespread opposition among the governed. The degree to which it is capable of doing so and its firmness in taking the necessary decision are good indications of its quality as a government. In the long run there is nothing more disastrous than weak and indecisive government and nothing more advantageous than firm and decisive government. No matter what its objectives and policies are, no matter what its vision of the ideal society may be, one of the most important attributes of a successful government is the ability to take difficult decisions and to do so at the right time. Of course, the time to take a decision about the limits of tolerance with regard to a particular problem is not when the limits are actually reached, for then it may be too late, but at an appropriate time *before* the limits are reached. For example, a democratically-elected government faced with a possibly catastrophic issue, say with inflation rising steeply towards 30 per cent, should not allow itself to hesitate unduly. It should take appropriate action to reverse the upward movement of prices long before the limits of tolerance are reached. Whatever the problems confronting it, any responsible government, with the slightest mission to rule, must always be looking ahead, assessing possible developments, and deciding on the likely amount of opposition. Errors of judgement are likely to occur, but no government should ever knowingly permit itself to arrive at a point beyond the limits of tolerance on any major issue, for this could well be a point of no return.

One of the most important tasks of any democratic government is to defend and endeavour to improve the free society. Fortunately, in spite of all the changes it has experienced since World War II, Britain is still

in a better position to undertake this task than most other countries. This is perhaps to be expected, for more than any other country Britain has been responsible for the evolution and defence of democratic institutions. It has had a longer continuous experience of democracy than any other country and has exported its liberal thought and free institutions throughout the world to countries capable of accepting them. It would also appear from the political developments of the past few years that the British people have become increasingly aware of the fundamental link between the market economy and political freedom. Less and less have they been deluded by the soft option of distributing wealth, instead of creating it. More and more they have come to understand the deadening effects, both on enterprise and individual liberty, of a notoriously inefficient and wasteful nationalisation. To what extent there is a growing awareness of the danger of democracy being slowly undermined through the exploitation of its own generous and tolerant institutions it is difficult to say. There is, however, increased concern about the gradual erosion of authority, as well as about the alarming rise in crime, especially crime involving violence. Doubtless the difficulties remain formidable, and by the very nature of individual liberty and human fallibility the struggle to deal with them can never really cease. No matter what party is in power, the government must continue to confront a number of crucial problems, problems which will not go away. Firmness and vision in making the right decisions about such issues as taxation, inflation, unemployment and crime, and a continuing concern for the limits of tolerance wherever applicable, will long remain of vital importance.

Perhaps the best illustration of how the limits of tolerance can be reached and then exceeded to produce a situation of increasing conflict is provided by the predicament a government must face when deciding on very high rates of taxation. Clearly if there was no taxation in theory people would be free to decide between leisure and growing rich on untaxed earnings. In reality they would soon be engulfed by chaos or ravaged by arbitrary government. At the other extreme, if taxes were at a rate of 100 per cent, it would become pointless for people to work for wages and all production in the money economy would come to a halt. At both extremes there would be no government revenues and the outcome would be dire. The actual situation must inevitably lie somewhere in between: government revenues gradually increase as rates of tax move steadily upwards from zero in the direction of 100 per cent. Whenever a government decides to spend more on the armed forces, the police, hospitals, schools, the bureaucratic structure and so on, it needs increased revenues and the rates of tax must be raised accordingly. Yet no matter the good intentions involved, no government can with impunity continue to increase taxes far beyond a certain point, the optimum point for its own particular economy at a particular time. This is the point at which taxpayers go on contentedly producing and government revenues achieve an appropriate maximum in relation to a healthy economy. Any increase in the rates of tax beyond this point begins to discourage the taxpayers

and they become less interested in production. If the taxes are then increased even more, far above the critical point, the taxpayers will not only reduce their production even further, but will become distinctly hostile towards the government. Needless to say, the limits of tolerance and a resultant state of conflict will be reached long before the theoretical 100 per cent rates of tax are attained and long before all production has ceased. Indeed, in certain circumstances they could become all too apparent not long after the optimum taxation point has been exceeded.

The best possible level for rates of taxation, where production continues to flourish and where government revenues are entirely adequate, must obviously vary from country to country, depending upon such factors as history, national characteristics and the level of affluence. But for all governments it remains always essential to ensure that rates of tax are never allowed to rise beyond the limits of tolerance. For a government concerned with preserving a free society the area of conflict lying beyond such limits is particularly dangerous, for within it lurks the menace of authoritarian or totalitarian rule. As far as Britain is concerned, the economist Colin Clark generally maintained that the maximum 'safe' level of taxation, taking into account the avoidance of inflation, is 25 per cent of the national income. It seems likely that J. M. Keynes also believed that this is more or less the level that can most easily be borne. Of course, events have moved dramatically forward since Colin Clark and Keynes were involved with such estimates. As the welfare state has developed and government spending has considerably increased, the British people have gradually been conditioned, largely in terms of equality and social obligation, to accept much higher levels of taxation than would formerly have appeared tolerable. Nevertheless, the limits of tolerance remain, and when during the nineteen-seventies central and local government spending went on steeply rising, many may have felt that they were not too far away. Although there is now perhaps less reason to feel apprehensive, the present levels of taxation remain very high, and there is need for continued vigilance about many forms of government spending, both central and local. It is also essential for any government, present or future, to remember the social and industrial pressures involved in any substantial increase in taxation. It should never be forgotten that it was the parliamentary revolt led by Hampden and Pym over the possibility of Ship Money becoming an annual tax that provided the prelude to the English Civil War. While in the following century it was a protest over what was felt to be unjustified taxation that finally provided the flashpoint for the American War of Independence.

However, the predicament of tax rates exceeding the limits of tolerance is only one of the major problems facing a free society. Inflation beyond a certain level can equally imperil the continuance of democratic institutions. Indeed, inflation can be so destructive to the whole basis of democratic society that it is difficult not to agree with Robert Nisbet when he observes that 'from the point of view of the social bond, of the sense of community, I believe inflation to be more devastating than depression... We have

learned more or less in the West how to cope with depression, to avert it in its worse forms, but the same cannot be said of inflation'. Although unemployment produced by a depression can certainly have an appalling effect on family and community life, at least when viewed historically it appears that remedies to improve the situation have in the long run been almost invariably successful. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that high inflation, if it is not halted in time, can become increasingly difficult to control, and at its worst can produce the massive Weimar-style hyper-inflation experienced by Germany in 1923. Even when the rise in prices is considerably less spectacular, inflation can still make serious inroads into democratic institutions.

It is interesting to reflect in these days of constant inflation, that apart from the period of the Napoleonic Wars, the value of the pound remained fairly static from the middle of the seventeenth century until a little before the outbreak of World War I. The Victorians always enjoyed a sound currency and would have viewed the inflation of recent decades with a good deal of alarm. They would have found it impossible to accept the view held by many economists and politicians after World War II that a moderate rate of inflation is acceptable in order to stimulate output and demand. As with taxation, the limits of tolerance for inflation must inevitably vary from age to age and from country to country. In Victorian Britain the limits would have been decidedly lower than they would be today. Naturally it is difficult to estimate the present probable limits of tolerance, but certainly a rate of inflation of say 30 per cent per annum, if sustained for two or three years, could wreak havoc in even the most firmly established democracy. In view therefore of the likely devastating effects, governments should always give high priority to keeping inflation as low as possible. And in any event, whatever the circumstances, there must always be the necessary determination to take appropriate action long before the danger-point is reached.

Besides endeavouring to achieve stable prices, it is naturally important, both for society and the individual, to produce reasonably stable employment. Although it is undoubtedly wise to give priority to reducing high inflation, unfortunately some of the measures required are likely to increase the number of people out of work. Such measures as raising interest rates, reducing public expenditure, and making industry more competitive may help to combat inflation, but almost inevitably they will be accompanied by a rise in unemployment. In these circumstances the decision to deal firmly with inflation, knowing that unemployment will increase as a consequence, requires a good deal of resolution. The government soon comes under pressure, both from opposing parties and from many of its own supporters, to slacken the onslaught on inflation, even though this may undermine much that has already been achieved. Only by having an adequate majority and determined leadership can such pressure be successfully resisted. Certainly a coalition government or a government with a very small majority is at a great disadvantage in such circumstances. Needless to say, however, as soon as inflation has been conquered every

effort has then to be made to find ways of producing the best possible circumstances for a radical reduction of unemployment.

From the end of World War II until the mid-sixties there was no serious unemployment problem in Britain. Serious unemployment began to appear after 1967, largely as a consequence of the considerable deflation in the previous year by which the Wilson government sought to maintain the overseas value of the pound. This was the first time since the war that unemployment passed the half million mark. From then onwards it continued to rise, reaching one million during 1975 and thereafter rising steeply. Certainly during the nineteen-sixties few people could have envisaged the extent to which traditional British industry was to decline or the effects on future employment that were to be produced by the accelerating technological transformation. Neither could they have foreseen the vast industrial development of so many countries of the world and the ever increasing foreign competition that it has produced. Even when the economy is clearly expanding, in the new technological age the problem of high unemployment is unlikely to be easily banished. Unlike the traditional heavy industries, which were much more labour-intensive, the new technological industries tend to require small highly-skilled work forces, and quite often a part of the production can be more profitably undertaken overseas. As a result, in spite of a considerable increase in service industries such as finance, tourism, entertainment and so on, it seems evident that there is an urgent need for vastly increased investment in industry as a whole. Unless this is forthcoming, it is likely that in the long run unemployment will continue to grow and may prove no less devastating, and perhaps more intractable, than high inflation.

When writing about a disastrous scene she had once witnessed, Freya Stark made the observation that 'Tolerance, too, makes the home unfit to live in'. She was not commenting upon an everyday scene of domestic chaos, but a deserted Moghul city she had visited in her travels. However, the undoubted truth of her words would certainly evoke a particular irony for a great many tolerant and patient British people, who have helplessly watched the gradual undermining of a remarkable, long-established tradition of reasonable behaviour, good manners and non-violence. Although crimes such as vandalism, robbery, rape and murder have not risen as steeply in Britain as in some parts of the United States, they have already reached completely unacceptable levels and are still steadily rising. Moreover, it is evident that this vast growth in crime is not caused to any appreciable extent by poverty, but is rather the product of the abuse of freedom against a background of growing affluence. While in the past three or four decades changes in education and family life, coupled with increased permissiveness in the media, arts, speech and general behaviour, have doubtless had a liberating effect in one or two directions, they have also unfortunately been accompanied by the gradual erosion of beliefs and values, as well as by increased licence and irresponsibility. Subjectivity has tended to take the place of objectivity and much vaunted rights have rarely been related to obligation. As a result, this

process of decline, together with the greed and envy of a largely materialist society, has all too predictably produced a widespread disrespect for the law and rapidly rising levels of crime.

In such disturbing circumstances it is not surprising that during the second half of the twentieth century it has become more and more obvious that unpleasant problems do not necessarily have pleasant solutions. Even among those people who still take a sanguine view of the perfectibility of human nature there has been growing uncertainty about how to deal with the more heinous crimes, especially with murder most foul. This uncertainty has to some extent been reflected over the years in various debates in Parliament, although owing to the intuitively reasonable and patient nature of British parliamentary democracy, as well as the concern of many MPs to preserve a kindly image, little has so far been achieved to prevent the steady increase in crime. It is, however, very much to be hoped that during the next few years solutions will be found not only to halt the crime rate, but very considerably to reduce it. The building of more prisons, shorter sentences for some crimes and longer ones for others, assisted by bland words of encouragement from the Home Office, will no longer suffice. If what remains of the British tradition of non-violence is to continue, if constantly armed police are to be avoided, and if some sections of the population are not to be reduced to a Hobbesian state of nature, there are clearly areas of the law that will need adjustment. Certainly no free society can afford to compromise indefinitely with evil or blindly assume that evil will convert to good. While there can obviously be no accurate way of illustrating the limits of tolerance in relation to human wickedness and folly, there can be no doubt whatsoever that when crime reaches a certain very high level it must inevitably tend to undermine the democratic structure.

The August number of *Contemporary Review* includes *The Aberration of Hindu Fundamentalism* by B. Seshadri and *French Nuclear Testing in the South Pacific* by Keith D. Suter.

POEMS

INDECISION AMONG THE APPLE-TREES

I have a garden to maintain:
More of an orchard, really.
It's far from Eden
Though the serpent's lurking
Somewhere quite close, I know.
I prune the trees,
Never too sure, after all this time
Which one's the Tree of Life
And which
The repository of Knowledge
And which ones
Are simply ordinary apple trees.
So you see my dilemma — I can't eat any of them.
The apples form, ripen and drop
And the ground is strewn with their debris
And the air is filled
With the sweetness of their rotting.
Drunken wasps abound.
I labour on, raking the rotten fruit
Into putrid piles.
If only I knew
Which tree was which
I could avoid the fateful one,
And use the rest —
I could be sitting oblivious,
Like these wasps,
Thirst slaked with sweet cider,
Or biting into
That red one over there,
Juice dribbling down my chin,
The crisp flesh
Satisfying my shrunken taste-buds.
But as it is, all is waste.
I rake and shovel and clear the ground.
My compost heaps are legendary.
On the whole, I'm happy.
I keep myself very busy.
I have to.
I have an orchard to maintain.

Pam Gidney

A NEW VOICE FOR PASTORAL POETRY

Have you heard them? Mostly on programmes
About nature and the incomparable
Landscape of Britain?
Their voices change. They begin to intone.
You know you're in for a massive dose
Of 'poetry': nothing later than 19th century, of course.
Definitely pastoral. No mention
Of greedy farmers' hedge-removals
Or the pollution of the land, nor yet
An admonition on the indiscriminate use
Of virulent insecticides
Which kill the bee, the spider and the ladybird
Who cannot fly away to her long home
For the fields of her house are burning,
Stubble translated into smoke
Choking the country air,
Making the red one black.

None of this is mentioned.
The voice would not be suitable.
Such awed and bated breath eschews disaster:
In this electronically-sterile
Glass-fronted Garden of England
Everything must be lovely.

But in the Real World beyond the box
The poetry we would declaim
Would need a voice blunt and broken
As Kipling's dinner-knife,
Scratching at the weeds of self-aggrandisement —
My Rights to make more money come what will
(Or go what will) —
A voice to bulldoze down the hedges of Mammon
That sprang up when the others fell
(Habitats of hundreds of years
Long before Conran's empire: an entire universe):
Cutting down, rooting up, sparing nothing.

A voice of doom is needed:
An acid voice, like rain, like driving rain.
Implacable. Remorseless. Pitiless.

Pam Gidney

A NEWLY DISCOVERED SHELLEY DIARY

by Desmond Hawkins

DURING his final year at Eton, 1810, one of P. B. Shelley's prized possessions was a lock of the hair of his cousin, Harriet Grove, with whom he was in love. It was wrapped in a scrap of paper, bearing the initials H.G., and tucked into a pocket at the back of his diary. The hair was coiled about a black seal imprinted with a cryptic message of a human eye followed by a large X surrounded by beaks pecking at it and the words 'a return'.

I expect [Xpecked] *a return* — a jokey sort of pseudo-seal that would amuse teenagers. Among the more interesting entries in the diary is '30 copies of Zastrozzi to come — not to forget Harriet'. That was on January 15 referring to Shelley's first published work, a novel in the Gothic style. The printer was late in delivery, as printers sometimes are, so there is a further reference to *Zastrozzi*, on February 18 — 'Zastrozzi to come out, 30 copies'. It was these references to *Zastrozzi* that first made me suspect that the anonymous owner of the diary must be Shelley.

According to Tom Medwin, Shelley's first biographer, Harriet Grove played some collaborative part in the writing of *Zastrozzi*. Her own diary for 1810, published in 1961 as volume two of *Shelley and His Circle*, records on March 28, 1810: 'Bysshe has sent C & me Zastrozzi as it is come out'. 'C' was her sister, Charlotte. 'Bysshe' was the name by which Shelley was known within his intimate family circle.

There is a further correlation with Harriet Grove's diary. On March 1 the entry in the Shelley diary has the words 'Parcel to Harriet'. Four days later, on March 5, Harriet recorded: 'most agreeably surprised by receiving a Parcel & letter from my Greatest Friend'. There can be no doubt that at that time her 'Greatest Friend' was Shelley.

Among the other items of interest in the Shelley diary is a small gift of money to Laker, the butler at the Shelley's family home, Field Place near Horsham in Sussex. The diary itself, incidentally, is named as 'Baxter's Sussex Pocket Book or Gentleman's County Remembrancer'. Other records of payments made by Shelley include 'Graham for Pliny £2-15-0'. Graham was the music teacher in London who carried out purchasing commissions for Shelley; several of Shelley's letters to him have survived. Shelley's interest in Pliny's *Natural History* while he was at Eton is well attested. For more modest amounts his purchases included dancing gloves 3/6 (17½p); 4/6 (22½p) for a knife; 6/6 (32½p) for a bottle of wine and 1/- (5p) for soda water; a shilling (5p) for bread and cheese, seven shillings (35p) for the use of a horse and — appropriately for a budding author — paper and pens 1/- (5p).

Entries relating events or individuals to particular days are sparse. At times Shelley used his pocket-book simply as a convenient blank page: for example, to record an epigram in the form of a couplet in French —

J'aime un Dieu, et une jolie dame,

Une pour mon coeur, et l'autre pour mon ame.

On another page, under the heading 'Wandering Jew' Shelley has copied out passages from Chapter Six of the book of Revelation. The theme of the Wandering Jew was one on which he was working with Tom Medwin in the form of a melodramatic poem, not published during his lifetime.

The names of individuals mentioned in the diary whet one's curiosity but do little to satisfy it. Easiest to identify is Dashwood, in the entry on June 4: 'to go to W. Wickham with Dashwood & Leslie. Resolution made'. This seems to be linked with an entry on February 19 heavily overwritten with a later financial calculation but just intelligible as 'Resun made vide 4 June'. In April Shelley instructed Graham to send two copies of *Zastrozzi* to the London address of Sir J. Dashwood in Harley Street, directed to F. Dashwood. The Dashwoods were big landowners in West Wycombe, and were of course associated with the bizarre frolics at Medmenham Abbey sixty years earlier. A young Dashwood was evidently a contemporary of Shelley's at Eton and in February had invited Shelley to pay a summer visit to West Wycombe.

Some women's names appear but yield no clue to their identity. Was there 'une jolie dame' among them? The service for which 'Sally' was paid one pound is not itemised. 'Miss M' was indebted to Shelley for some music that he bought for her, or from her. Unconnected with expenditure is a reference on March 28 to 'Emily' whose surname might be read as 'Sidney'. And most intriguing perhaps is the name 'Josephine', which appears on successive days, February 12 and 13, followed by two short words that I am unable to decipher. Josephine was surely an uncommon name in England in 1810.

As a record of Shelley's life in the winter and spring of his eighteenth year the diary virtually ends on April 10 with the single word 'return', probably written at some earlier time to indicate the end of term at Eton and his anticipated return home. He wrote to Graham from Eton on April 1st and was back at Field Place to welcome Harriet and other members of the Grove family when they arrived on a visit on April 16. What followed was probably the happiest period in the two-year romance which Shelley later described in a valedictory poem to Harriet as 'two years of speechless bliss'. From Field Place, after a brief diversion to Cuckfield, the Groves drove on to London to stay with Harriet's brother John at 49 Lincoln's Inn Fields; and here Shelley, with his sister Elizabeth and their mother, joined them. Harriet's brother, Charles, who had not seen cousin Bysshe since they were small boys six years earlier, later described Shelley as having been 'full of life and spirits, and very well pleased with his successful devotion to my sister'. The ten days the lovers spent together in London were to be their longest unbroken period in each other's company. In the following year Shelley eloped with another Harriet — Harriet Westbrook.

[Shelley's 1810 pocket-book or diary is published in full in *Shelley's First Love* by Desmond Hawkins (Kyle Cathie Ltd. London 1992, £14.99 and Archon Books, USA $27.50).]

HIMALAYAN DEVELOPMENT

by Jo Pacsoo

MY most memorable night, during a three months' stay in India, was a night sleeping on the earth floor of a mud-brick room in the small village of Thikse, in eastern Ladakh. It was a place also which, in retrospect, illustrates for me the social and ecological repercussions of contact with the western world and exploitation of natural resources.

We arrived in Thikse, by bus from Leh, on a cold, wet morning a few days before the festival at the local *gompa* (monastery). The only hotel's only room was booked; but the manager found us a 'local room'. We were dubious about this at first; to our eyes its mud-brick walls and earthen floor were reminiscent of a cow-shed, and there was a big pool of water from the leaking roof. However, the woman indicated that she would sweep out the water and the hotel man assured us that the roof was mended; so we left our rucksacks and went for a walk.

On our return the room had been transformed; the floor was dry and along two walls were placed matresses covered with thick Tibetan rugs. It was a room of comfortable simplicity.

At intervals the sound of horns resonated from the rooftop of the nearby monastery; it was an eerie sound, deep and weird — a long resonant call announcing the presence and activity of these hilltop monks; it never failed to evoke in me a deep, stirring response. We climbed up to the monastery just as prayers were beginning and a monk motioned us to enter the temple. The prayers were accompanied by the long horns we had heard reverberating from the rooftop, as well as trumpets and drums; the sound rolled round us, sonorous and mysterious. Then the monks started to chant; again the effect was deep and harmonious. I became absorbed in the flowing sound, resonating with the harmonies, stirred by the sonorous depths, excited by the strident trumpets; over all was a feeling of mystery, of that which could not be expressed in human speech. These lamas make full use of the effect of sound on the human psyche; we emerged from the temple feeling dazed, having been transported into another world and another age.

That evening, as we sat on our Tibetan carpets, we had a visitor. He introduced himself as an Indian Government employee who was posted to Ladakh for two years. He said he found life here very difficult and boring, especially in the winters.

'There is nothing to do here. The people used to live a very simple life — work and nothing else to do; but they are (or were) very spiritual; they would say prayers and meditate a lot and there's no doubt that a lot of them had spiritual powers; but all that is changing now with the arrival of tourists.'

'You think it is the tourists who are changing things?' we asked him.

'Oh yes, undoubtedly. This was a closed area until five years ago. Only

for five years have tourists been allowed in and I have already seen such changes. In another five years I think it will have changed completely. Materialism is causing changes; the tourists bring money and glimpses of another way of life and the people become dissatisfied. They become money-conscious and want radios, television, education. The illiterate Ladakhis were not bothered about appearance; but now they see films and television and are no longer satisfied with a tattered, dusty robe but want a smart suit. They send their children to be educated and they want a different way of life.'

We had become aware, soon after our arrival in India, of the effects of the growing tourist industry. In trying to escape from this and the centres of tourism, we were merely spreading it further afield and contributing to the change of those very ways of life whose simplicity we appreciated. Already, in Ladakh, the capital, Leh, was being invaded by traders and beggars from elsewhere in India, to take advantage of the growing numbers of tourists. Five years of contact with the outside world had made irrevocable changes in this remote village and our presence there was destroying that which we had come to see.

In spite of these thoughts, that night proved to be my best sleep of the whole trip. The small room was so simple and comfortable, perhaps because it was all natural; lying on woollen rugs on an earth floor, surrounded by walls and roof of mud bricks, we became part of the earth in a way which is not possible in modern buildings; even when camping we are insulated from the earth by a plastic groundsheet.

We awoke the next morning to pouring rain and the roof started to drip. There was a pleasant, earthy smell of damp mud; but the drips increased rapidly and the room became awash. Our friend from the previous evening reappeared and told us that all the houses in the village were leaking. He said it was very unusual for it to rain for more than an hour — this was the fourth day of continuous rain! He advised us to leave Thikse and reluctantly, we returned to Leh. There we found all the hotels flooded and the restaurants closed.

Ladakh is (or was) a desert land with very little rainfall — what precipitation there is is falling as snow in the winter. Snow poses no problems for the mud-brick houses for it can be swept away; but rain soon dissolves the mud. We heard later that the festival in Thikse monastery had been cancelled; the whole village was crumbling and the monastery, which had stood for hundreds of years, was in a dangerous condition.

Usually the monsoon rains fall upon the Himalayan slopes and the rain is spent before reaching Ladakh. However, much water is held by the forest cover of the Himalayas. With deforestation the rain reaches further into the mountains and the climate of Ladakh is changing. The lack of trees also means that the water runs off the ground, instead of being retained. When we returned over the mountains from Ladakh we saw extensive floods. Many unharvested fields stood deep in water and piles of grain lay on the road to dry (the traffic winding round it adding its quota of toxic fumes).

Later, near Simla, we stayed with a Forest Ranger and his family in their wooden house in a eucalyptus forest where the evening air was fragrant with the scent of the trees. This was part of the re-forestation programme; but now I read that eucalyptus trees, which have been imported into India from Australia, exhaust the soil and provide little leaf litter to replenish the humous; so they contribute to soil erosion and exhaustion. Eucalyptus are planted extensively in India as they grow very quickly and provide quick profits in pulping wood; but they do not conserve the soil and they provide none of the forest resources for the local people who lived near the indigenous forests — firewood, fodder, fertiliser, fruits, nuts and plant foods. These monoculture cash-crop plantations which come under the label of 're-forestation' give only a financial, not a biological productivity. Whereas the 'economy' of the country may seem to benefit, the people become poorer. As well as the 'Chipko' movement to preserve the remaining forests, women in India are now uprooting eucalyptus seedlings in protest against this type of forestation which exhausts the earth and makes the people poorer; they are replacing them with mixed species which will provide subsistence resources for local people whose use also conserves the forest.

Having seen the floods in India, deforestation to me conjures up much more immediate effects than the greenhouse effect. (Indeed, from the viewpoint of Gaia, carbon-dioxide fluctuations are merely part of the natural cycles and are nature's way of redressing the balance — increased carbon-dioxide in the atmosphere increases plant growth, as in the Carboniferous age which produced the great forests whose carbon we are now returning to the atmosphere.) Deforestation in the Himalayas means drastic climatic changes in places like Ladakh; floods in the lower valleys; people reduced to starvation through loss of forest resources. These are the very people to teach us how to live with forests, not as an economic resource but as a biological resource — to see the trees as living nature, not as something to be exploited for money.

It is this over-emphasis on materialism which has been the West's most prolific export and my brief stay in the remote Himalayan village of Thikse was a vivid example of the far-reaching effects of this materialistic value-system, both in the direct contact with these people, affecting their simple, spiritually oriented life-style, and in the distant effect of forest exploitation which results in their ancient buildings crumbling in the rain.

THE CZECH ZITHER

by Richard Pennington

MADAME Libusé Vokrová Ambrosová was the wife of a member of the Benes government that managed to govern Czechoslovakia without the help of Russian tanks. Her husband was responsible for sport and youth activities, and hence very active when the 'Sokol' had to be organised in 1938, for this festival brought to Prague the athletes and delegations from all the Slav countries and was confessedly a pan-Slav demonstration. I was not a Slav, but received an invitation to attend, and was welcomed by M. Ambros himself who told me that his wife would take care of me during the celebrations. Which, indeed, she did so well that for the inaugural march-past I found myself on the presidential dais next to Madame Zenkl, wife of the mayor of Prague and thus only one chair away from the President himself.

Madame Ambrosová was blonde and beautiful, with eyes of the blue of cornflowers and waves of hair like wheat burnished by the summer suns, and a complexion cream and rose not at all Slav.

I was taken to all the Bohemian beauty spots by a Bohemian beauty and learned my history from my delightful guide in the shadow of the famous hill Rip, at mediaeval Karlstejn and Krivoklát, in the Lobkovitz library and in the presidential garden at Lány. And that novitiate over, I was introduced to the elegance of the Bohemian way of life in the company of Antonin Heythum, the architect who had designed the Czech pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition, and his wife Charlotta, who was as much Polish flame, colour and vivacity as he was Czechoslovakian imperturbability. We dined at the Golden Orb, the little café that hangs out from the Castle rock over Mala Strana or up river at the Barrandov restaurant, a name that commemorates, it seems, a French geologist who lingered here fascinated, it is said, by the geological contours; although as I listened to Libusé Ambrosová I wondered if that was his official explanation for other more pleasing contours.

It was while dining on the terrace of the Barrandov restaurant that I first heard a zither played. The summer night was warm, with a light haze on the water-meadows. In the wide river below was reflected the orange moon; and around me, dining and talking and laughing were the Czech families whose brutal oppression of their Sudeten neighbours was — so the world was informed — paining the sentitive heart of Hitler.

With the good dinner and the Melnik wine and the political conversation, the peaceable and unassertive Heythum was growing patriotic and bellicose, was marshalling and manoeuvering all the armed forces of the Republic to the derisive laughter of his Polish wife, who gently assured him that he would be annihilated without the Polish cavalry.

It was then that one of the musicians began a song — a Moravian folk-song, said Libusé — to the accompaniment of a zither. The general conversation died away. Everyone listened. And whether it was the

plaintive melody, the luminous night beyond the terrace, the groups round the tables under the shaded lights, immobile as though transfixed by enchantment — I was so moved by the whole scene and the song that, back in London I looked round for zithers, but in vain, and must have annoyed my musical friends by wondering how the country had lived so long without them.

It was with difficulty and the help of a member of the music department of the BBC that I discovered that there was, or had been, a Czech who taught the zither; and later I succeeded in locating him at the end of a dark alley in Charlotte Street in a room that had a narrow bed, a chair, and a small table. He was clearly astonished to have a visitor and seemed equally surprised that I came about a zither. There were four or five of them in a corner of the room, but so dusty they evidently had not been disturbed for a long while, and he himself gave the same impression of having been long forgotten. He was plainly as under-nourished as he was ill-clad. He sat on the edge of the bed and invited me to sit on the one chair; and I explained to him that I had been to Prague — there was a passing flash of interest in his face at the name: 'Do you know Lubochna?'. I admitted I didn't. It was probably his native village — that I had been to Prague and while there had heard the zither played, and had returned to England to find it almost unknown, and so had persuaded the national radio to consider giving a talk on the folk music of Central Europe with special reference to the zither. They would need a good zither player: would he be willing to play? He was a Czech and remained calm, in fact too calm. He smiled faintly, but I could see no emotional response.

It would, I urged, be the best of publicity for him: the national network, relayed throughout the country; his name made known; he could probably sell his zithers — was he in touch with a Czech supplier?; he would surely gain some pupils eager to learn. It would enable him, I added,— as polite a hint as I could formulate — to find a larger studio for his lessons.

I think now that all this was my psychological mistake. Instead of sharing my enthusiasm, he looked at me with what seemed rather to be alarm than pleasure. But he thanked me, mechanically; said he would begin to practise; that he would write to Prague. 'There will be a preliminary meeting at the BBC in a week's time to discuss the programme. I will call for you on the Wednesday, early, at nine-thirty. You will note the day?' He nodded, shook my hand, and showed me to the door.

On Wednesday morning at nine-thirty I crossed Charlotte Street to the alley where he lived and found a policeman standing at the entrance. He did not make way for me, but asked what my business was. I said that it was with Mr. Cermak and that I was to take him to the BBC for a meeting. The policeman looked closely at me, reflected for an instant, apparently decided to accept my explanation, and said: 'He was found dead this morning. Hanged himself during the night'.

It had been a mistake to disturb the miserable obscurity to which evidently he had become accustomed. It had been too great a shock. He could not, as the saying is, face the music.

A CLOSE-KEPT SECRET IN EDINBURGH

by Robin Mead

IN the basement of Edinburgh's City Chambers, in the oldest part of the town, there is a grey metal door which opens — with a suitably melodramatic creak — on to the sixteenth century. It also opens on to what is perhaps Edinburgh's greatest undiscovered tourist attraction.

For the City Chambers are built on top of an ant-hill of buildings and houses which date back almost 500 years, and which were sealed off during the last great outbreak of bubonic plague in Edinburgh in 1645. Three alleyways were filled with rubble during the construction of the City Chambers between 1753 and 1759. But a fourth narrow street, an alleyway called Mary King's Close, survives more or less intact.

Over the years the maze of dwellings which line the old streets have been used by the city fathers for a variety of unlikely purposes; they have acted as storerooms for both civic records and civic junk, and have even served as air raid shelters during the Second World War. But now they are largely empty, and to step into them is to step back into the bad old days when Edinburgh was one of the most crowded, violent and unhealthy cities on earth.

Strictly speaking, Mary King's Close is not open to the public. Unofficially, if you can persuade a kindly councillor or council employee to show you round the City Chambers then perhaps he will include the basement in your tour. And it is in the basement that you will find the tempting grey door that leads down into another world.

It is a world where Edinburgh's shortage of building space led to the world's first high-rise city in the 1500s, as tenements of up to 16 storeys climbed up the sides of the rocky spine at the head of which is Edinburgh Castle. It is a world where there were five wells to serve the entire city and where the only form of sewage disposal was a bucket of slops hurled into the street below at ten o'clock every night to the time-honoured cry of 'Gardy-loo!'.

Not surprisingly, in such surroundings, outbreaks of plague were rife. It was the responsibility of the head of each family to report any outbreak of the disease in his home, and when that happened the entire family would be taken by cart to the edge of the city and sent into exile for life. If that sounds harsh, the penalty for failing to report a case of the disease was even harsher: the head of the family would be hanged, and his spouse would be drowned in the local loch.

One form of the disease involved bouts of violent sneezing — a symptom perpetuated in the children's nursery rhyme 'Ring a Ring o' Roses'.

When Edinburgh began to recover from that worst but final outbreak of plague in 1645, many people believed that Mary King's Close was still affected and shunned the area. Reports by some visitors that they had seen the ghosts of people, and indeed of animals, who had died there completed the street's isolation, and eventually the city magistrates ordered that it

should be sealed off.

It stayed like that for more than a century, until Edinburgh's merchants needed a site for their new Royal Exchange, later to become the City Chambers. To save themselves an expensive demolition job on a building which was to cost them only £30,000 (£3,000 in the English currency of the time), they took the top storeys off the tenements around Mary King's Close and used the lower storeys as foundations.

Now the street, and the houses which lead off it, are of intense interest to historians — and to the curious who may find their way there. The street itself slopes sharply and is carpeted with the dust of centuries. The houses, with their cramped rooms and claustrophobic atmosphere, have been empty for 347 years.

Or have they? Photographs taken in two of the rooms have been found to contain shadowy human outlines when the films have been processed. Guide dogs taken down into Mary King's Close have repeatedly refused to enter one of the houses. Some council employees won't go near the area at all. Psychic investigators who have spent the night there have reported sounds of merriment and the clink of glasses coming from what is known to have been the street's tavern. And ancient bloodstains on one wall continue to appear through countless coats of council whitewash.

Old superstitions die hard. The ghost stories of the mid-seventeenth century, and the fear that the killer plague may still lurk there, have both continued almost until the present, which may be why no move has been made to open up this piece of living history in what is, after all, a highly tourist-conscious city. Plus, of course, a natural bureaucratic reluctance to see a lot of holidaymakers tramping up and down the stairs of the City Chambers.

Perhaps a tourist invasion would spoil the ambience of Mary King's Close anyway. 'I wouldn't want to see it tarted up,' says Councillor John Wilson, who has become something of an expert on both the City Chambers and Mary King's Close. 'It contains a tremendous amount of mystique — especially for people who come to Edinburgh and want to see something special.

'Mary King's Close could be turned into a financially viable tourist attraction. But it would require a tremendous investment to make the ruins safe in the first place. At present people who go there do so at their own risk, and they go as guests.'

Or perhaps the tourist invasion might awaken another ghost — that of Mary King herself. The street was named after her because her father, Alexander King, was one of the principal property owners in the area during the seventeenth century. But in 1645 Mary herself was one of the dozens who died of bubonic plague in the street which bears her name.

She is known to have liked wearing a long blue dress. And some visitors to the maze of buildings below the City Chambers say they have been briefly joined on their tour by a tall, pale, silent woman dressed in blue ...

Literary Supplement

SOME RECENT FICTION

by Betty Abel

Waiting for War. Claude Delarue. Translated from the French by Vivienne Menkes-Ivry. Minerva. 313pp. £4.99. *The Bitter Cross.* Simon Mawer. Sinclair-Stevenson. 313pp. £14.95. *Sacred Hunger.* Barry Unsworth. Hamish Hamilton. 630pp. £14.99. *An Honourable Death.* Ian Crichton Smith. Macmillan. 135pp. £13.99.

Waiting for War by the French writer Claude Delarue is a novel of stature. It stretches the imagination, overturns scientific and philosophical prejudice and brings simple images into the forefront of complex situations. (Translated now into German, Greek, Spanish and Romanian, it is the first of Delarue's novels to be published in English as a 'paperback original', by Minerva.)

The compelling tale begins with the entry of a geologist who, having been rejected by his professional scientific colleagues for writing a controversial paper they think insufficiently rigorous, takes the post of secretary to Mrs. Olga Grekova-Leber, the widow of a scientist and architect who died whilst supervising the construction of his vast project, a mountain fortress as a refuge for an entire community in case of war. The accident which killed him also caused his wife to lose the use of her legs. The secretary, nameless throughout the book, is one of a procession who have tried and failed to help her collate Samuel Leber's papers and organize his immense library. After becoming Olga's lover he incurs the mistrust of her other assistants, especially two central figures in this improbable landscape.

One is Morel, Leber's trusted technical adviser who has put ten years' work into equipping the refuge and who graphically describes it as 'fifteen times the size of Amiens Cathedral'. The other is Tanguy, gamekeeper extraordinary and the illegitimate son of the Countess Ott who sold the mountain to Leber. His charge extends to the deer park and all wild animals but he breeds wild bears to kill the game he should protect, out of some inexplicable blood lust. His murderous jealousy is palpable. The secretary himself is obsessed too with past tragedies, not only Olga's but his own. These are only gradually revealed. Buried lives and buried buildings seem to him to share a curious kinship and he understands in the end, as the idealist Leber had not, that close confinement with others can arouse the interpersonal hatred that causes wars, making any purpose-built refuge the best possible breeding ground for further conflict.

The novel is full of suddenly perceived paradoxes as, for instance, when the secretary digs up skeletal geological specimens dating back to before recorded time, he realises that geology is antipathetic to history since these objects were never, in their original state, beheld by human eye. Inside the immense underground structure, as Morel shows him round it, the secretary confides that he understands Olga's disability because he had, at the age of 13, looked after his polio-disabled mother whose iron lung he had actually switched off at her request. But he admits to himself that only 'down here' where 'we are so far from God' could he have spoken thus; 'we can say anything, knowing it won't have any repercussions, yet still nothing eases the pain'. Increasingly

he is revealed as a man haunted by guilt, whether real or imagined, and the mystery is never resolved.

Eventually the villagers become alarmed by the danger presented by the roaming wild animals, even confined behind the Great Wall, and officials arrive to demand their slaughter whilst sending in soldiers to ensure it. Coinciding with the threat of a European war, this confrontation ends too the possibility of privacy for the estate's continuance. Olga's isolation is destroyed. Tanguy kills himself, Felicité the cook disappears and the saintly brahmin Sarachchandra dies fasting. The secretary finally 'loses' Olga whilst mysteriously refusing to succour her, as before he has 'lost' his former employer, the disabled Fra Cosimo, whose fading image constantly recurs. Significantly, the next day he acquires another disabled patient to care for, this time a young man whose mother seeks him out in the village. Many of Delarue's scenes would, without his mediating artistry, be frightful. A murder mystery, a psychological thriller, lurks beneath the surface as each of his characters wages war against his enemy. It is a brilliant maze.

Simon Mawer's novel, *The Bitter Cross,* is a complex story of love and war during the religious upheavals of the sixteenth century. Northern Europe is suffering the Protestant revolution, Italy and the Mediterranean are battling with the onslaught of Islam. Malta lies strategically between the two and the hero of the novel is placed there.

Gerald Paulet, a young English nobleman, is serving there as a Knight of Saint John. He has already suffered from the disappearance of the English monastic tradition and the sequestering of the Knights' base in Britain. Fearful and uncertain, he tries to be loyal to both country and Catholic faith but he feels stranded in the tiny, vulnerable island, protected only by his heritage which seems increasingly far away and is fast losing its sea-faring supremacy to corsairs and pirate galley fleets. The story of his life there is told by him through his recollections in old age whilst retired in the Grand Priory of Rome. His exploits as both crusader and priest, his disastrous involvement with powerful, sinister forces, are graphically described. Contenders for the position of Grand Master of the Order are cleverly shown as the politicians they have become. Particularly threatening to a young man is the mighty but insane Leone Strozzi who wins but betrays the Order thereafter and plans the downfall of Paulet and other priestly knights who take their religious vows seriously, struggling against impossibly powerful political and mercenary forces. Unusually strong is the author's depiction of the inner conflicts felt between pacifist instincts and necessary warlike intervention by the Knights of the Order.

Paulet recalls the aristocratic Sicilian woman he had deeply loved: she embodies this struggle for she has inherited the tower fortress which is the Order's historic base. He remembers too the young boy whom he rescued from Islam and brought up in his own religious creed. The horrifying, bewildering end to his own career seems to him a just punishment in a world where he cannot think in any other terms than those of ideals betrayed.

The full meaning of the bitter cross with its dual implication of love and death is only finally to be understood in the light of his forbidden passion and his betrayal of God in warring against earthly enemies, notably the encroaching Turkish hordes. His two greatest known enemies had, he thought, been Protestantism and Islam: more subtly undermining ones had supervened, the most insidious being his superiors in the Order itself. The novel is exciting and imaginative. Simon Mawer has vividly described his impressive characters and

their exotic setting.

Sacred Hunger by Barry Unsworth is a long, involved novel about the slave trade of the mid-eighteenth century, centring on Liverpool merchants and the West Indies where they obtained their cargo of human beings. There are two sections, set twelve years apart. In the first, William Kemp of Liverpool puts all his resources into constructing a slave ship for an expedition to the West Indies. His nephew, Matthew Paris, is appointed leader and ship's surgeon, and from his libertarian ideal of racial equality stems the dramatic turn taken in the second part. The bitter animosity between Erasmus, Kemp's son, and Paris is only partly due to this appointment for Erasmus's mind is only on commercial success and he is antipathetic to the social purpose of his cousin. Kemp senior, facing ruin through the apparent loss of the Liverpool Merchant, his ship, kills himself. It is, in fact, becalmed near Jamaica, its slave cargo dying of dysentery; and the crew, in a state of mutiny, abandon ship.

Part Two follows, twelve years later, the successful trading voyage of Erasmus to Florida where he has become well known for his West African connexions. Paradoxically, Erasmus is in search too of a fabled Utopia where black and white may live on an equal footing, but Matthew Paris arrives, intending to cause trouble for his hated cousin. However, he and his radical friend Delblanc stay and attempt to run the colony on free-thinking principles which do not succeed. Part Two is less moving than the rest because it is more of a social tract for the times. But the novel is impressively successful as a historical re-creation. Barry Unsworth has achieved the almost impossible task of creating characters as memorable as Conrad's in *Typhoon* and *Heart of Darkness*. His book is well worth reading.

An Honourable Death by Ian Crichton Smith, quite a short novel, is the work of a keen, precise mind with poetic insight, brought to bear on the story of the court-martialling of a major-general in Queen Victoria's 92nd Gordon Highlanders, in 1903. After serving in all colonial theatres of war and winning acclaim as the hero of Omdurman, Sir Hector Macdonald was accused of homosexuality, was unable to face the court and took his own life. It is a moving, well written book.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Nixon: Ruin and Recovery 1973-1990. Stephen E. Ambrose. Simon & Schuster. £20.00.

Despite the high drama of a now-familiar story, and despite the daunting detail, this is a remarkably fair study. Indeed, Ambrose comes gradually to like Nixon. 'That is not easy to do, as he doesn't really want to be liked.' What he admires — and what he conveys — is that Nixon never gives up, and is always true to himself.

The main strength of the book lies in its variety: beginning in the triumph in the Presidential election of November 1972 to the slow two-year agony, from the (foolish, unnecessary and unauthorised) Watergate break-in until the resignation of August 1974; the roll-call of the now near-fictional characters, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean and Mitchell, Colson and the Cubans; Nixon's awareness that 'It will be each man for himself, and one will not be afraid to rat on the others'; and, afterwards, the long and solitary anguish of his own night of the soul, in retirement in California. He was aware that he had made

bitter enemies over his twenty-five years in Federal politics, and that they had been unforgiving. Hatred of Nixon became and long remained a national obsession. But the qualities that had ministered to his own undoing — his own lack of trust in others, and his own conspicuous lack of friends — became now his bedrock. He set out deliberately to maximise his strengths, notably his special expertise in foreign policy — in the opening to China, in ending the American involvement in Vietnam, in warning Israel not to go too far, in establishing détente in Europe. The few men he had come to trust were, in fact, the leaders of other countries — De Gaulle and Churchill, Mao and Chou — and they now became his models and his inspiration; they too had fought back, and went on fighting. He became not only a foreign policy expert but an Elder Statesman, listened to with a new, reluctant and hard-won respect at home and abroad. So that Ambrose can conclude that 'when Nixon resigned, we lost more than we gained.'

Ambrose adds, in his epilogue, his own psychological analysis; he sees much that explained Nixon in the early poverty, the struggle for recognition, the total self-containedness. His verdict is admirably balanced. Nixon was 'heroic, admirable and inspiring, while simultaneously being dishonourable, despicable and a horrible example.' As the years pass, he grows in stature. Perhaps Kissinger's view is the shrewdest of all: 'He would have been a great, great man had somebody loved him.'

This is a superb, readable and scholarly biography of a remarkable and fascinating man.

ESMOND WRIGHT

STORIES OF TURMOIL

De Gaulle, the Ruler 1945-70. Jean Lacouture. Harvill Harper Collins. £25.00.
The Locust Years, the Story of the Fourth French Republic. Frank Giles. Secker & Warburg. £20.00.

These two books tell us in vivid, first-hand accounts what politics were like in France between the last war and the death of de Gaulle. The authors, newsmen of repute, were eye-witnesses. These two stories of turmoil and adventurous politics are very useful today when France is once again in a crisis of confidence. Prominent actors on the scene are still with us, President Mitterrand in the first place. De Gaulle put an end to the Fourth Republic by letting plotters, generals and politicians, restore him to power in 1958, as Giles shows.

He was returned to power by the plotters because they thought he would maintain French rule in Algeria. Their task was easy because the French had lost confidence not only in the political parties who operated a Constitution that gave Parliament supreme power, but also in the system itself. The Fifth Republic de Gaulle created gave all real power to the President in its new Constitution. De Gaulle himself, as Lacouture shows, proclaimed that the people, by electing the President had given him supreme power by-passing both Parliament and the Government itself. The referendum and TV appearances were de Gaulle's tools to continue his task of restoring France as a great power. He astonished down-to-earth politicians by winning several referenda preferring to appeal to the people when politicians were proving difficult or non-committal. When he failed in the last referendum to get a majority he resigned, thus ending the Fifth Republic he created. Formally the Constitution remains to this day. But both stories show that Pompidou, his trusted advisor, and most competent adversary fashioned, in fact, a Sixth Republic when he succeeded de Gaulle. This happened because the people lost confidence in de Gaulle and his system

demonstrated in the riots and strikes of 1968.

De Gaulle emerges as a leader who was always conscious of the defeat and shame of 1940 and was therefore determined to restore France to a status as if 1940 had never happened. Hence his love-hate relations with Britain, his envious mistrust of the US and his confidence in being able to deal with Germany and the Soviets. Hence his romantic decision to visit Ireland, the land of one of his ancestors, after his fall.

De Gaulle, as Lacouture shows, was not a right wing politician. He wanted employees to have 'direct material advantages from the results and enterprise obtained', the workforce to be kept informed by management and its 'practical proposals to be taken into account'. He wanted a minimum wage.

Lacouture's inside account of de Gaulle's flight to Germany and of his hasty return at the height of the 1968 crisis that brought his downfall 'three hundred days' later makes fascinating reading. It is an almost Shakespearian drama. 'The people don't want me,' he said. One cannot help feeling that the same may be happening to his old adversary Mitterrand's Seventh Republic.

LEO MURAY

WAR AND PEACE

Hitler's War. David Irving. Focal Point. £22.95. *Eisenhower: Soldier and President*. Stephen E. Ambrose. Simon and Shuster. Paperback, £9.99. *Vietnam: A History*. Stanley Kurnow. Penguin. £9.99.

The twentieth century has been the most violent in man's history. All the illusions harboured by the progressive thinkers of Edwardian times have been exploded on the battlefields of our own time. It is no surprise that so much of our historical writing is devoted to the study of war.

David Irving is one of the most controversial historians of our time. However much one may dislike his conclusions and his support for neo-fascist groups in present-day Germany, one must admire his energy at research. This huge book is actually a condensed version of three of his previous books on Hitler's Germany. The book is well produced and profusely illustrated, offering us the chance of seeing colour photographs of many of the Aryan celebrities. Irving looks at the war from Hitler's point of view and gives a new, and often illuminating, perspective on many of the military campaigns. He also shows better than most previous writers the dissensions that rent the Nazi hierarchy. His knowledge of this motley crew of mediocrities allows him to expose some of those he plainly detests, such as the late Albert Speer, whose best-selling book managed to convince many that he had had little use for Hitler.

Mr. Irving is consistently hostile to Churchill, but when one spends one's life studying a boring and tawdry tyrant, it is rather hard to lift one's gaze towards a great and civilised man. Like a general who is superb at tactics, but abysmal at strategy, Mr. Irving has uncovered many fascinating details, but he cannot present any convincing reason why anyone should sympathise with the Hitler gang. Mr. Irving loses few opportunities to sneer at those brave Germans like Admiral Canaris or Count Stauffenberg who tried to rid their country of Hitler. Those valiant men who gave their lives in the 'July plot' in 1944 are dismissed as 'Stauffenberg's minions'. The book ends as the cowardly Führer commits suicide in his bunker beneath the ruins he had made.

There could not be a greater contrast between books than Irving's Hitler and this one volume version of Stephen Ambrose's definitive two volumes on the 34th President of the US. Where Hitler makes any decent person ashamed to

be human, 'Ike' shows how an honourable and fundamentally good man can achieve greatness in two fields. Because this is a shortened version, we occasionally miss a connecting link and certain aspects of Ike's life are left out; his religious views for instance. Professor Ambrose also belabours Eisenhower a bit too much for not sharing his own views on 'civil rights'. Also, some readers may justly object to Professor Ambrose's treatment of Field Marshall Montgomery or Richard Nixon. (Ironically Professor Ambrose has since written the best account, a much more favourable one, of Eisenhower's vice-president.) This book provides one of the best introductions to the history of the 1940s and 1950s. 'Ike' emerges as a much more thoughful man and one deeply committed to peace. No American President of modern times so effectively resisted the demands of what he memorably called the 'military industrial complex'. Stephen Ambrose has given us a model biography of a great though underestimated soldier and statesman.

When Eisenhower left office in 1961, he was deeply worried about the developing conflict in Indochina. Stanley Kurnow's interest in Vietnam began in the 1950s and he became one of the most incisive journalists to cover the long war that devastated that country. His *Vietnam: A History* is a revised and updated version of his 1983 book and it remains the best account. It is a long book, over 700 pages, but unlike many modern paperbacks, it is well produced on good paper and with clear print and many illustrations. Mr. Kurnow is remarkably objective except when discussing Richard Nixon. Like Professor Ambrose in *Eisenhower*, Mr. Kurnow adheres to the fashion of the 1980s that Mr. Nixon's name is always preceded by an unfavourable adjective. Although he gives considerable attention to events in Washington, he does not neglect what was happening in Vietnam itself. It is of particular value to have a short account of events in Vietnam before the Western World ever heard of it. Anyone who lived through the Vietnam War will find Mr. Kurnow's history to be a fascinating book.

RICHARD MULLEN

LIBRARIES IN DECLINE

The Strange Rise of Semi-Literate England: the Dissolution of the Libraries. W. J. West. Duckworth, 1991. £7.99.

This attractively produced book — or rather pamphlet — consists of 52 pages of cogent and well-informed polemic on the subject of the mindless dispersal of stock by public and institutional libraries, followed by a list of 292 libraries that have sold off books that have subsequently come into the author's possession, and a list of 260 former library books acquired by the author in the course of his investigations.

The two outstandingly disgraceful instances of library dispersal noted by Mr. West are the London Borough of Brent's disposal of 105,070 books in the 1980s, partly in order to enable a new library to be built on the site of the warehouse containing the library system's reserve collection, and Derbyshire County Council's disposal of the Mackie Memorial Library, a unique nineteenth century collection relating to the development of the cotton industry. In the latter instance Derbyshire County Council belatedly attempted to buy back volumes from second-hand dealers as these were required for a Heritage Centre the council had set up before the book dispersal was ordered. Mr. West does not pretend to supply a list of such large-scale blunders, but other examples are known to this reviewer, and probably to most readers of *Contemporary Review*.

Mr. West's list of books previously owned by libraries contains four that are

not possessed by the British Library. Others are scholarly works which, though out of print, still regularly appear on undergraduate reading lists at university. Others again appear to be the kind of item that one had thought a library system's Local History Collection would have been desperate to hang on to. One ex-library book purchased by Mr. West from a second-hand dealer was published in 1699 and two others in the eighteenth century: Mr. West does not say how much he paid for them, and was of course in no position to state how much of what he paid ended up in library funds, but it need hardly be pointed out that books so old are very rare, and irreplaceable, and ought not to be dumped by libraries on the open market. Mr. West's lists are an appalling demonstration of the sheer unprofessionalism of today's public and institutional librarians.

Mr. West's argument that 'the rise of semi-literacy and the dispersal of libraries are inter-related' is probably the weakest part of this pamphlet. It is difficult to accept that the population is less literate than it was fifty years ago, when more than three times as many books are being published as before the Second World War. On the other hand British society is still very much less literate than it might be, and on Mr. West's evidence the efforts of Britain's professional librarians to improve the situation can best be described as *trahison des clercs.*

A. D. HARVEY

GOD AND UNIVERSE

The Mind of God: Science and the Search for Ultimate Meaning. Paul Davies. Simon and Schuster. £16.99. *Conversations.* Primo Levi and Tullio Regge. Penguin Books. £4.99.

Paul Davies is Professor of Theoretical Physics at Adelaide and a prolific author of popular books on the universe, the quantum world, superstrings, gravity waves, the forces of nature and similar subjects. He is passionately interested in fundamental questions, and conveys the excitement of modern science to the reader. Among the questions that he returns to again and again are those concerning the ultimate meaning of creation, and a previous book, *God and the New Physics,* was devoted to this problem. *The Mind of God* is a sequel, and its title comes from a quotation from Stephen Hawking to the effect that if we ever find a complete theory everyone should be able to understand it and 'this would be the ultimate triumph of human reason — for then we would truly know the mind of God'.

To select the title of the book from such a questionable sentiment is hardly an auspicious beginning, but the reader is unlikely to think that it is primarily a work of theology. It is, as one would expect, an excellent account of a wide range of subjects at the very basis of science, including the status of the laws of nature, the relation of mathematics to reality, the universe as a computer, the nature of mathematics, why the world is the way it is, beauty as a guide to truth and in particular the mysteries of the beginning and end of the universe.

He outlines his attitude in the Preface: 'I belong to the group of scientists who do not subscribe to a conventional religion but nevertheless deny that the universe is a purposeless accident. Through my scientific work I have come to believe more and more strongly that the physical universe is put together with an ingenuity so astonishing that I cannot accept it merely as a brute fact. There must, it seems to me, be a deeper level of explanation. Whether one wishes to call that deeper level "God" is a matter of taste and definition'.

Concerning the creation, he remarks that 'the essence of the origin problem

is that the big bang seems to be an event without a physical cause,' and goes on to say that 'viewed through the eyes of a quantum physicist, the spontaneous appearance of a universe is not such a surprise, because physical objects are spontaneously appearing all the time — without well-defined causes — in the quantum microworld. The quantum physicist need no more appeal to a supernatural act to bring the universe into being than to explain why a radioactive nucleus decayed when it did'.

The underlying argument here is that because we do not know the cause of a particular event therefore it has no cause. It is clear on reflection that we do not actually observe physical objects spontaneously appearing; if we draw such a conclusion it is not a matter of physics but of a particular philosophical belief, and the belief underlying Davies's exposition is that of the Copenhagen interpretation of quantum mechanics, which is not only philosophically discredited but is harming physics.

Davies goes on to consider modern theories of quantum cosmology, and argues that 'given the laws of physics, the universe can create itself'. This again shows philosophical insensitivity to the difference between being and not-being that is fundamental to all metaphysical discourse.

To sum up, this is an excellent survey of many of the most exciting fundamental questions raised by modern physics, but is seriously flawed at the philosophical level. He presents quite extensive summaries of various theological arguments, but the results are somewhat inconclusive.

It was an interesting idea to tape some wide-ranging conversations between the writer Primo Levi and the physicist Tullio Regge. They seem to be interested in practically everything, and talk about the Talmud, the calculus, the war, the periodic table, Oppenheimer, Fermi, the fifth dimension, nuclear accelerators, Dyson's civilisation, Godel's theorem, chemistry, Bach, computers and a hundred other subjects. It makes a fascinating read for a spare hour.

PETER HODGSON

SHELLEY IN 1810

Shelley's First Love: the love story of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Grove. Desmond Hawkins. Kyle Cathie. £14.99.

In a delightful and meticulously documented book Desmond Hawkins has unfolded the true story of the poet Shelley's love for his younger cousin, Harriet Grove, during his last half at Eton and first term at Oxford. She was 16 and he 17. Although several times mentioned in occasional letters by friends and relations, the course of their romantic involvement has never before been accurately detailed in any of the Shelley biographies. Dr. Hawkins has made discoveries which correct some important misapprehensions, originally set down by Peacock and Hogg and carried by subsequent writers without question, even to the present day by so reputable a biographer as Richard Holmes. Hogg's close friendship with Shelley lent credence to letters which, on close examination, turn out to have been forged by Hogg, long after the poet was dead. This and other obstacles have prevented the truth about the love affair, which occurred whilst Shelley was establishing himself as a writer and a radical philosopher, from emerging.

Dr. Hawkins's present possession of Shelley's diary for 1910, in the end pocket of which he has found a lock of dark hair in a paper packet inscribed on the outside 'H.G.' and inside the black impression of a seal, began his pursuit of the leads provided by Harriet's own diary and letters in three related families, the Shelleys, the Groves and the Pilfolds, all land owners in Dorset,

Wiltshire and Sussex. His familiarity with the terrain and his expertise in Hardy and other Wessex literature allowed him to present a spirited account of Regency social life amongst these large families of hospitable aunts, uncles and cousins, visiting by barouche at distances of forty miles or more for stays of several days. The young men had freedom of movement while the girls had to await an entourage and be suitably chaperoned on all journeys: this meant that Harriet had constantly to be still and hope to be taken to see 'Bysshe' as the family called him. One critical question the author asks is why, then, did Shelley not himself make the trek to see her? Thoughts of her certainly influenced his early poems and she was sent copies of all publications.

Harriet's earliest surviving diary is that for 1809, that of her sister Charlotte for 1811. Shelley's only earlier poetic reference to the attachment is contained in the poem called 'To St. Irvyne', sub-titled 'Feb 28th 1805' (probably later revised in content) and inscribed to 'H. Grove'. Shelley's younger sister had, indeed, referred to Harriet as 'his early love'. Other comments by relatives mention his strong devotion and indicate general approval of something like a modern 'understanding'. Her diary, whilst giving away very little, provides external confirmation of references in Shelley's notebook of the dates and times of books posted and visits made, with a record of his instructions to the printer that packets should be sent to Harriet. She received these with joy. The letters themselves are usually from Elizabeth Shelley who seems to have become the go-between for passing on messages. Another small mystery perhaps? Then, too, Harriet is naturally reticent and seems to have been responsible for the many deletions found in her diary. Only a few sentences remain about her great desire to see her 'dear, dear Bysshe' and the facts of the Groves's visits to the Shelleys at Field Place, their country house, and at Lincoln's Inn where Charles Groves pursued a legal career. At both places their 'betrothal' is accepted as a fact. Much information on walks and parties is also available from Charles's letters. Comparison of these and the diaries indicate, says Dr. Hawkins, that Harriet 'stayed with the relationship through Shelley's novice stage as a poet and radical thinker until the pace became too hot for her'. Or, in fact, until he eloped with 16-year-old Harriet Westbrook?

Three rifts in the lute caused their estrangement, however, already documented. Harriet was frightened by Shelley's increasingly vehement denunciation of Christianity and his insistence on a radical belief, derived from Locke's philosophy of human nature, of the sufficiency of man's intelligence without divine interference to produce a necessary moral code. Her fear was shared by her parents and Shelley's sadly embittered father, who forbade him the house. Evidently what had appeared to be an ideal match between two like families was now unsuitable. A third factor was the grievous offence caused to Charlotte, Harriet's sister, when Elizabeth Shelley, collaborating with her brother in a volume of poems entitled *Victor and Cazire*, contributed a letter in verse imputing to Charlotte matrimonial designs on a neighbouring squire.

Their estrangement was abrupt and no recorded discussion of the break remains. But Desmond Hawkins believes that Shelley's feelings had been more deeply engaged than has been realised. It is expressed in a later poem, 'Melody to a Scene of Former Times', where Harriet's censure and rejection has clearly brought about enduring distress. Strangely, there is no surviving account by Harriet of her own regrets, the only clue being the deletions in her diary, if indeed she made them as seems likely. She married William Helyar a matter of weeks later. We still have, however, the telling record of the four poems Shelley had written 'To Harriet'.

Even so, a new life opened up for Shelley at Oxford, especially in his disastrous friendship with James Hogg who encouraged the wildness of his Gothic fantasies; who later fixed up some aspects of their correspondence to support his own fantasies. But most relevant to the ending of the love story is Shelley's transfer to a second Harriet. He eloped to Edinburgh with 16-year-old Harriet Westbrook, after snatching her from her father's house. This book contains much information about their later life when, already banned from Field Place, Shelley led an almost nomadic existence, taking cottages in England, Wales and Ireland, each abandoned when his attempts to proselytize the natives provoked their hostility and fear. Constantly pursued by creditors as well as Christians, he continually sought a Utopia where like souls (especially young women) might live under the doctrines of 'Philanthropy and Freedom', despite the outraged 'Aristocrats and Christians'. Poor Harriet the second finally committed suicide. Only when he married Mary Godwin did he acquire a stable home life as well as a deeply caring guardian of his poetry and plays. (Through her, we know the exact circumstances of his tragic death by drowning, at the age of 29.)

Desmond Hawkins throws new light on Shelley's youth. He nowhere loses sight of the glory of Shelley's poetry. His book will be a source of pleasure and enlightenment as well as a contribution to Shelley studies, especially in this bicentenary year of his birth.

BETTY ABEL

THE DAZZLING CITY

The Venetian Hours of Henry James, Whistler and Sargent. Hugh Honour and John Fleming. Walker Books.

This is the book for anyone who recalls the first incredulous sight of the loveliness of Venice. It considers three gifted Americans and a coterie of their expatriates who flourished there at the turn of the century.

Henry James, the writer, was twenty-six in 1869 when first he was rowed down the Grand Canal. Only three years earlier Venice had been surrendered by the Austrians and incorporated into what would become a united Italy. Among his many euphoric impressions he recalled being rowed across the lagoon 'in a golden silence which suffered us to hear the far-off ripple in the wake of the other gondolas, a golden clearness so perfect that the rosy flush on the marble palace seemed as light and pure as the life-blood on the forehead of a sleeping child'.

After his head cleared he enjoyed more mundane pleasures. 'After dinner we went down to the piazza and established ourselves at one of Florian's tables. Night had become perfect: the music was magnificent. At a neighbouring table was a group of young Venetian gentlemen, splendid in dress, and glorious with the wondrous physical glory of the Italian race. "They need only velvet and satin and plumes", I said, "to be subjects for Titian and Paul Veronese".'

Henry James is the dominant presence in this volume. He came year after year warmly welcomed by the rich Mr. and Mrs. Curtis who owned the magnificent Palazzo Barbaro, or the kind and charming Mrs. Bronson whose Ca' Alvisi was directly opposite the beautiful Church of Santa Maria della Salute. Mrs. Bronson was the undisputed queen bee of American expatriate society in Venice. The Curtis's artist son Ralph wrote: 'During many happy years, from lunch till long past bed-time her house was the open rendezvous for rich and poor — the famous and the famished — *les rois en exil* and the heirs presumptive to the thrones of fame'. Whistler was to be seen there,

generally holding the floor, and also the great and genial Robert Browning.

Whistler had arrived in Venice immediately after his notorious libel action against Ruskin, the costs of which had bankrupted him. He was to make a series of etchings for the Fine Art Society. These etchings, many of which he achieved *en plein air,* are exquisitely refined; bridges and canals, draped balconies, glimpsed gardens; he explores the Venice of beautiful facades. On New Year's Day 1880 he lamented his absence from London. 'I should be resting happily in the only city in the world fit to live in instead of struggling on in a sort of Opera Comique country ... when the season is over'. But soon he imported his mistress and enjoyed lording it over the groups of young American painters led by Frank Deveneck.

John Singer Sargent, twenty-two years younger than Whistler, first came to Venice in 1880. The son of determined expatriates, he was born in Florence in 1856. Unschooled but fluent in German, French and Italian, he had studied art in Paris under Carolus-Duran with his cousin, Ralph Curtis. In the many watercolour illustrations in this book, he captures the spirit of Venice in an intimate and remarkable manner. He paints the gondoliers at siesta, the girls stringing onions or beads, or just lounging in vast empty rooms or in doorways. He captures the grandeur of the Doges' Palace (1898). His wonderful painting of the Curtis family in the Salon of the Palazzo Barbaro, which Mrs. Curtis refused as making her look too old, happily now belongs to the Royal Academy.

One learns that the Palazzo Rezzonico where today one sees exhibitions of works by Arcimboldi and de Pisis once provided studio space for Sargent, Whistler and Boldini before being bought by Robert Browning's son Pen in 1887. Little vignettes pop up all over this book, sepia photographs no larger than cigarette cards, tiny sketches of Whistler, Mrs. Bronson, her daughter Edith and interiors of their homes. One feels that this book, by authors who have lived in Venice for the past thirty years and who smile fetchingly at us from the book jacket, has been a labour of love. It should be put by the bedside of a favoured weekend guest.

MURIEL JULIUS

A LIFE OF FILIAL DEVOTION

Anna Freud. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl. Macmillan Papermac. £12.99.

Just as an analysis in which the interpretation is too cautious is not effective, so a biography which lacks, behind the facts, the shadow area of informed, speculative commentary going beyond mere, coarse guesswork, must fail to show the transcending, creative excellence which entitles it to be seen as the definitive work on the subject. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl's manifesto of her method in a minefield is worth putting on record as an apparent pattern for the practice of biography: thus (inter alia) 'I have not used any statements in existing biographies of Freud or Anna Freud for which no primary documentation was cited; statements in published sources that were based upon uncited interview material have been disregarded; statements made to me in interviews have not been used unless corroborated by at least one other interviewee'. The consequence, unfortunately, of such quasi-judicial constraints, is, indeed, a lifelessness of the book as a work of art. The author has, for instance, interviewed a number of Anna Freud's analysands; of course, she must not name them, but any reader wishing to know what it was like to be analysed by Anna Freud will be disappointed. Another inherent fetter on all such Freudian works is the continuing embargoes imposed by the Archives.

Perhaps it is right that the material of Freud's ongoing, interrupted analysis

of Anna Freud is not available to scholars. There is, anyway, plenty of circumambient evidence from variant sources, such as her beating fantasies. At that time, some fellow clinicians were shocked by Freud's taking on his own daughter: stricter regulation followed later. Freud himself considered the analysis to be a success. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl sets out practical reasons for the father-daughter analysis, such as the financial situation of the family in 1918, but she does not really address the deeper ambiguities of the transference and the counter-transference. Did Freud do to Anna what, famously, Martin Amis said, parents do to children? The answer of the faithful, of course, is that both were enriched by her adoration and that her branchings into child theory and practice are a further glory. Anna Freud remained a 'vestal' guarding both herself, her father, and the citadel of psychoanalysis. She drew back — 'As far as I can see, being in love is never really enjoyable'. Depression accompanied Freud's own reflections on his need of Anna — 'And therefore in view of all these insoluble conflicts it is good that life comes to an end sometime or other'. Ernest Jones, apparently, privately maintained that Anna Freud projected her unresolved Oedipus complex into her theories of the technique of child analysis. The themes of her inner life, including her anger at her mother, who was more fond of her sister, Sophie, are intensely neurotic, but she battled on through a long, useful, resigned, sacrificial and noble life, shoring her work against a tide of repeated, 'unfair' bereavements. She was more dedicated than Freud to ensuring that psychoanalysis and its concomitant applications should not be confined to the rich.

Less magisterial than Peter Gay's contemporary *Freud,* and also more rigid, Elisabeth Young-Bruehl's work, impeccable, as we have seen, as to fact, takes its rightful place in the chronicles of psychoanalysis.

MOLLY TIBBS

A VIEW OF THE ENVIRONMENT

The Idea of Wilderness: From Prehistory to the Age of Ecology. Max Oelschlaeger. Yale University Press. £19.95.

This is a big book, splendid in appearance, a joy to hold, and it could be said to be the third impressive volume of a trilogy by different authors. They trace different aspects of elements contributing to our ecological malaise. This particular historical work is recommended for anyone at all interested in environmental thought, for its introduction to precursor American practitioners of the growing phenomenon known as Deep Ecology, when it was without a name. *The Idea of Wilderness* is dedicated to Clarence J. Glacken, author of the first volume in the trilogy, *Traces on the Rhodian Shore: Nature and Culture in Western Thought from Ancient Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century* (published 1962, now out of print). Glacken brings his momentous tome to a close by suggesting that his ideas of the eighteenth century might be regarded 'as an introductory chapter' to a further work. The eighteenth century, of course, was when man seriously got down to raping the planet.

Donald Worster certainly read Glacken's book, and has followed it up with *Nature's Economy: A History of Ecological Ideas* (it has been kept in print since 1977, now by CUP). It starts with the eighteenth century and quotes deliciously A. N. Whitehead's 'One-eyed reason, deficient in its vision of depth' about that period's scientific thought which has been the inspiration for our own time. Worster describes his notable book as an 'intellectual biography' which is intended to lead to 'a deeper awareness of the roots of our contem-

porary perception of nature'. He, too, anticipated that a book would follow his, 'outside the science'.

Oelschlaeger's sub-title is taken from Worster's final chapter. As the third volume of this trilogy, it covers the widest scope, from the Paleolithic age to the present, and has the wide ranging theme of why and how human-kind civilized wilderness with disastrous effects.

Although the author stresses the danger of positing ideas about Paleolithic life and beliefs from the framework of a twentieth century mind, he assumes the mantle of rigid orthodoxy by suggesting at the beginning that the earliest peoples killed animals for food in the Garden of Eden. But when he says, without explaining the reason, that Paleolithic people did not destroy their trees, we can read legitimately between the lines. Very many varieties of tree have provided protein since the beginning of their time, and naturally the first human beings were conscious of the fact, as Henry Bailey Stevens makes evident in his challenging and inspiriting *The Recovery of Culture,* which has remained unchallenged.

The only drawback of being the third volume in this trilogy is if the reader has already read the previous two, because of the feeling of retracing one's steps. However, it has singular distinction in that it introduces the seminal American philosophical writers who have contributed to environmental awareness. They are Henry Thoreau (through Emerson), John Muir, Aldo Leopold, Robinson Jeffers and Gary Snyder. All five have written from first-hand experience with none of the prevalent regurgitation of second-hand information. Their books have influenced only a minority readership.

The author dwells interestingly on the evolution from a Christian belief embedded in childhood to an animist or pantheist understanding, which invests the individual with a biocentric vision. It appears to have been the common experience of the five writers discussed. The name of Henry David Thoreau conjours up *Walden,* and its reputation has obscured his other estimable writings. It is not generally known that, before Darwin, Thoreau had recognised the 'organic connection between homo sapiens and nature... from which the species had come and to which it was bound'. Great importance is placed on the writings of John Muir, and concern at his neglect. 'His is a bold and alternative vision... for he believes that human beings can know God, Truth, Beauty'. Muir, a Scotsman, saw for himself the effects of the 'hoofed locusts' on the land and mountainside, and then witnessed the effects of the resulting deforestation. Aldo Leopold is best known for his *The Sand County Almanac* in which he stated his deeply ecological Conservation and Land ethics, which in themselves have been the subject of countless essays and at least one book — *In Defence of the Land Ethic* by J. Baird Callicott, SUNY Press. On conservation, Leopold said it is 'getting nowhere because it is compatible with our own Abrahamic concept of land'. Robinson Jeffers is virtually unknown, even persona non grata. His poetry explores the human condition and finds human beings wanting. He described himself as a poet of inhumanism; and his perception is extraordinarily poignant and relevant. The author says, 'The allure of Jeffer's ecological vision is that nature and God, rent asunder by the modern mind, are reunited'. It does require a change in perception to be able to accept his pointing finger, and indeed rejoice that his poetry may be on the point of being rediscovered. Gary Snyder is a contemporary poet who has found recognition in his lifetime among alternative circles. Snyder calls for a 'quiet revolution' to transform the way people interact with the earth. 'His

poetic vision is rooted in earth consciousness... known to primal peoples across the face of the earth'.

By the end, the book is convincing that our socio-economic system, whether Capitalist or Communist, cannot hope to provide the answer to the ecological crisis. The author comes close to acclaiming Deep Ecology, but hesitates to proclaim it as the new paradigm *unless* people will come to their senses, and change their frames of reference. If *The Idea of Wilderness* is the only one of the three you are likely to read, it could well be described as mind-frame breaking.

RODNEY AITCHTEY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Illustrated Encyclopedia of Historical Facts. (Simon & Schuster. £17.50). This excellently researched historical encyclopedia contains five main sections and over 480 entries relating to the rise and fall of empires, their heroes and kings, and the most significant scientific and technological developments. Each essay is lavishly illustrated, many with reproductions of important paintings, and there are ample reference charts. Robert Stewart has provided a wide ranging account of the main domestic conditions and social issues of the past 2,000 years in a way that makes for both easy reference and fascinating reading.

The Passing of Barchester (The Hambledon Press, £14.95) and **The Victorian Archbishops of Canterbury** (The Rocket Press. Blewsbury, near Didcot, Oxon, regular edition, £21; special edition, £70). Clive Dewey's is not a book about Anthony Trollope but a study of a small group of clergymen, centred on Dean Lyall of Canterbury. Under his patronage, a group of priests, most of them relatives, achieved powerful and lucrative positions in the Church of England. Mr. Dewey uses methods similar to Sir Lewis Namier's studies of the eighteenth century parliament. The reader is introduced to a series of fascinating biographical portraits. Mr. Dewey shows the worldly ways these clerics helped one another, but he also shows their genuine sense of duty and piety. These men are indeed similar to old-fashioned High Churchmen such as Warden Harding that one meets in Trollope's novels. Mr. Dewey has shown the reality behind Barchester and perhaps it is no coincidence that Dean Lyall died in the same year as the publication of *Barchester Towers.* Anyone who desires a brief and pleasant introduction to the Victorian church is well advised to read *The Victorian Archbishops of Canterbury* by the Rev. Dr. Alan Stephenson. The Victorian Archbishops were a remarkable series of men who played a great role in the life of the nation. It is appropriate that the text of this book was originally a lecture given at St. Deniol's Library, the ecclesiastical library set up by the greatest of Victorian statesmen, William Gladstone, himself a devout churchman. This short book is beautifully produced by Dr. Stephenson's son at his private press on hand-made paper. The richness of the book and the elegance of the prose are well matched.

Contemporary Review

126th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

AUGUST 1992

CONFLICTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST: THE KURDISH NATIONAL QUESTION
Hafizullah Emadi

THE ABERRATION OF HINDU FUNDAMENTALISM
B. Seshadri

THE YAKUSA: JAPAN'S GANGSTERS
Raymond Lamont-Brown

BRITAIN'S TWO CULTURES — A THIRD LOOK
Geoffrey Syer

and other articles together with an eight-page Literary Supplement.

£2.20

Contemporary Review

Incorporating The Fortnightly

August 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1519 Founded 1866

Contents *Page*

The Foreign Relations and Foreign Policy of Spain: A Survey for 1992. Part Four: Spain, Western Europe and the European Community	Anthony Gooch	**57**
Conflicts in the Middle East: The Kurdish National Question	Hafizullah Emadi	**62**
The Balkans: Past and Present	Leo Muray	**72**
The Aberration of Hindu Fundamentalism	B. Seshadri	**76**
The Yakusa: Japan's Gangsters	Raymond Lamont-Brown	**80**
Poem: Endings	Kelly Munro	**83**
The Green Danube	Thomas Land	**84**
Britain's Two Cultures — A Third Look	Geoffrey Syer	**88**
Orwell and Patriotism	John Rossi	**95**
Talking of Trousers...	Beth Chapel	**99**
The North Coast of Iceland	Muriel Barnett	**101**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT Esmond Wright, A. L. Rowse, Richard Mullen, Molly Mortimer, Leo Muray.		**105**
Shorter Reviews		**112**

Editor:
DR. RICHARD MULLEN

Associate Editor:
ANSELMA BRUCE

Literary Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Music Correspondent:
DAVID FINGLETON

Editorial Advisors:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT
PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

© 1992 Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage); U.K £29.00, U S.A. and Canada $130.00. Rates for all other countries on application Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc , 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.
(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 **incorporating The Fortnightly**

August 1992 **Vol. 261** **No. 1519**

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS AND FOREIGN POLICY OF SPAIN: A SURVEY FOR 1992. PART FOUR: SPAIN, WESTERN EUROPE AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

by Anthony Gooch

ANYONE looking through the political literature and newspapers published in Spain in recent times will find constant references to *el europeísmo de España* and *la vocación europea de España*, i.e. the essentially European nature of Spain and Spain's vocation or calling as a European nation. Such a person will also frequently come across a variant on the same theme: *la europeización de España*, i.e. the Europeanization of Spain, an expression now implying that, although Spain is a European country, there is a will that she should become increasingly more so. There is a desire to obliterate the image fostered by the famous tourist slogan *España es diferente*, subsequently ousted from the hoardings by 'Spain is *not* different — you can use your credit-card here, too'. Because of the perception, deeply ingrained in many quarters, that *l'Afrique commence aux Pyrénées*, successive Spanish governments have felt the need to stress the concept of Spain's 'Europeanness', of Europe as Spain's 'international anchorage'. Spain had to overcome the isolation of nearly forty years created by the Franco Régime, but this was merely an acute form of the isolation which had begun in the late seventeenth century. Spain, for long so near to God and so far from *la civilisation européenne*, was returning to the fold after three centuries.

The attempt to join the EEC had been initiated in 1962, under Franco, but the psychological legacy of the Civil War and the nature of the Régime meant little or no progress. Martha Gellhorn has said that the Spanish Civil War engaged, on both sides, elements of idealism and nobility such as have been present in no other modern war. And the elements of hatred have been no less. In Holland people remembered the Duke of Alba, in Britain they remembered the Armada, but what they *all* remembered, Dutch and British, French and Belgians, was the Civil War, and many were disinclined to forget.

Once democracy was established, entry into the EEC became the king-pin, the *ultima ratio* of Spanish foreign policy. There was a saying — *la Santa Trinidad de la política exterior española: Gibraltar, CEE, y, OTAN*/The Holy Trinity of Spanish foreign policy: Gibraltar, EEC and

NATO, but, in fact, the Community now easily comes first. Spain's perception was that entry into the EEC would set the final seal of approval on her young democracy, it would be the ultimate accolade, and many abroad were of the same view: *c'était l'enjeu définitif*. She had been admitted to the Council of Europe in 1977, but the date that really mattered was 1st January 1986: in the Community at last! 1986 was an *annus mirabilis* for Spain, and, particularly, for her foreign relations. In that year the Socialists were returned to power for a second term, formal diplomatic ties were established with Israel, the country's status as a member of NATO was confirmed, and, above all, the doors of the European Community were finally opened.

Spain had seen that laying siege to Brussels would not suffice: individual battles had to be fought in Paris, London, The Hague — it had to be an assault *tous azimuts*. It was a tough fight. Spain wanted a long period to adapt her vulnerable industry. There were difficulties over protective tariffs and other financial matters. There were problems over the free movement of labour, and over fishing quotas. Above all, Spain wanted a short period of adaptation for her competitive agricultural produce. At one time, Europe, and very much in particular France, seemed to be littered with over-turned Spanish fruit and vegetable lorries. There was a lack not only of enthusiasm but, indeed, even of elementary *politesse*.

France

The French connexion, then, required special attention. Spain lost a fleet at Trafalgar thanks to France. The Napoleonic armies left memories in the Peninsula that rancoured bitterly and lingered long. Known to the French simply as *la campagne d'Espagne*, the Peninsula War is, in Spanish, officially called *la guerra de la independencia*, but, in popular parlance, it is *la francesada*, a term pregnant with emotion. Nor did the behaviour of France in the Civil War and after do much to improve matters.

In his book *Les Espagnols*, Thierry Maliniak, looking at things from the Spanish point of view, speaks of *les Français, si proches et si lointains*. Indeed. Relations between France and Spain have always been difficult, not to say rasping, 'jagged like the teeth of a saw', to use an image from Ortega y Gasset, taken up by Ramón-Luis Acuña, who, in his book *Como los dientes de una sierra*, characterises the two countries thus: 'One a European crossroads, the other looking out towards the Americas; France a European nerve-centre, open to the whole continent, Spain in a corner of Europe, and self-preoccupied; France maintaining her position as a great power for centuries, Spain a power in decline after centuries of glory'.

There have, nevertheless, been meetings of French and Spanish minds. In the summer of 1970 a retired General de Gaulle and an ageing General Franco met for lunch at El Pardo and hit it off. 'After all,' says Edouard de Blaye, in *Franco ou la monarchie sans roi*, 'they had a good many points in common. Both were soldiers in the old style. Both were animated by an uncompromising patriotism. Both possessed the same taste for grandeur. Both professed the same scorn for politics and 'questions of supply'. Both were familiar with the myth of the man marked out by

Providence. Both believed in a strong State, and doubted the capacities of their respective peoples to govern themselves'.

In EC times, de Gaulle and other Frenchmen have looked on Spain as good potential Latin weighting against an Anglo-Saxon and Germanic predominance, although Giscard d'Estaing certainly put a brake on the negotiations for Spain's entry into the European Club: *la pause/el parón de Giscard.* But, in 1985, King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofía visited France, and, eventually, Felipe González and François Mitterand managed to see more or less eye to eye, rather than eye-ball to eye-ball, both on ETA and on entry into the Community.

The United Kingdom

The historical connexion with Great Britain has been long and not easy: the names and events span the centuries — Catherine of Aragon, Queen Elizabeth, Drake, the Singeing of the King of Spain's Beard, the Armada, and, in modern times, the Civil War, and the Axis Connexion in World War II, but, above all, perhaps *el Peñón*/The Rock, aptly dubbed by George Hills 'Rock of Contention' — *la gran asignatura pendiente de la retórica de la política exterior española*/'the great subject in the rhetoric of Spanish foreign policy that is still to be settled'.

For the present Spanish Government the fact that the country's southernmost extremity should continue to be a colonial enclave constitutes a flagrant 'political anachronism', in the words of Francisco Fernández Ordóñez 'a situation that is incredible, belonging to the past'. What we have here, he says, with righteous indignation, is 'a mini-Panamá', 'a platform for smuggling', 'a centre for laundering money generated by the drugs trade' — an ever-greater source of humiliation for a nation that now looks upon itself as quite as European as any other, and, indeed, as decidedly more European than the Colonial Power in question.

This 'geological excrescence' or 'colonial wart' was, for General Franco, *una espina clavada en el corazón de todos los españoles*/'a thorn in the heart of every Spaniard', and is, for Felipe González, *como una piedra metida en el zapato*/'like a stone in one of our shoes'. It may be true to say that the average Spaniard does not generally find these rhetorical foreign bodies unduly vexatious, but equally true is it that, for the Spanish body politic, the decolonization issue is one of great psychological importance, both as regards national satisfaction and from the point of view of the image projected on the international screen. Nor has the opposition leader, José María Aznar, failed to coin a phrase to add to the national collection: *para los españoles, la cuestión de Gibraltar es como un constante dolor de muelas*/'For Spaniards the Gibraltar issue is like a continual tooth-ache'. As regards the psychology behind the British approach, the case of Mrs. Thatcher is of some interest. After her meeting with the Spanish Foreign Minister, Fernando Morán, in 1983, she is reported to have said 'Until now I had not realised the depth of Spanish feeling on Gibraltar. We must show respect for this feeling and make our position more flexible'.

In negotiations with Spain, Britain's diplomats stress and stress again

that their hands are tied — the wishes of the Gibraltarians are paramount, and, significantly, a recent history, by ex-Governor Sir William Jackson, is entitled *The Rock of the Gibraltarians*. The trouble is that the wishes of the Gibraltarians are that the Rock should continue to be a British colony, or, if necessary, should eventually become independent. Their faces are firmly set against union with Spain, and, therefore, against anything that could allow Spain to get her foot in the door, such as the scheme for joint use of the airport, agreed by London and Madrid, but doggedly opposed by Joe Bossano.

From the Spanish point of view, in the final analysis, the situation boils down to a typical piece of infuriating canniness on the part of Perfidious Albion: you take over a piece of territory, more or less uninhabited, you bring in a population suitable for your own requirements, you create the sacrosanct 'Doctrine of the Paramountcy of the Wishes of the Inhabitants', and you then say, in a most reasonable and courteous manner, 'If it were merely a question of disputed territory, we should be only too pleased to come to an accommodation, but, of course, the wishes of the inhabitants must take pride of place. It is most regrettable. Now, if you can only make yourselves more acceptable to the said inhabitants, then, perhaps . . .'. The Lisbon Agreement of 1980, the Brussels Declaration of 1984 and the eventual opening of *La Verja* in 1985, while they have brought no solution, have certainly improved the atmosphere between Madrid and London.

Despite the Gibraltar problem, and other problems, such as the Falklands/Malvinas issue, there was strong British support for Spain's entry into the EC— the two countries were and are partners in substantial trade, investment and tourism, Britain saw Spain as a useful counterbalance to excessive French influence, and, above all, there was the need to give the accolade to Spanish Democracy, for the good of European stability.

Gibraltar and donkeys' rights aside, Anglo-Spanish relations are good.

Germany

Germany occupies a special place in Spain's external relations. Charles V of Germany became Charles I of Spain. Spain's most famous philosopher, José Ortega y Gasset, trained in Germany and owed a great deal to German thought. Franco's Civil War debt to Germany was large, and the Régime maintained a long pro-German stance in World War II. A strong current of admiration for many things German has been a feature of modern Spanish history.

German investment and tourism were to become an important element in Spain's economic miracle, and José María de Areilza, recalling in *Diario de un Ministro de la Monarquía* his 1975-76 pilgrimage round the nations of Western Europe in search of support for Spain's nascent democracy, has this to say: 'Germany was the country that gave us the warmest welcome. I met Genscher, Kohl, Schell . . . I came to the conclusion that we could rely on solid backing from the Germans for our whole programme for a democratic system in Spain.'

And the post-1975/76 story has been one of continuing investment plus

strong SPD support for the Spanish Socialist Party, support which may have been decisive in the campaign that brought the PSOE to power in 1982. The warm relations between Felipe González and influential figures in German political life are well known. It is significant that probably in no European capital is there less disquiet to-day about a re-united Germany than in Madrid.

Portugal

On 25th May 1981 Juan Tomás de Salas, writing in *Cambio 16*, stated the following: 'Spain is a country situated to her disadvantage and misfortune to the south of Richelieu's and Giscard d'Estaing's France, and, to her advantage and good fortune, east of Portugal'.

Because of a difficult historical relationship and hard-won independence, Portugal has always tended to be wary of her big, rather over-bearing neighbour. And, indeed, Franco is said to have toyed in the 40s with the idea of annexation. Happily, he opted, in the event, for the peace of mind afforded by the letter of the Iberian Pact and by the spirit of a favourably disposed Salazar, instead of a Portugal subjugated and therefore smouldering with bitterness and hatred. Under Adolfo Suárez the Iberian Pact was replaced by a Treaty of Friendship, and Portugal has certainly given Spain little cause for anxiety. Even the Revolution of 1974, because the only blood-red element were the carnations, was to prove no threat, but rather a propitious omen for Spain's Transition.

Now that Portugal and Spain are sister democracies and fellow members of the European Community, the traditional tendency of the Portuguese to exaggerate the differences between the two nations and to cut themselves off behind a barrier of impenetrable phonetics has eased, and relations are becoming much more cordial. On a recent occasion, the President of the Portuguese Republic, Mario Soares, linked the two countries in a decidedly positive way when he said, referring to the Portuguese- and Spanish-speaking world as one, that the universal dimension of Spain and Portugal would be a decisive factor in the future of Europe.

[Anthony Gooch is Director of Spanish Studies at the London School of Economics. In 1986 King Juan Carlos conferred on him *La Encomienda de la Orden del Mérito Civil.*]

CONFLICTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST: THE KURDISH NATIONAL QUESTION

by Hafizullah Emadi

THE Kurds are the largest minority in the Middle East which has been subjected to national oppression in countries where they reside. The Kurdish struggle for autonomy has been a most explosive component of the national liberation struggle in the Middle East. The Kurds have been fighting for autonomy in their respective countries since the First World War. Kurdish nationalist thinking has defined the Kurdish movement: 'The Kurds constitute a single nation which has occupied its present habitat for at least three thousand years. They have outlived the rise and fall of many imperial races: Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Mongols, Turks. They have their own history, language and culture. Their homeland has been unjustly partitioned. But they are the original owners, not strangers to be tolerated as minorities with limited concessions granted at the whim of usurpers'.[1] The overwhelming majority of the Kurds live in Turkey, Iraq and Iran and their struggle against national oppression and for autonomy in one country has contributed to the development of the struggle in the other country.

The Kurds are a distinct ethno-linguistic community residing primarily in Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Syria as well as Lebanon and the former Soviet Union. There are no precise data to show the exact number of the Kurdish population. The Kurds claim that there are approximately 20 million Kurds in the Middle East but a conservative estimate in 1980 indicates that there are approximately 16,320,000 Kurds. The following table shows population distribution of the Kurdish communities in 1980.

Country	Total Population	Kurds	Percentage
Turkey	44,500,000	8,455,000	19
Iraq	13,500,000	3,105,000	23
Iran	37,700,000	3,701,000	10
Syria	9,200,000	734,000	8
Lebanon	2,981,000*	60,000	2.1
USSR/CIS	264,519,000*	265,000	0.12
		Total 16,320,000	

Sources: David McDowell. *The Kurds* (London: The Minority Rights Group, 1985), p.7; *CIA. *National Basic Intelligence Factbook* (Washington, DC. 1980), pp.111-201.

The majority of the Kurds are Sunni Muslim and speak their own language — Kurdi. Although the Kurds do not have an independent nation of their own, they have always aspired for an independent nation — Kurdistan. Prior to the First World War the Kurds were divided between the Ottoman and Persian empires. In the post-War Treaty of Sèvres, the Allied powers promised to create an independent homeland for the Kurds.[2] The Sèvres Treaty was signed by representatives of both the Allied and the Turkish government in August 1920 but it was not endorsed by the

Turkish National Assembly. In November 1922 the Turkish monarchy was overthrown and Mustafa Kemal Ataturk seized power and suppressed the Kurds' struggle for self-determination. In the post-war period the Kurds were further divided. Small enclaves were incorporated into French dominated Syria and the Ottoman province of Mosul, occupied by the British as the war ended, annexed to the British dominated Iraq.

The Kurds enjoyed a measure of freedom in the Soviet Union. They had their own schools, textbooks, press and a radio station broadcasting programmes in Kurdish language for the entire Kurdish community in the Middle East. The Kurdish population is relatively small in Syria and Lebanon. They had effectively been assimilated into the dominant Arab culture. However, most Kurds may speak their own language, they are 'either half or wholly arabicized, that is they feel they belong now to the local Arab culture.'[3] The Kurds had been subjected to national oppression in Turkey, Iraq and Iran. The Kurdish struggle against national oppression has held sway across the Kurdistan landscape in these countries. In the past such struggles had flared up and retreated only to suddenly erupt again. In 1925 the Turkish government brutally suppressed the Kurdish uprising, killing approximately 250,000 people and executing their leader, Shaikh Sayed. After suppressing the Kurdish struggle the Turkish government embarked upon radical nationalist programmes intended toward turkicization of the Kurds. Everything that symbolized Kurdish identity was eliminated. The words 'Kurds' and 'Kurdistan' were crossed out of dictionaries, textbooks and official documents. The Kurds were referred to as 'Mountain Turks'.[4] In 1932 the Turkish government passed a law which legalized the evacuation of Kurdish people from certain areas in eastern Turkey including the Anatolian region and transformed Anatolia into a military zone because of its proximity to the Soviet Union. The Kurds opposed the government evacuation policy which led to Kurdish armed struggle and lasted until 1938. Although the Turkish government succeeded in suppressing the Kurdish movement, the Kurdish struggle continued unabated until the outbreak of World War II.

The Kurds waged a similar struggle in Iraq in the immediate post-World War I period. The Kurdish tribal chief, Shaikh Mahmud Barzinji rebelled against British rule and declared himself King of the Kurdish community but was defeated and sent into exile in India. In 1922 the British brought him back to Iraq to use his influence to contain the growing Kurdish uprising. After helping the British, Barzinji began negotiating with them on the future of the Kurds. When the two parties did not reach an agreement, Barzinji led another Kurdish uprising. The British bombed Kurdish villages and towns in order to force them into submission. When Britain signed the Anglo-Iraq treaty in 1930, recognizing Iraq's independence and its control of the Kurdish region, another round of struggle broke out in the Kurdish settled areas. In Spring 1931 Barzinji and his tribe rebelled against Baghdad which lasted until 1934. After Barzinji's defeat another Kurdish tribal chief, Mullah Mustafa Barazani led the Kurdish struggle and became a well-known leader in 1945.

The condition of the Kurds in Iran was similar to those of the Kurds elsewhere in the Middle East. Their aspiration for autonomy and the Kurdish struggle in the neighbouring countries motivated the Kurdish tribal chiefs to fight for self-determination. The first Kurdish uprising against Shah Reza, founder of the Pahlevi dynasty, was led by the Kurdish tribal chief, Ismail Shakkak Simko in 1922. Reza tried to reach an accommodation with him by offering him a limited autonomy. Simko demanded complete autonomy. The Shah led a successful expedition against Simko, defeated him and drove him into exile in Iraq. To consolidate his rule Reza ruthlessly supressed the Kurdish struggle for autonomy in the 1930s and early 1940s.[5]

In 1945 a number of middle-class Kurdish intellectuals formed the Kurdish Democratic Party-Iran (KDP-I). The party mobilized and directed the Kurdish struggle for autonomy and had succeeded in establishing the Mahabad Kurdish Autonomous Republic on 11 January 1946. During the founding celebration of the Republic, the Kurdish nationalist leader, Qazi Mohammad delivered a speech which revealed the nationalist ideology guiding the Kurdish movement. He said: 'A salute to you, Flag, You who symbolize justice and law, we give our word that we shall live in unity and do away with strife forever. Flag, now you fly over only one part of Kurdistan. Tomorrow you fly over all parts, you will sweep away oppression and injustice'.[6] A great number of Kurdish nationalists and revolutionaries from Turkey, Iraq and Syria went to Mahabad to participate in the construction and development of the new Kurdish state. In early 1946 the Iraqi Kurdish leader, Mullah Mustafa Barazani, known as the Red Mullah, went to Mahabad and succeeded in forming the Kurdish Democratic Party of Iraq (KDP-Iraq) to direct the Kurdish struggle from exile.[7] In December 1946, Reza launched an offensive on the independent Republic of Mahabad and brutally suppressed the Kurdish resistance fighters, executed their leader Qazi Mohammad and eliminated a year-old Kurdish independent experiment. Barazani escaped the onslaught and sought refuge in the Soviet Union and remained there until 1958.[8] Reza imposed a strict surveillance on the Kurds, destroyed their printing presses and literatures, and prohibited the teaching of the Kurdish language.

In Iraq the monarchy was overthrown on 14 July 1958 and the country was declared a republic. The nationalist government of General Abdul Karim Qasim announced that it would carry out social, economic and political reforms and grant autonomy to the Kurds. Barazani and his supporters welcomed the change in Iraq and returned home after 11 years of exile from the Soviet Union. General Qasim allowed publications of books and newspapers in the Kurdish language. Barazani supported Qasim against his enemies, the monarchists. In doing so he earned the full trust and confidence of the Iraqi leadership and was rewarded with the restoration of his property and the legalization of the Kurdish Democratic Party (KDP-Iraq). Barazani began to consolidate his authority by eliminating his Kurdish opponents. The Iraqi leadership perceived Barazani's growing strength as a threat to political stability in the country and began to

cultivate a counterbalance within the Kurdish community. Relations between Qasim and Barazani deteriorated when Qasim began deporting the Kurds from the oil producing region of Kirkuk. The Kurds resisted government deportation policies and rebelled against Baghdad. On 11 September 1961, the Iraqi army launched a full-scale war on the Kurds which lasted until Qasim was overthrown in 1963. The war took a heavy toll on the Kurds. It is estimated that 40,000 Kurdish houses were destroyed in 700 villages and approximately 300,000 people had been displaced.[9]

The failure of the Kurdish uprising caused a split in the KDP-Iraq in 1964. A new organization called the Kurdish Revolutionary Party (KRP-Iraq) was established and remained supportive of the Iraqi government. The KRP did not enjoy popular support and most of its rank and file members rejoined the KDP in 1970. In 1963 Qasim was overthrown in a military coup staged by the Baathist Party. The new government promised to consider Kurdish autonomy. After consolidating its base, the government ignored the Kurdish question, imprisoned their leaders, and suppressed the Kurdish movement. Kurdish defiance continued until the Second Baathist coup in 1968. The then Premier Saddam Hussein concluded a fifteen point agreement with the Kurds aimed at giving them greater local autonomy. When the government did not honour its agreement the Kurds resumed their struggle against Baghdad.

To maintain their power some Kurdish tribal chiefs increasingly sought outside support. Foreign powers supported Kurdish tribal chiefs for their own reasons. Since the 1960s the Iranian and Israeli intelligence agencies, SAVAK and Mossad, supported Mustafa Barazani and provided him with arms and ammunition in return for gathering intelligence reports on Iraq and its armed forces. For this reason alone Barazani did not allow the Iranian Kurdish hardliners to engage in anti-Shah activities from their bases in Iraq. In 1968 Barazani executed Sulaiman Maini, an Iranian Kurd in exile and handed over his body to the Iranian authorities. The Shah publicly displayed Maini's body in many Kurdish towns in order to turn Kurdish sentiment against the Iranian Kurds in Iraq. When Iraq concluded a treaty of friendship with the Soviet Union in 1972, the United States, Iran and Israel supported the Kurds against Baghdad. Mossad provided Barazani a monthly subvention of $50,000 to enable him to wage a war against Baghdad. Although the US, Iran and Israel supported Barazani, they did not want the Kurds to win a war but to be a debilitating factor against the Baathist regime. In 1975 the US permitted Mustafa Barazani's son Idris to open an office in Washington to propagate the Kurdish cause.[10] Mustafa Barazani was accused of being a CIA front after his death in Washington in 1979. Iran and Iraq ceased supporting the Kurds when they signed the Algiers Agreement in March 1975 and normalized relations between the two countries. As a result Barazani co-operated with Baghdad. Both the Iranian and Iraqi governments not only utilized Kurdish tribal differences to advance their position by pitting one Kurdish tribe against the other but also alternately supported and suppressed them as a tool against each other. In order to keep the flame of Kurdish nationalism

ablaze, the Kurdish revolutionaries founded the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK) in 1975. Barazani opposed the formation of the PUK and its branch organization, the Komela Rajendaran headed by Dr. Aram and harrassed, terrorized, and jailed their supporters on the pretext that their radical politics and activities were harmful to the Kurdish national cause.[11]

The Kurdish struggle against national oppression in Turkey, like the struggle of the Kurds elsewhere, was growing in Turkish Kurdistan. In July 1943, the Kurdish tribal chief, Sayed Biroki and his followers rebelled against the government but was defeated because the movement lacked organization and political strategy. Since then the Kurdish nationalists struggled to keep the Kurdish cause alive by conducting meetings, publishing leaflets, etc. In order to pacify the Kurdish nationalists the government co-opted some of the Kurdish tribal chiefs and promoted them into high government posts and developed policies aimed at integrating the Kurdish communities. The Kurds enjoyed relative freedom when the Democratic Party of Turkey (DPT) gained power in the first free general election in 1950. The government of the new prime minister, Adnan Menderes allowed Kurdish leaders to return home from their exile and appointed a number of Kurdish intellectuals to high government posts. After the military coup on 27 May 1960, the new government embarked upon de-kurdicization programmes which led to the suppression of the Kurdish movement and the arrest of some 485 Kurdish activists. In May 1961 the newly emergent Kurdish middle class protested against the government's policy of turkicization of the Kurds. They organized rallies and protest demonstrations carrying placards inscribed with slogans: 'We are not Turks, We are Kurds, down with Guersel and Inonu... all Tyrants'.[12]

In 1965 a number of middle-class Kurdish nationalists succeeded in forming the Kurdish Democratic Party-Turkey (KDP-T). The party was led by Faik Bucak, a Kurdish lawyer from Urfa and a member of the Turkish parliament. The KDP-T agitated for cultural rights and economic equality for the Kurds within the Turkish framework. Bucak was murdered in the late 1960s and the party split into several factions. A radical organization emerged which agitated for Kurdish autonomy. It began to make plans for an armed uprising but was suppressed by the Turkish government. Key leaders of the organization, Dr. Shivan and others, escaped to Iraq. When Shivan was assassinated in 1971 the activities of the organization ended and the Kurdish Left emerged in the guise of the Turkish Workers Party (TWP). The TWP pursued a reconciliatory and reformist policy maintaining that it would be able to transform the country through increasing involvement of its members in the state bureaucracy. During the 1965 parliamentary election the TWP won 15 seats.[13] The party acknowledged the rights of the Kurds and condemned the government policy of turkicization. The party was dissolved by the government in June 1971 on the grounds that it advocated pro-Kurdish and separatist activities. Although the government banned political parties, radical Kurds continued to band together in their struggle for autonomy. In the 1970s several radical organizations were established. They were Rizgari (Libera-

tion), opposed Soviet and Chinese political orientation; Al Rizgari (Flag of Liberation), supported alliance with other democratic parties; Kurdish Workers' Party (KWP) and the pro-Soviet Kurdish Vanguard Workers' Party (KVWP).

In Iran the Kurdish nationalists remained underground after the collapse of Mahabad Kurdish Autonomous Republic in 1946. They resumed their political activities during the short period of Mohammad Mossadeq's premiership (1951-53). Kurdish leaders supported Mossadeq and even joined Mossadeq's National Front. After the downfall of Mossadeq and the restoration of the monarchy on 19 August 1953, the Shah of Iran ruthlessly suppressed the Mossadeqist and other opposition parties and ruled the country with an iron fist. A new struggle for Kurdish autonomy erupted in 1959. After suppressing the uprising the government arrested approximately 250 Kurdish activists and forced many others to flee to the neighbouring countries. Members of the KDP-I established their base in Iraq and received substantial aid from Barazani which enabled them to continue their struggle against the Shah. In return the KDP-I supported Barazani's struggle against Baghdad. The friendly relations between the KDP-I and Barazani ended when the latter co-operated with the Shah of Iran.

The KDP-I failed to enlist radical Kurds to support their policies. The radical Kurds who were dismayed with the KDP-I's reformist and its conciliatory politics succeeded in forming a radical organization, the Komela in 1969. The organization accused the KDP-I of being a bourgeois-nationalist party that does not support class struggle within the Kurdish communities as well as in Iran. Komela also took position vis-a-vis the Soviet Union and China, dismissing their politics and ideology as revisionist. The organization supported revolutionary armed struggle and the establishment of a democratic society based on popular participation in the decision-making posts within the state apparatuses, nationalization of banking systems, distribution of land to local popular committees, freedom of speech, of assembly, etc. To defuse the Kurdish movement, the Shah co-opted some of the Kurdish intellectuals and tribal chiefs and appointed them to high government posts.

When the monarchy was overthrown in Iran in January 1979 political instability and uncertainty which prevailed at the beginning of the revolution motivated the Kurds to fight for autonomy. The Kurds were divided with regard to the political change in the country. A number of Kurdish tribal chiefs whose interests were closely tied to those of the Shah's regime and who held high administrative posts in the government opposed the revolution while some Kurdish tribal chiefs supported the Islamic regime of Ayatollah Khomeini in order to carve a place for themselves in the new government. The Kurdish nationalists and revolutionaries espousing different political and ideological orientations opposed the Islamic regime and fought for Kurdish autonomy.

The radical Kurdish organization, Komela (The Organization of Toilers of the Kurdistan-Iran) headed by Kak Fuad Soltani began mobilizing the

Kurds in Sanadaj and Merivan, Iran. The Iranian government pursued two distinct policies: (a) it resorted to the policy of divide and conquer by using pro-government Shiite landlord Kurds headed by Ayatollah Safdari as well as the Iraqi Kurdish leader, Mustafa Barazani against the Kurdish revolutionaries; and (b) used its standing army to suppress the Kurdish resistance. Sporadic clashes between the Iranian army and the Kurdish fighters occurred in the spring and summer of 1979. The Kurds dealt a heavy blow to the government forces and succeeded in liberating more areas in Western Iran.

In order to divide and pacify the Kurds the Iranian government attempted a negotiated settlement with moderate Kurdish leaders and sent a delegation to Mahabad to discuss the details of the political settlement with Abdul Rahman Ghassemlou, head of the Kurdish Democratic Party of Iran (KDP-I) and the moderate Kurdish cleric, Izzedin Hussaini. The government proposed to allow the Kurds the right to self-administration. The proposal was rejected by Kurdish leaders because it did not relinquish government control over the Kurdish areas. In February 1980 Ghassemlou met President Abul Hasan Bani Sadr and submitted a proposal concerning the Kurdish autonomy based on popular votes in areas where the Kurds reside and also agreed that the government could be in charge of economic planning, national defence and foreign policy matters in the Kurdish autonomous regions. President Bani Sadr refused to negotiate until the Kurds laid down their arms. The armed struggle continued unabated. Many Iranian leftists went to Kurdish regions in Western Iran and battled the regime of Ayatollah Khomeini. As the war intensified Khomeini declared a Jihad (holy war) on Kurdistan on the grounds that it had been transformed into bases for anti-Islamic elements. Following his declaration the army conducted a military operation using helicopter gunships, phantom jets, tanks and artillery and raided Kurdish villages and towns which resulted in the deaths of approximately 27,000 people of whom only 2,500 were fighters.[14] Kak Fuad Soltani and many other revolutionary Kurds died in battle and many others were forced to flee to the neighbouring countries.[15]

The Turkish Kurds not only supported the struggle in Iran, but also fought the repressive military government in Turkey. After the military coup in September 1980, the government of prime minister Ulusu intensified its efforts to suppress the growing Kurdish nationalism. The army raided Kurdish villages and arrested thousands of people and shot a number of leftists associated with the Kurdish Workers' Party (KWP). The military regime imposed a strict surveillance on Kurdish cities in eastern Turkey because of NATO and US intelligence installations in the region monitoring developments in the Soviet Union, Iran and Afghanistan. In May 1983, the Turkish government with the consent of Iraqi president Saddam Hussein conducted a military operation against the Kurdish guerrillas deep into Iraqi territory, inflicting heavy casualties on the Kurdish fighters and arresting more than 200 men, most of whom were civilians. Although the Kurds suffered a setback, their struggle for autonomy and their support

for the Iranian and Iraqi Kurdish fighters continued as before.

During the Iran-Iraq war the government of Iraq was fearful of an Iranian military advance and the possibility that the Kurds might fight government forces. This situation compelled the Iraqi leadership to make a deal with Komela Rajendaran, a branch of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK) headed by Jelal Talabani. The government proposed that it would withdraw its troops from the Kurdish region and would provide arms to the Kurds to defend the area against an Iranian advance. The PUK demanded that Baghdad: (1). grant autonomy to Kurdish regions of Kirkuk, Mandali, Khanaqin, Jabal Sinjar; (2). discontinue the arabization of Kurdish people and repatriate displaced Kurds; (3). abolish the cordon sanitaire along Iranian and Turkish borders; (4). establish autonomous powers for the Kurds in all areas except foreign affairs, the economy and defence; (5). allow the Kurdish legislature to elect members of the Executive; (6). reinstate cultural life, with Kurdish language designated as the official language of the region, and establish a University of Kurdistan at Sulaymania; (7). recognize the *pesh mergas* of the PUK as the main force safeguarding the Kurdish autonomy; (8). create a regional security zone; and (9). designate 25% of oil revenues for the development of the Kurdish regions.[16]

The Iraqi government was not willing to relinquish its control of the oil rich region of Kirkuk. The talks failed to produce any results and the two parties resumed fighting. In February 1985 the PUK claimed that its forces had re-established its control of the region between Kirkuk and Sulaymania. The growing victory of the Kurdish revolutionaries on the one hand, and the Iranian advance toward Iraqi territories and the support it received from some of the Kurdish people of Iraq on the other, forced the Iraqi leadership to suppress the resistance. In 1988 the Iraqi army used poison gas against the inhabitants of the town of Halabja, killing 5,000 Kurds and destroying thousands of villages.[17] In doing so the Iraqi leadership not only punished the Kurdish people of Halabja for supporting Iran but also intended to teach a lesson to other Kurdish communities.

The eight year Iran-Iraq war destroyed Iraq's economy to the extent that in 1989 Iraq's war damage was estimated to be $250 billion and its foreign debts $80 billion. With its oil revenue of $13 billion a year Iraq was unable to pay its debts or to reconstruct its national economy. Saddam's fear of the resumption of hostility between Iran and Iraq and the possibility of a military strike by Israel was reflected in his letter to the Iranian leadership in which he wrote: 'there are forces, who try to revive the old hostility between our two countries. You are aware of the threat and intimidation against Iraq by Zionist and some major powers... they have every means to achieve this objective'.[18]

The US and its Arab Allies in the Middle East wanted to reduce Iraq's military might. In mid-June 1990, Saudi Arabia in concert with Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates (EUA) increased their oil production which led to a reduction in the price of oil. Relations between Iraq and Kuwait had deteriorated to the extent that on 17 July 1990 Saddam Hussein

accused Kuwait of stealing $2.4 billion in Iraqi oil from wells in the Rumaila oil fields located on the disputed border between the two countries. The refusal of the Emir of Kuwait to accede to Hussein's demand led the latter to invade Kuwait on 2 August 1990. On 9 August Iraq annexed Kuwait on the pretext that historically Kuwait was part of Iraq. On the day Iraq invaded Kuwait the United Nations Security Council convened a meeting and passed a resolution which condemned the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait and called for its immediate and unconditional withdrawal. The UN Security Council again met on 9 August and passed another resolution rejecting Iraqi annexation of Kuwait.

On 16 January the US and its Allies launched their military assaults and continually bombed Iraq for 43 days. The war destroyed Iraq's chemical, biological and nuclear facilities, crippled its military strength, damaged the country's economy and killed more than 100,000 Iraqi people.[19] To hasten the collapse of the Baathist regime the US also encouraged the swelling public dismay of the Shiite and Kurdish people against the Iraqi leadership. In a speech President George Bush called upon 'the Iraqi military and the Iraqi people to take matters into their own hands' and force Saddam to 'step aside'.[20]

The US did not wish to involve its troops deep in Iraqi territories to overthrow Saddam Hussein but rather chose to accomplish this strategic objective by aiding the Shiite people in Basra and the Kurdish people in the North. In the South the Shiite people rebelled against the Iraqi government. The Iranian leadership subtly encouraged the Shiites to fight Saddam's defeated army. Saddam dispatched two divisions of his Republican Guards to crush the Shiite insurgents. The Shiite rebels were defeated and escaped toward the southern sector occupied by the US army. In the north the Kurdish people defied the Iraqi government. On 4 March a fight broke out in the town of Rania and spread to Mosul and other Kurdish towns and the Kurdish resistance fighters — *pesh margas* — succeeded in seizing the city of Kirkuk.[21]

The Iraqi army brutally suppressed the Kurdish resistance by unleashing an indiscriminate barrage from tanks to helicopter gunships, and heavy artillery against one million inhabitants of Kirkuk, which claimed the lives of approximately 100,000 women and children. In a week the Iraqi army suppressed the siege of Mosul, Kirkuk, Erbil, Sulaymania, Zakhu, and other Kurdish areas. The Kurdish resistance forces were defeated and compelled to abandon their positions and seek refuge on the mountains. The Iraqi army continued to attack the retreating Kurdish fighters and civilians. The continuing Iraqi military attack on the Kurdish villages and towns forced approximately three million Kurds to flee to Iran and Turkey.

During his rule Saddam Hussein had effectively eliminated his opponents to the extent that there was no organized opposition force to challenge his leadership. Iraqi dissident intellectuals both at home and abroad were so isolated that they could not pose an immediate threat to the regime in Baghdad. The Iraqi military defeat in the Persian Gulf War on the one

hand, and the US call on the Iraqi people to overthrow Saddam Hussein on the other, encouraged the Shiite and the Kurds to fight Saddam's forces. Both the Shiites and the Kurds naively counted on President Bush to support their struggle against Baghdad. Seeing the Iraqi army in a state of disarray, the Shiites in Basra were quick to launch their offensive on government forces with the hope of being able to gain a swift victory, but they were defeated and suffered enormous casualties.

Although the Kurds experienced the brutal suppression of the Shiite people and the failure of the US to support them, they also took up arms and fought the Baathist regime still believing that the US would support them. The result was a bloody suppression of the Kurdish people and the exodus of approximately three million Kurds to the neighbouring countries of Iran and Turkey where they did receive some Western aid. The Kurdish movement failed because their tribal leaders' narrow interests and political perspectives not only were not consistent with those of various elements within the Kurdish movement but also were unacceptable to the states of the ruling nations. These states at different times exploited differences within the traditional Kurdish leadership and manoeuvred to grant 'partial autonomy', 'cultural autonomy', etc., in order to split the Kurdish movement. The Kurdish leaders failed to resolve their political and personal differences and establish a united leadership to lead the Kurdish struggle. Nor could they comprehend the national and international implications of a free Kurdistan. Yet their long struggle will continue to be a powerful factor in the Middle East.

NOTES:

1. C. J. Edmonds. 'Kurdish Nationalism.' *Journal of Contemporary History*, 6 (1971): pp87-107.
2. David McDowall. *The Kurds* (London: The Minority Rights Group, Report No. 23, 1985), p.11.
3. Ibid. p.25.
4. Michael Gunter. *The Kurds in Turkey* (Boulder: Westview Press, 1990), p.12.
5. Richard W. Cottam. *Nationalism in Iran* (Boulder: Westview Press, 1979), p.70.
6. Nejimeh Siavush. 'Kurdistan and Prospects for Red Political Power'. *A World to Win* 5 (February, 1986): pp5-13 and pp57-73.
7. Richard W. Cottam. op. cit. pp.70-74.
8. Ibid. p.73.
9. Martin Short and Anthony McDermott. *The Kurds* (London: The Minority Rights Group, Report No. 23, 1977), p.11.
10. Nejimeh Siavush. op. cit. p.9.
11. Ibid. p.8.
12. Michael Gunter. op. cit. p.15.
13. Ibid. p.16.
14. David McDowall. op. cit. p.24.
15. Nejimeh Siavush. op. cit. p.11.
16. David McDowall. op. cit. p.24.
17. *Time* 15 April 1991, pp.24-25.
18. Iran. *Matni Namaha-e-Mubadilashuda Bayni Rausayi Jamhuri-e-Islami Iran Wa Jamhuri-e-Iraq* [Content of letters exchanged between presidents of Islamic Republic of Iran and Republic of Iraq]. (Tehran: Institute for Political and International Studies (IPIS)), 1369 [1990].
19. *Time* 11 March 1991, p.24.
20. *Newsweek* 25 February 1991, p.17.
21. *Newsweek* 1 April 1991, p.14.

THE BALKANS: PAST AND PRESENT

by Leo Muray

AT the time of the 1878 Berlin Conference on Russia, Turkey and the Balkans that brought fame to Disraeli and Bismarck, the latter made a remark that lingered on but was discarded at the time of Sarajevo 1914, damaging everyone for a generation and more. 'The Balkans,' he said, 'are not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian Grenadier'. We are still struggling with it. The new feature of the Balkan situation is that no big power or super-power is there today to dominate the scene. After the fall of the Byzantine Empire 500 years ago Turkey was the dominating power. From its demise in 1918 until the disintegration of the Soviet Union it was Russia proper and in its Soviet disguise. The First World War started over the Austrian-German determination after the Sarajevo murder to establish firm control over the Balkans. They failed. It is often forgotten that the 1878 Berlin Congress gave control over Bosnia-Herzegovina to Austria as a compromise and that it took some seven years for the Austrian forces to put down the Bosnia Moslem guerillas.

In World War II the Germans and Italians never managed to gain proper control over Serbia, the Balkan heartland. Effective British support for the various guerilla groups, switching from one to the other, Chetnicks, the Serb Royalists, and Partisans, Tito's Communist teams and their allies stopped that. All during the war the Western Allies, led by the British, struggled and competed with the Soviets for control of the Balkans. Indeed, the fateful decision of the Attlee government to hand over the defence of Greece to the US, thus producing the 'Truman Doctrine', shows what a source of conflict and competition the Balkans really are.

Until Tito was expelled from the Soviet Bloc in 1948, Russia dominated the Balkans, hardly restrained by Greece and Turkey. Russian-Soviet influence continued, however, after Khrushchev had made his peace with Tito. After his death Moscow's influence continued to prosper. The Kremlin came to favour Tito also because his Yugoslavia was the leading member, for crucial years, of the Unaligned Third World Movement. The Kremlin was determined to remain able to intervene directly in Yugoslavia if Tito or his successors were to move into the Western camp. This is why the Soviet army kept 40,000 troops in southwestern Hungary.

After the break-up of the Soviet Union there is no big power or super-power influence in the Balkans. Its ethnic units and nations in its heartlands can return to tribal warfare. One important psychological factor is that peoples with a troubled, unhappy history are far more aggressively conscious of their past than nations with a reasonably successful and happy record. Centuries of Turkish rule meant that borders really did not matter. The present borders, the source of warfare, are new, and therefore changeable. But the dominant political powers within these borders regard them as symbols of their power, and that applies to the former Soviet Union

as well as the Crimea, Moldova-Transdniester, the Caucasus and Central Asia show.

Yugoslavia was a new country. A new nation was to be created. Interestingly, and accurately, its first name in 1919 was Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Then King Alexander of Serbia, later to be assassinated in France, created Yugoslavia, Southern Slavia. The borders were newly drawn. In the last war a 'new nation' emerged, slowly growing as intermarriage between the various groups increased. The other source of the new nation, but diminishing, were the convinced supporters of Titoslavia, old and new Communists, and, of course, quite legitimately, officials and the military. But their allegiance was vulnerable and was recognised to be so. Tito was always well aware of this and tried to hold his Yugoslavia together by rotating the Presidency among the various republics. One has to bear in mind here that after World War II new territories were added to the Yugoslavia of 1918. The most disputed territories are the Voivodina, the 'Banat' of Hungary, Istria, the hinterland of Trieste, and, of course, Kosovo, the stronghold of the Albanians, the Province in which the fatal battle was lost to the Turks.

The Slav tribes moved into the Balkans around 500 pushing and absorbing the mysterious Illyrians who had produced Roman Emperors like Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. The seafaring Illyrians have disappeared but today's Albanians may be related to them. The Slavs pushed South trying to get to the Aegian Sea but the Byzantine Emperors stopped them thus saving Greece. Since then there has been a struggle for domination and independence between the Slavs and the non-Slavs, Greeks, Albanians, Turks and others. The struggle for domination has been between the various Slav nations as well, as the Second Balkan War in 1912 showed savagely, when the Serbs turned against the Bulgarians only months after the two had fought side by side against the Turks.

The main Slav nations of Yugoslavia, Slovenes, Croats, Serbs, Montenegrans, Macedonians and Moslem Serbs all have uncertain pasts. The Slovenes in the north were linked for centuries to the Austrians and Germans. The Holy Roman Empire set up Slav border districts back in 955 and in 1232. Carniola, the heartland of present Slovenia, was created as part of Austria. It stayed there until 1918. In the 16th century the first books in Slovene were written. Present day Slovenia was part of Napoleon's Illyria, a French province, as was Dalmatia. Slovenes stuck to the Hapsburgs until almost the last moment, when their demand for a Slovene state within the Empire was turned down. The Slovenes, Roman Catholic and educated in Central European traditions, were the most industrialized of the Yugoslav republics with the highest living standard. They look down on the Serbs as having been too long under Turkish rule, and, of course, having a different religion and a ridiculous alphabet, the Cyrillic. The Serbs felt they were outsiders. The Belgrade government, as 1991 showed, gave up Slovenia, a small nation, after some brief fighting. I remember, when I visited Slovenia some years ago that one fairly well-placed chap said to me: 'We want the Anschluss'. Right from the start

of the break-up Austria, like Germany, strongly supported Slovenian independence. Significantly, back in 1978 the Slovene Republic of Yugoslavia, with the Croats, five Italian and five Austrian Provinces, four Hungarian Counties and Bavaria of Federal Germany, set up the Alpine-Adria Group to encourage co-operation in economic and cultural fields.

The Croats had their own kingdom for 140 years ending in 1089. Dalmatia and Bosnia were part of it. Without heirs the last king's widow, passed on the crown to her brother, Laszlo, King of Hungary. Dalmatia was soon lost to the Venetians and later Bosnia to the Turks. In 1526 what was left of Croatia became Turkish like large parts of Hungary. When the Hapsburgs reconquered some of it centuries of border warfare followed. Tens of thousands of Serbs from the south fled to escape the Turks. The Hapsburgs settled them all along the dangerous border, the so-called Military Frontier. From the age of 17 all men had to be armed and on the alert. Regiments were formed that became the elite units of the Hapsburg armies. In 1790, for example, 30,000 Serb families fled to the Military Frontier. The Croats were, with the Tyrolese, the most loyal subjects. But in 1881 Vienna transferred the area with the Serb minority to Hungary. Only in 1847, Croat had been recognized as an official language for the first time.

The outstanding loyalty of the Croats to the Hapsburg Empire was undermined when the Hungarians started to try and turn the Croats into Magyars. Even as late as 1917 and 1918 the Croats, like the Slovenes, proposed a Slavic state within the Monarchy.

From the start of the Yugoslav kingdom, Serb leaders demanded that Croatia must be absorbed by Serbia and in the country, divided into nine provinces, living together always proved a bitter experience. In World War II the setting up by the Germans of the Ustashi Croat Republic proved to be Yugoslavia's fatal cancer. The Ustashi massacred about 300,000 Serbs, Jews and Gypsies, sometimes burning them alive in villages they surrounded. The Serbs never forgot or forgave and after Tito's death — he was a Croat — it erupted slowly. This explains Serbia's action, its efforts also to retain the areas settled by the Serb frontier people 250 years ago.

Dalmatia and Istria were Austrian Provinces but not under Hungary like Croatia. They were given to Croatia in the inter-war period. The Serbs want the parts settled by Serbs, the Croats want to keep them. The Dalmats, as they call themselves privately, still have some shadowy ties with Italy while the new Italian Right Wing wants Istria to become Italian now that there is a break-up.

Bosnia is a recent creation linked with Herzegovina when Austria was asked to take over. Its links with Croatia just disappeared when Croatia was administered from Budapest. When the Turks conquered the Balkans the majority of landowners accepted the Turkish offer to become Moslem in exchange for being permitted to keep their lands and control of the workforce. The Moslem Serbs of Bosnia, after the Turks had gone, relied first on Hapsburg and then on Tito's protection as a resented group.

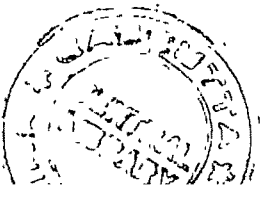
Indeed, quite a number moved to the then Palestine not to be under Christian rule. As for the Macedonians, this is also a newly created entity whose inhabitants, mostly Slavs, are desperately seeking to establish their international identity.

The Serbs regard themselves as the elite Slav nation of the Balkans. They claim that their history has proved, in its tragic ups and downs, that they are entitled to rule the Balkans with the trusted Russian protector and ally in the background. But this ally seems to have switched to the Americans. The Serbs, after the collapse of Titoism, feel that they have to obtain, and retain, control of the areas where Serbs live, like Croatia's former Hapsburg Military Districts and, of course, the Serb areas of Bosnia-Herzegovina. As for the Moslems, they must be confined to districts where they cannot threaten the Serbs and the wholesale exchange of population between Greece and Turkey after World War I is remembered but hardly mentioned. The methods of fighting are seen as justified because of the Croat record in the last war. This is, or was, the basic ideology. In the background was the feeling that Serbia, aided by Greece because of Macedonia and Albania, can hold on to its gains since there is no Superpower to dominate the Balkans. It was significant that the Russian Foreign Minister, Kozyrev, got the cold shoulder on his Mediation Visit to Belgrade and that the Conservative-Communist opposition in Moscow condemned the Russian UN vote in favour of sanctions.

Events in the Balkans are clearly forcing, as in the troubled past, the new power groups to resume the policies of exerting pressure and influence in the Balkans. They are forcing these groups too, the EC, the WEU, the UN, to change their character, to become military alliances, however restricted, and use economic power as a weapon.

To ensure peace, however, needs more, because the fighting around Serbia, with its mutual hatreds going back half a century, requires a presence of stabilizing forces. This brings us back to Bismarck's saying. Permanent unrest and local conflicts in the Balkans can be contained, Slovenia can be absorbed in Central Europe like Bohemia and Moravia, the Czech republic. But the hatred now rampant implies that in some future situation a Big Power will again establish its dominance in the Balkans. The existence of Bosnia-Herzegovina is by no means assured and this is the main trouble.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Christopher Cviic's *Remaking the Balkans* (Pinter Publishers, £8.95) provides the best introduction to the history of the Balkan states. This short account is by a Croat scholar, long resident in Britain, who is the Editor of *The World Today*, the journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The final chapter contains some sensible suggestions which might make the Balkans more stable.



THE ABERRATION OF HINDU FUNDAMENTALISM

by B. Seshadri

AN English friend, a scholar of comparative religion, asked me some while ago if I thought the Hindus living in this country were affected by the virulent propagation of Hindu fundamentalism by one of the political parties in the context of India's last general election. If so, would it add to inter-ethnic tensions in Britain? I said that, first of all, Hindu fundamentalism was a contradiction in terms. The dictionary definition of fundamentalism, of a literal acceptance and maintenance of a finite set of traditional orthodox beliefs of a religion, did not apply to Hinduism. There was no one set of beliefs which a Hindu was required to accept and practise. But, in setting out to provide a better understanding of the new assertion — which I do here — I am accepting reference to Hinduism as a religion and its aberrant form as Hindu fundamentalism as they are thus identified in the public mind. Neither notion is correct, but I will have to be thus content.

The propaganda for Hindu fundamentalism did not spring from any new discovery of principle in the great Hindu texts that had not previously been applied in the last 3,000 years. It was an unscrupulous exploitation of the economic ills of a vast underclass for acquiring power.

Most people are familiar with the religious persecutions in the histories of the revealed religions of Semitic origins — Judaism, Christianity and Islam — which have demanded compliance with the Word and the Book. There is no historical evidence of such persecution in the Hindu kingdoms since Vedic times. The kings (among whom were my own ancestors) were good, bad or indifferent, but none indulged in persecuting subjects or travellers who did not worship as they did or as their organised priesthood conducted public or private worship. The Muslim scholar, Al-Biruni, who travelled in India in the 11th century and made an extended study of Hinduism, amply makes this point. The principle of tolerance was handed down to me in impressive oral traditions.

The attitude was a strongly ingrained one. It had its origin in that Hinduism was not a religion in the sense in which the word is understood, that is, a particular system of faith and worship. It was primarily a moral order of humanity and righteousness within a highly organised social system. Its historic texts are singularly free from dogmatic affirmation concerning the nature of God. Its core did not depend on the existence or non-existence of God. It is possible to be a good Hindu whether one believes in a single god, or many gods, or an ultimate principle or being, or no god at all. Hinduism is thus a matter of ethics rather than belief. It had no specific name until other religions made their entry into India, when it too acquired a religious significance.

This absence of dogma is basic to an understanding of Hinduism. The Hindus themselves called their moral order *sanatana dharma*, a concept hard to translate from the Sanskrit. The closest, but yet incomplete, way of

comprehending it is to think of an eternal law that governs all human and non-human existence. It gives absolute freedom of belief about the nature of God and form of worship. Dogmas, and therefore religious dogmas, can only be transitory and distort a transcending truth. A passion for dogmatic certainty has racked the religions of Semitic origin. And hence the incessant quarrels within them. The great Hindu teachers through the centuries expounded that all religions are simply different phases of the same Truth, called God by those who so prefer. The intellectual debate of the nature of this Truth has been a continuing one. A significant element of this debate is that it does not seek to safeguard Hinduism and protect conformity, but encourages revision and improvement.

As the Indian elections were announced, unscrupulous men were waiting and reaching out for a theme to exploit the long-suffering millions of India's poor for electoral gain and power. For many years, the future of the country had looked more threatened than ever before. It was rent by violence for regional autonomy, political assassinations became commonplace, and planners and big business were engaged in a systematic rape of the environment regardless of the cost to the hapless poor. Poverty was on a gigantic scale and seemed beyond remedy.

In this tumultous background, voters were asked to cast their votes for the next government. Few of them dared hope that whatever the leadership and whatever the campaign promises, their lives would ever begin to improve. The leaders of the party which purported to represent the Hindus were fully aware of this, and knew that yet another election platform built on the trade worn promise of poverty eradication would take them nowhere. A wholly new and unbeatable tactic was needed to win. An idea worthy of Dr. Goebbels was found. It was to concentrate all on India's glorious past (who would dare ask if it was all that glorious?) and to promise a restoration of 'Ram Rajya', or a government of the quality of Lord Rama's, when he ruled from the city of Ayodhya as the seventh incarnation of the God Vishnu, the preserving element in the Hindu Trinity. That government, in Hindu tradition, was one of justice and plenty for all.

Why was this false promise so dangerous? Because it associated progress and prosperity with a vigorous application of the Hindu way of life to the exclusion of all other. Secularism, it said, had degenerated into disrespect for Hinduism, and paved the way for upstart assertion of other beliefs. India had to eschew secularism, and become a Hindu state.

The campaign was hinged on a most convenient and unsolved dispute of many years between Hindus and Muslims in north-western Uttar Pradesh, the most populous if in parts backward Indian state. It was about a tiny site in Ayodhya. The site was claimed by the Hindus, suitably tutored, to be the precise birthplace of Rama, Rama Janmabhoomi. It was said that a temple dedicated to him had once stood there but had been razed by the armies of Babar, the first Mughal emperor, in the 16th century. The Moghuls had then, sacrilegiously, built a mosque on the self-same spot and, as a sign of the downgrading of Hinduism, it was still

there. It was a regular occurrence for politicians to appear here at election times to incite the Hindus against the Muslims, who otherwise lived together in reasonable amity. The old differences would now be used on a nationwide scale, reinforced with the promise of Ram Rajya for the entire nation. A heady specific for a largely unsophisticated electorate.

Media interviewers — no Sir Robin Day or Brian Walden among them — on the country's economic failures and appalling poverty were skilfully side-tracked. Attention was channelled on the prime need to move the mosque (funds were offered for its re-erection elsewhere), and to rebuild the temple. The suggestion was that the latter was the foremost task before the country, and the inescapable first rung in the ladder for the climb back to Ram Rajya. The Muslims, justifiably, failed to see the logic. No matter, for it was the Hindu votes that would swing the election. No plausible evidence was ever produced to justify the claim to the holy birthplace, because none can exist.

As with all conspiracies, once the first imaginative leap had been made, the rest followed with intoxicating logic. The drums of orthodoxy and zealotry were loudly beaten to stir up rigorist enthusiasm, and whole contingents of the innumerable Hindu religious orders of the bizarre kind flocked to support the campaign. All aspects of it were reduced to sheer images, taking account of the preponderance of illiteracy of the voters. For the first time in Indian elections, graphic arts were made use of on a grand scale. These assumed a variety of repellant forms and offered rich opportunities to the coarser type of popular artist. Videos, posters and cartoons dispensed with the usual confines of decency. The endless repetition of slogans manipulated the poor Hindu voters and dehumanised the enemy, the Muslims of the region. They were presented as sinister enclaves of irrational backwardness and inferior culture. The leaders, when confronted by the media, denied responsibility for the excesses. But the campaign went on, and violence was never far away.

This campaign to establish a Hindu state of India acquired the name of Hindu fundamentalism, terms previously unknown in 3,000 years of Hinduism. There are no Hindu 'fundamentals' in it whatever. The concept is as non-Hindu as can be, and this is how it is seen in the principal centres of study of Hinduism in India. This essay has not set out to establish that there are no undesirable features in the practice of Hinduism, because there are many which have achieved substance motivated by fear and self-interest. Not surprising when one considers the age of Hinduism and that there are 600 million Hindus. My aim is to refute the idea that Hindu fundamentalism has any authority in the Hindu philosophical code.

In the event, the fundamentalists did not win. What might have been the outcome had they won is fearful to contemplate in the context of a statement made by one of the leaders that India did not need democracy when it had a set of fundamental rules — those set by the party, of course. Because of the influences of power, it is reasonable to assume that there would have been a real danger of secularism degenerating into disrespect for other faiths, notably Christianity and Islam, and individualism being

scoffed at as slavish imitation of the West. The idea of a multi-religious society that once commanded almost universal acceptance, not least after independence, would almost certainly have suffered a setback.

For all this upheaval, only in areas where there are serious poverty and overcrowding together with substantial Muslim minority populations is there any support from Hindus for the aberrant thesis. The emergence of Hindu fundamentalism is not so much a religious phenomenon as a political one. Therefore, the dire economic stress on India's millions has to be overcome. Hindus living in Britain (not to be confused with the other immigrants from the sub-continent) have generally done well for themselves, shown little interest in any form of extremism, and posed no social or political threat to the host nation. They may not have read the Hindu texts, but know enough of their enshrining principles of tolerance. Further, they do not remain untouched by the many strands of British liberal thinking, which has influenced Hindu thinkers and philosophers of the last 200 years.

There is a profound lack of understanding of Hinduism in this country. Media pick up its bizarre and fringe aspects for public hearing or viewing. Interviewers appear to have access only to singularly inarticulate (in English) Hindu savants to answer their questions.

My English friend also asked me to which form of Hinduism I subscribed — one god, many gods, one principle or no god? I said I didn't have to declare myself, as there was no fear of excommunication, or accusation of heresy, or fear of a death sentence. It was my private business.

The September number of *Contemporary Review* includes *The United Kingdom Presidency of the European Community* by Michael L. Nash and *Richard Hamilton: A Painter of Ideas* by Muriel Julius. *French Nuclear Testing in the South Pacific* by Keith Suter has been held over from August.

THE YAKUSA: JAPAN'S GANGSTERS

by Raymond Lamont-Brown

TODAY *yakusa* mobsters, Japan's equivalent of the Mafia, are more likely to resemble pinstriped *sararimen* (office workers) than the traditional missing fingered — punishment signs for promises broken and mistakes made — tattooed gangsters of yesteryear. The *yakusa* have evolved a new breed of hoodlum who is forging a fresh philosophy of personal aggrandisment and private fortune amassing than their forerunners who bent their wills to the whim of gangland bosses.

As an example of this 'go-it-alone' trend, the Tokyo police have quoted the recent attack outside his home of film director Juzo Itami. The director's caustic films include his *Minbo no Onna*, which offers a disrespectful picture of the Japanese underworld and encourages ordinary people to resist and report increasing *yakusa* extortion and harassment. Up to now the strutting, proud *yakusa* have become used to being glamorised on television and at the cinema. Thus Itami's attack is deemed a non-maverick 'punishment' by two or three of the young *yakusa*.

The core of *yakusa* business still remains the traditional crime outlets. For instance, nearly all of Japan's modern 'sex-scene' is *yakusa* controlled either directly or by inference. Their fiefdom stretches from the alleys to the highest corridors of power. The *yakusa* are said to be Japan's largest employers, finding work (much of it legitimate piece-work) for drop-outs and criminals. For those willing to co-operate the *yakusa* operate workers' lodging houses as part of the work package. They are behind much of the smalltime gambling at which the police connive, and run protection rackets, supply heavies for loan-sharks and when they know they can get away with it, dabble in drug-dealing. At the other end of the social scale, it has become a commonplace comment in the Japanese press to link the names of prominent politicians with *yakusa* operations.

Usually the police know who *yakusa* members are, where they are and what they are doing. The authorities do not interfere unless the *yakusa* cadres leave their known territories; jealousy and greed sometimes leading to inter-gang warfare.

The *yakusa* have a very deep and well-established historical background. As early as the fourteenth century Japan's gangsters have had flourishing cadres, flouting the authority of the feudal administration. A civil protection group grew up in the 1850s and 1860s (late Edo period in Japan's history) which constituted the roots of the modern *yakusa*. It was largely self-defensive against outside influences.

In current Japanese the word *yakusa* is interpreted as gambler, gangster or just good-for-nothing. They are readily recognised as social parasites who have evolved for themselves a patina of honourable behaviour. The word *yakusa* itself comes from the gambling game *sammai karuta* ('three card') wherein the player has to draw cards to amass a winning total of 19 points; if the player draws, say a *ya* (8), a *ku* (9) and a *sa* (3) they were

'bust' or 'good for nothing'. Thus the merit of the game was being brave, and the use of the word for hoodlums infers that they are brave to face authority.

The structure of the *yakusa* hierarchy is based on the medieval system of responsibility within an accepted code of behaviour. They still adhere to an *oyabun-kobun* (or *oyakata-kokata*) relationship of *oyabun* (parent... leader) and *kobun* (child... follower) with the leader as father. Their philosophy is an amalgam of Neo-Confusian ethics which evolved during the Tokugawa Era (1603-1867) based on the codes of the complicated systems of *giri* (rectitude/propriety), *jingi* (benevolence/faith) and *ninjo* (humanity) within a family group. All this is mixed with the spirit of the *samurai.*

Until 1868 Japan was ruled by a *Shogun* (generalissimo) on behalf of an often weak Emperor. A whole assembly of *daimyo* (feudal lords) administered their own estates, with the say-so of the *Shogun,* and organised the police.

If the police were corrupt, negligent, or the *daimyo* failed to provide simple policing duties, the peasants would enlist at their own expense the wandering soldiers known as *samurai.* These itinerant swordsmen are in part ancestors of the *yakusa* and are their folk heroes. The Japanese film and television industries, particularly through the 1960s movies of the Toei Co. Ltd, perpetuate the romantic image of the *samurai,* thus giving credence to the *yakusa* as modern 'Robin Hoods'. In reality, though, they are dangerous crooks.

The *yakusa* still operate in *gumi,* or families, like the gang known as *Yamaguchi Gumi.* By the early 1980s there were around 219,800 gangsters divided into from 125-150 gangs. The biggest gang would have around 10,000 members. Their strength is always difficult to assess as there are no official figures on the subject.

In ancient Japan because of the *samurai* system there were more gangsters in the official police than in any other part of the world. When the Emperor Meiji took over control of the country from the old Shogunate in 1868, and yanked Japan out of her feudal state into the modern world, the *yakusa* became less visible and pursued a more clandestine rôle. They were always on hand, though, to help out when Japan was at war as fund raisers and recruiters for the Nipponese forces. Their next watershed came after the American Occupation when a new economy made the labour market blossom. Their new rôle was to undermine and break up organised labour.

In the 1980s the *yakusa* entered a new phase of tactics when the Japanese discovered foreign travel as a means of spending their leisure. Consequently the *yakusa* set up an operations network overseas. They became well-established in such Asian capitals as Bangkok and Seoul, and in the American territory of Hawaii as well as on the West Coast of the USA itself. Hong Kong police, too, reported *yakusa* activities in the British Crown Colony. These Asian bases were used as recruiting areas for Japanese brothels (Asian, European and Eurasian girls all being employed)

and as links in the *yakusa* drug and gun smuggling chains. *Yakusa* activities stimulated much concern in US police circles and a joint task force was established from the US law enforcement officers and the Japanese National Police Agency. It appears from what Japanese correspondents are saying that the international recruitment network of prostitutes is still being used. Such operations as the brothels of Ogoto City, on the shores of Lake Biwa, Japan, run by the *yakusa* boss Ms Mitsuka Oda is cited.

As the 1990s evolve the *yakusa* are about to diversify again. Their core activities of sex and gambling are still safe and the Japanese hybrid economy of neo-feudal corporatism still produces a quality of life that makes life depressingly poor for hundreds of thousands. The neo-feudal corporatism, though, despite the corrupt political system, is disintegrating as stockmarket crashes and political scandals show.

The *yakusa* have had a foothold in big business for many years, mainly because of the structure of Japanese trading. The Japanese company is not run to enhance the profits of shareholders, but to the benefit of stockholders, from suppliers to finance houses. Thus in the *keiretsu* (cross-shareholder) system some companies still need the *yakusa* to intimidate ordinary shareholders at meetings.

Thus the *yakusa* see their immediate future rôle in expanding into business cadres and the international scene. Recently one of the *yakusa* leaders, Tadao Nawa, threatened President Bush with an all-Japan boycott of American cars, if the President did not oppose impending legislation against extortion, gun-running and money-laundering. Nawa averred that the *yakusa* bought seven out of every ten American cars imported to Japan. (Big cars are good for the *yakusa* image, and they stop police bullets better than say Nissan products).

British exports to Japan are also being monitored by the *yakusa* to see if they are 'intrusive' to their activities. They see, for instance, the efforts in Japan of the British bookmakers J. Manning as being a threat. Manning are aiming to establish Japan's first foreign bookmaking syndicate. This will put pressure on *yakusa* gambling networks which tap into Japan's annual £22 billion gambling pool. Manning's target of recruitment of up to 30,000 Japanese company members is making the *yakusa* nervous, and each employee will be vetted by them for blackmail potential or worse.

International finance is also interesting the *yakusa*. The famous Japanese newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* recently reported that a score of Japanese financial groups were providing around £8m loan financing to the *yakusa* per annum, against the gangs' large amount of real estate property. Indeed estimated *yakusa* earnings are some £5.56 billion (outranking some eight times the profits of the Toyota motor company). Thus portfolios of international shares are being processed by the *yakusa* through such international institutions as Nomura and Nikko (whose presidents had to resign recently after affiliates lent funds to *yakusa* boss Susumu Ishii).

Another area of *yakusa* interest which commentators in Japan believe will have more prominence in the developing 1990s is the burgeoning international obsession with golf. As spare land for golf courses in Japan

is at a premium, golf clubhouses and courses are multi-million dollar assets. Add to this the city rooftop practice areas and golf club manufacture industry and you have an area which could finance another *yakusa* cadre of vast proportions. As the Japanese favour British craftsmanship in golf equipment and American expertise in golf course layout, both UK and US golf amenity companies should keep a look over their shoulder when doing business in Japan.

[Raymond Lamont-Brown is an author, broadcaster and orientalist specialising in Japanese studies. He founded Japan Research Projects in 1965. He is currently a lecturer in the Continuing Education Departments of the Universities of St. Andrew and Dundee.]

POEM

ENDINGS

This is the end, the final straw
A collision, a breakdown, an imperfect flaw
Closing windows, shutting doors
Books unopened, unfinished chores
A candle burnt out, a flame blown away
An impurity, a weakness, a failing you might say

This is the end, the last line in a song
A collapsing, a fault, a chapter gone wrong
Waving goodbye, turning out lights
Misquoted sentences, unsettled fights
A misinterpretation, an unanswered question
A corruption, a disease, a lying confession

This is the end, a downward slope
A crushing, a killing, a smashing of hope
Changing a tune, filling up holes
Sounding the gong, selling souls
Ending a poem, leaving a party
A smudging, a spoiling, a story unstarted

This is the end, I can't explain really
Why ending is painful and beginning is scary

Kelly Munro

THE GREEN DANUBE

by Thomas Land

A multi-million dollar investment raised by the United Nations Development Programme to clean up the Danube in the heart of Central Europe could bring together many bickering neighbours to protect their abused common environment.

The Danube is the second largest river in Europe. It is used for drinking, irrigation, fishing, energy, transport, industry and waste disposal. Heavy usage has created many pollution hot-spots. The UN agency has committed $8.5m to collect pollution emission data, prepare water quality criteria, select sites for new water purification installations and undertake feasibility studies for waste disposal plants.

The resulting data will be used to create an action plan for reducing pollution and building local institutions for environment management. The UN programme will embrace technology transfer and training, pre-investment surveys and fellowships in environmental monitoring and management.

The European Bank for Reconstruction and Development has also promised funds for an extensive scientific study of the river system. And the European Community is considering proposals for early action for the protection of the Danube.

These developments have been announced in the wake of an important new survey of the Danube conducted by the Paris-based Fondation Cousteau. The study has just concluded on an optimistic note, pronouncing the health of the river — as defined in terms of the abundance of wildlife supported by it — to be better than expected and far better than that of any other major European waterway.

Captain Jacques Cousteau, the famous French aquatic explorer, and his associates used every opportunity created by their much publicized one-year study to bring together the policy and opinion makers of the ten Danubian countries. Many of them are divided by smouldering regional prejudices and conflicts. The UN programme may well enable them to work together in the common interest.

One area of high international tension which could benefit from a new spirit of co-operation is the romantic Danube Bend in Hungary. There, the river flows between gentle wooded hills with charming villages and Baroque churches, the scene of a hideous hydro-electric construction halted by the government for environmental reasons.

The ill-fated Gabcikovo-Nagymaros hydro-electric construction scheme had been launched before the collapse of communism in Europe. Hungary's refusal to complete its part of the construction has developed into an ugly row with neighbouring Austria and Czecho-slovakia, neither of which wants the project but both are much too involved just to forget it.

The UN programme may well involve the three countries in a co-operative research and conservation scheme for the establishment of the world's

biggest transboundary park and protected area along the river.

Other proposals include improved scientific co-operation and support essential for the more than 1,500 square mile Danube Delta Biosphere Reserve. The UN programme will also encourage preparations by the Danubian neighbours of a major environment convention for the protection of their common river which links big landlocked industries with the sea and the world markets. The convention, agreed in principle at a conference in Budapest last year, is to introduce common standards for water quality monitoring and establish liability for cross-frontier pollution. The accord should affect many investment decisions as well as public health standards.

A group of international and non-governmental organizations have also formed a partnership to promote technical co-operation for the joint management of the river. Discussions in Sofia, sponsored by the World Bank, the European Community and other international authorities, have produced a work programme for the synchronization of the environment protection laws of the region with a view to formulating common legislative proposals.

Such reforms are overdue. Hungary and Holland have signed the latest of a series of bilateral treaties on shipping rights on the Rhine-Main-Danube waterway which is to open this year. The canal will connect Central Europe with important ports in western Germany as well as the Netherlands, creating a continent-wide complex of waterways first projected in the 9th century.

A document issued in preparation for the Danubian convention significantly avoids any mention of the controversy over the half-built Gabcikovo-Nagymaros hydro-electric project; but a specialist observer commented that the signatories clearly had that issue in mind when they included a clause committing themselves to consider collectively the ecological consequences of any major development project affecting the river.

The Hungarian-Dutch treaty clears the way for unhampered shipping movement between the two countries as well as transit traffic. It makes provision for further accord to regulate transport by barges. The waterway will link the North Sea with the Black Sea, connecting 15 European countries along the courses of the Danube, Main and Rhine Rivers.

The environmental convention will widen an international code of conduct on the pollution of transboundary inland waters published by the UN Economic Commission for Europe (ECE). The code, which is for use throughout Europe as well as North America, establishes procedures for international co-operation for preventing and combatting pollution disasters by means of a wide range of management practices including early warning, various alarm systems, information exchange, compatibility of monitoring techniques and joint or co-ordinated contingency planning.

The ECE code is the first common response by the governments of the formerly divided continent to their collective need for international co-operation in preventing and combatting the accidental pollution of their

inland waterways. The code — which has been approved by senior advisers to ECE governments in a series of deliberations supported by the UN Environment Programme — establishes common standards for a set of uniform procedures by the emergency services of the member countries in the event of accidental pollution. It also calls for investment to improve their efficiency and state of preparedness to deal with industrial accidents particularly involving hazardous cargoes in transit.

The Danube sweeps through a catchment area of 80 million people from the Black Forest in Germany to its Black Sea delta in Romania, collecting a mix of untreated urban sewage, factory discharge and agricultural run-offs along the way.

Very little hard evidence had been collected before the Cousteau study on the state of the Danube, although the appalling effects of environmental pollution in the area are well known.

The Black Sea receives 4,300 tons of nitrogen compounds, 900 tons of petroleum products, 600 tons of lead and 200 tons of detergents a year from industrial wastes, mostly from the Danube (as well as the Dnieper). That waste and a naturally occurring hydrogen sulfide cloud in the water that is exacerbated by the pollution have rendered 90% of the sea biologically dead.

Most of the population centres along the Danube's eastern European route lack adequate facilities to treat their sewage. Less than half of Bratislava's industrial waste and household sewage is purified before being dumped into the river. Almost half of Hungary's sewage treatment plants are equipped merely for rudimentary treatment. The town of Ruse in Bulgaria has been poisoned for years by chlorine emissions from a noxious Romanian plant just across the Danube, irritating relations between the two countries.

Yet the economic failure of communism and the absence of thriving modern enterprises along the eastern route of the river have spared the Danube the ecological price of industrial prosperity. It still feeds vast alluvial plains and forests supporting a wealth of wildlife which have retreated from environment-conscious western Europe.

The river is used as a sewer by rogue industries whose activities beyond essential legislative control are responsible for growing pockets of pollution identified by the survey team. But the damage is considerably less extensive and the cost of necessary clean-up operations may well prove correspondingly less prohibitive than hitherto feared.

Early international co-operation for the protection of the river may well focus on the under-funded Danube Delta Biosphere Reserve which is managed by Romania with help from many global scientific and wildlife protection organizations. A quarter of that unique wetland is maintained, largely insufficiently, as fishponds, forests and agricultural lands. The rest is left to chance. A scientific council comprising the many agencies already involved in the area is now evolving a collaborative research and conservation programme.

Public demand to clean up the Danube was recently expressed by more

than 80,000 demonstrators forming a human chain and calling for the establishment by Austria, Czecho-slovakia and Hungary of a joint conservation area of threatened lowland forests and wetlands.

The three environment-minded governments locked in conflict over the Gabcikovo-Nagymaros hydro-electric scheme would welcome a compromise leading to co-operative programmes for the protection of the river. The UN initiative may give them an opportunity to find it.

[Thomas Land is a Hungarian-born author and foreign correspondent who writes on global affairs.]

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ethics and the Environment*, edited by C. C. W. Taylor, is a collection of thought-provoking papers given at a conference at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, last year. Eminent philosophers, such as Bernard Williams and R. M. Hare, looked at environmental topics, such as urban planning and nuclear power, from an ethical perspective. Distinguished scientists such as Peter Hodgson and civil servants, including the Director General of Environmental Protection brought their practical experience and knowledge to these subjects. Bryan Gould, MP, explained how politicians saw several of the problems. This 97 page pamphlet has a very useful history by the College's President, Sir Keith Thomas, recounting the way people have looked at the environment. This is one of the most enlightening and civilised discussions of a topic that is more talked about than understood. (Obtainable from Corpus Christi College, Oxford OX1 4JF. Price: £5; when ordering from overseas add £1 for postage.)

BRITAIN'S TWO CULTURES — A THIRD LOOK

by Geoffrey Syer

IN 1959 the novelist C. P. Snow gave his Rede Lecture in Cambridge, 'The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution'. He articulated some ideas which had been around for some time, principally that modern industrial society was living not in one, unified, culture but in two. On the one hand there are the 'literary intellectuals' (Snow's term); on the other, the scientists, particularly the physical scientists. Between the two is a lack of mutual understanding amounting sometimes to hostility. The non-scientists, Snow went on, 'have a rooted impression that the scientists are shallowly optimistic, unaware of man's condition'. In contrast, 'the scientists believe that the literary intellectuals are totally lacking in foresight, peculiarly unconcerned with their brother men, in a deep sense anti-intellectual, anxious to restrict both art and thought to the existential moment'. Some of the literary intellectuals, like Pound, Yeats and Wyndham Lewis, were 'not only politically silly, but politically wicked'. The two sides hardly entered into each other's area of knowledge; Snow claimed to know scientists who were totally ignorant of literature, who had never read Dickens or Shakespeare, and literary intellectuals who knew nothing of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, that scientific equivalent of Shakespeare. The two cultures had been separating for some time — 'between the two a gulf of mutual incomprehension — sometimes (particularly among the young) hostility and dislike, but most of all lack of understanding'. Snow knew that, so crudely expressed, the dichotomy was a simplification but, as a novelist who was widely read in European and American literature, and as a scientist who had done some distinguished work in his youth, he straddled both cultures and knew what he was talking about. He was careful to point out that the split was not confined to Britain, but was apparent everywhere in developed countries in varying degrees.

So far there could have been little dissent from the analysis. But Snow went further. The literary intellectuals were more to blame for they are 'natural Luddites'. Here Snow took sides for he believed 'Industrialism is the only hope of the poor' and in a key paragraph he took a vigorous stick to the Luddites: 'It is all very well for one, as a personal choice, to reject industrialisation — to do a modern Walden if you like, and if you go without much food, see most of your children die in infancy, despise the comforts of literacy, accept twenty years off your own life, then I respect you for the strength of your aesthetic revulsion. But I don't respect you in the slightest if, even passively, you try to impose the same choice on others who are not free to choose. In fact, we know what their choice would be. For, with singular unanimity, in any country where they have had the choice, the poor have walked off the land into the factories as fast as the factories could take them'.

Here Snow took another tack. There is a difference, he maintained,

between the industrial revolution and the scientific revolution. The latter is that applied science which is changing all our lives, electronics, atomic energy and automation, mainly. The literary intellectuals know nothing about this, nor about the various levels of organisation in industry which the revolution requires. Britain is particularly bad here. The split between literary people and scientific applies to all modern societies. But in Britain there is a further split which hardly obtains elsewhere and that is between the pure scientists and the applied. Britain because of its specialised education system, 'the old pattern of training a small elite' is much worse than other countries, particularly America and Russia. This is worrying, for the main issue in the scientific revolution is that 'the people in the industrialised countries are getting richer, and those in the non-industrialised countries are at best standing still: so that the gap between the industrialised countries and the rest is widening every day'. The consequence is that the West must help in the transformation of the poor, for the poor countries have noticed the disparity and they won't put up with it. 'The trouble is, the West with its divided culture finds it hard to grasp just how big, and above all just how fast, the transformation must be.' The dangers to us, Snow continues, are the H-bomb, over-population and the gap between rich and poor. 'Since the gap between the rich countries and the poor can be removed, it will be. If we are shortsighted, inept, incapable either of good-will or enlightened self-interest, then it may be removed to the accompaniment of war and starvation: but removed it will be.' Education is not 'the total solution to this problem: but without education the West can't begin to cope'. So closing the gap between the two cultures is a necessity 'in the most abstract sense, as well as in the most practical'.

The ideas Snow expressed were not particularly new but they came from him with considerable force and insight. They were widely discussed and, printed, the lecture became a text for sixth-form and college discussion. At this point there entered the debate one of the literary intellectuals, the almost archetypal figure of a literary critic in the shape of F. R. Leavis. Leavis was probably the best known critic in the country; anyone who took an interest in literature or who studied it in a university English school had been influenced by him, either, in most cases, positively, or, since he generated much opposition, negatively. Totally incorruptible, Leavis scorned the literary establishment and the support and professional advance which that establishment for the most part denied him. He lived on the fringe of Cambridge literary life, which returned the scorn he poured on it. But many readers respected him for the considerable insights he brought to the study of texts, particularly those of individual Shakespeare plays (his treatment of *Othello* for example, was outstandingly searching) or of works by authors like Milton, George Eliot and D. H. Lawrence. His weaknesses, as many were not slow to point out, were his inability to see shades of quality in writers (they were either in his good books, as it were, or out, and not worth bothering with) and the bitterness which so often seemed to accompany his work. There was also the problem of his style;

over-qualified, dense, tortuous, it was hardly penetrable by some readers.

It was his acerbity which made his treatment of Snow (in 'Two Cultures? The Significance of C. P. Snow,' the Richmond Lecture of 1962) so remarkable, for it reached a level which had hardly been matched since the eighteenth century. 'Yet Snow is portentously ignorant,' and, as a novelist, 'he is intellectually as undistinguished as it is possible to be' were typical of his style. Yet beneath the vituperation Leavis made some shrewd and valid points. In denigrating Snow's understanding of literature and science, Leavis lines him up with his other enemies, with Cambridge dons, newspapers and intellectual weeklies. The worst thing about Snow to Leavis was that he placed among the literary intellectuals, among the natural Luddites, the creators of great literature in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. 'The upshot is that', Leavis went on, 'if you insist on the need for any other kind of concern, entailing forethought, action and provision, about the human future — any other kind of misgiving — than that which talks in terms of productivity, material standards of living, hygienic and technological progress, then you are a Luddite'. He equates Snow with H. G. Wells (not a writer Leavis had any time for) in his enthusiasm for the results of applied science, for what Snow called 'jam'. To Snow, whereas there was little individual hope ('each of us dies alone'), there was 'social hope'. To Leavis 'nothing matters but life', the maxim of Lawrence that 'only in living individuals is life there'. Against Lawrence, 'the greatest English writer of our century' Leavis contrasts Snow's 'crass Wellsianism'. As for Snow's assertion that the poor go into factories as quickly as possible, Leavis claims that this is too simple and ignores the insights of Dickens, Ruskin and the other great writers down to Lawrence. He is probably thinking of Ruskin's dictum (although he does not quote it) that 'there is no wealth but life'. For Ruskin, Leavis suggests ' "well being" or "welfare" could not conceivably be matters of merely material standards of living, with the advantages of technology and scientific hygiene'. He goes on, 'Who will assert that the average member of a modern society is more fully human, or more alive, than a Bushman, an Indian peasant, or a member of one of those poignantly surviving primitive peoples, with their marvellous art and skills and vital intelligence?'

Here Leavis has arrived at his most important point — couched in his usual involved expression — that, 'the advance of science and technology means a human future of changes so rapid and of such kinds, of tests and challenges so unprecedented, of decisions and possible non-decisions so momentous and insidious in their consequences, that mankind — this is surely clear — will need to be in full intelligent possession of its full humanity . . .' And he implies that full humanity must come at least partly from the insights of the great writers (interpreted perhaps by university English schools) and not from either of Snow's cultures.

Four years later in *The Two Cultures: A Second Look* Snow returned to his theme. Apart from a reference to the 'personal abuse' he had received after the original lecture and the correction of a minor mis-

quotation, he refrained from discussion of the attack by Leavis, whose name he mentions only once, in a footnote. He did not add much to his thesis except in two matters. The first was a rather cryptic reference to the possibility of a 'third culture' coming into existence in the attention some social historians were giving to concepts such as the 'organic community' (could he have had Leavis in mind?) or the nature of pre-industrial society or the scientific revolution. The other was the abandoning of the Second Law of Thermodynamics as a criterion of scientific literacy in favour of a knowledge of molecular biology. Thirty years later, somewhat ironically, the Second Law has become an almost essential part of the intellectual equipment of policy makers for it bears upon questions of energy and entropy which underlie the supply of power to our industrialism. But it was shrewd and intelligent of Snow to substitute molecular biology, for of all the concepts of science, pure or applied, bio-technology or genetic engineering as we would call it today, is beginning to pose the most acute moral problems. It is one of those consequences of science and technology which, as Leavis foresaw, would demand our full intelligent possession of our humanity. At the same time literary intellectuals will ignore it at their peril for it will not ignore them. Its potentialities were foreshadowed in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Wells' *The Island of Dr Moreau*, but it has moved on from imaginative literature to actuality or near-actuality. The practical results of it from, at its crudest, a chimpanzee with a human head or a cow the size of an elephant, to the patenting of new forms of life by commercial interests demand moral judgements we do not find it easy to make. Scientists will not for much longer be able to shrug off, as they have tended historically to do, their moral responsibility for bringing into the world new forms of life which may have the most profound ecological consequences. It is here that the two cultures will intersect if anywhere.

In the years after their publication, the lecture and its sequel had wide influence. In education they brought about, or confirmed where already existing, attempts to heal the breach by, as at Keele University, offering science to art students and arts to scientists. Snow's other idea, that Britain, more than any other industrial country, was saddled with a weakness in its applied science which should have underpinned its industrial structure, received support from many books and articles which might be called, following Disraeli and his followers, 'condition of England' writings—England rather than Scotland with its different educational traditions. Library shelves began to groan with titles such as *Britain: Progress and Decline* (Gwyn and Rose), *The Stagnant Society* (Shanks) and *The Decline of Britain* (Krammick). They are still being written.

These writings reflected what was a widespread apprehension that since 1945 Britain had fallen well behind its main industrial competitors to the extent that some commentators saw it as becoming not much better than a Third World country. Some ascribed the malaise to post-war fatigue or to out-dated equipment, (Germany by contrast had new equipment as a result of war damage), or loss of Empire markets or to a combination

of these. But there was also a view that, although they may have had a contributory effect, the main blame was to be found in inappropriate education and class differences which together resulted in severe management weaknesses in many British industries. There was no lack of brilliant scientific discoveries. The weakness lay in exploiting these discoveries within a context of efficient manufacture. The best brains, it was held, did not go into manufacturing enterprises and the resulting weakness of management exacerbated, though probably did not originate, the 'British disease' which had such a disastrous effect on the economy, at least before 1979. British education was simply not producing the managers, entrepreneurs and innovators. Engineering and manufacturing had a low status therefore in the minds of those, mainly at Oxford and Cambridge, who still thought that their duty was to produce people who could go out and govern an Empire or to train pure scientists to keep up the traditions the country still possessed in the higher reaches of discovery. The classic exposition of this point of view is Martin J. Wiener's *English Culture and the Decline of the Industrial Spirit, 1850-1980* (1985).

Thus the existence of Snow's 'natural Luddites' received confirmation from those who were concerned about the low rate of economic growth of the country compared to that of most of its rivals. Then in the late '60s, Luddism, which it was readily perceived existed in the writings of Ruskin, William Morris, Matthew Arnold and R. H. Tawney and others of the nineteenth century, both on the left and right of the political spectrum, who were critical of the pursuit of material wealth at the expense of other goals in life, was reformulated. Now the Luddites were found in that infant, although rapidly growing, body of opinion, the ecologists, environmentalists or Greens or however they called themselves. Although the opinion had existed earlier, it first became clearly articulate in this country as a result of Frank Fraser Darling's Reith Lectures *Wilderness and Plenty* of 1969 and the more practical and overtly political *Blueprint for Survival* of 1971.

It seemed simple enough — and it was widely done — to equate ecologists with Snow's anti-scientific Luddites. But this was to oversimplify and to distort, for the *Blueprint for Survival* had been supported (in general, not in every detail) by some thirty of the most eminent scientists in the country. Against them were equally eminent scientists, notably Lord Ashby, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, who while agreeing with the document's aims, differed on means (although later he was to describe it as 'sensational and shoddy'), John Maddox, editor of *Nature*, the foremost scientific journal in the country, perhaps in the world, and Sir Kenneth Mellanby, an ecologist, in the original sense of the word. Indeed it was these ecologists, notably Mellanby, Ashby and more recently John Horsfall (*Guardian*, April 20, 1990) who were among the strongest opponents of the *Blueprint* and other literature, as though their resentment over the hi-jacking of their professional name were more important to them than the health of the planet.

The economists too were divided. Some like E. J. Mishan shared the

fears of the environmentalists. Others, notably Wilfred Beckerman, took a more optimistic view. While accepting the international dimension of the problem, Beckerman, who had been a member of Ashby's Royal Commission, where he had taken the view that pollution was, in the words of another committee on which he had sat, 'nuisance' rather than 'nemesis', tended to concentrate on the British dimension. In *In Defence of Economic Growth*, pollution was largely local, in the past (he cited the diminution of London smog since the fifties as evidence that things were improving) and a middle-class fad. It was an example of 'resource misallocation' which a second year economics student could easily sort out. As for depletion of resources, market forces would take care of that. These influential views found their way into a book by that atribilious Right-winger Paul Johnson, *Enemies of Society*, in which the 'ecolobby' appeared as one of the enemies. Pollution by man was puny by the side of the works of Nature. In any case it was mainly in the past, local and a concern about it middle-class. He also repeated Beckerman's view that the horse was more polluting than the motor car and added his own that the ecolobby was responsible for the 1973 oil crisis. More important than this was Beckerman's influence upon Anthony Crosland, one-time Secretary of State for the Environment, whose adviser he had been. Crosland's writings, especially the Fabian Pamphlet *A Social Democratic Britain*, did a good deal to change the policies of the Labour Party into what they are today.

Commentators like these implicitly or explicitly equated the new ecologists with the older literary intellectuals, with Ruskin, Morris and a host of lesser writers who stressed the importance of the quality of life against the production of material goods. They were natural Luddites whose middle-class status ensured that they would not suffer unduly if measures were taken against polluting or wasteful industries. They were responsible for much of Britain's poor industrial performance since the war, or even before. It was largely seen as a British matter; no-one seemed to notice that Europe's strongest economy had given rise to Europe's strongest Green Party, in Germany's Die Grünen.

Then in the eighties came a change. Acid rain, lead in petrol, Chernobyl, ozone depletion, and global warming became apparent to all but the most insensitive. Less was heard of Luddism; Beckerman became almost silent; many of the ecologists' policies were quietly adopted in the manifestos of the major political parties. In 1988 in a speech to the Royal Society, the then Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, conceded much of the ecologists' case. We were, she said, conducting a huge experiment with the planet, the outcome of which was unknown, perhaps disastrous. But expectations that radical new measures would be taken to reverse dangerous trends were dashed when shortly afterwards it was announced that there was to be a great expansion to the motorway programme. Nothing was to be done to alter 'the great car economy'. Many ascribed the lack of political will to an unwilling Cabinet. But at any rate pollution was no longer seen as local, in the past, and concern about it a middle-class fad.

Thirty years later in hindsight there are several things Snow got right.

Above all he was right about the disparity, still growing, in wealth between the industrialised world and the underdeveloped, and the need for a technology transfer. He was right about that hot potato political parties are terrified of picking up, population increase. Fortunately his fears about nuclear weapons have not so far been realised. As for Luddism, which everyone in the past execrated and few examined, things are beginning to be different. To do without a mechanical contrivance is no longer the sin it used to be. Trams are reappearing, horses beginning in some parts to take the place of tractors, intermediate technology replacing high technology in parts of Africa. Similarly lead is disappearing from petrol, tower blocks being demolished, pesticides and herbicides being reduced, things no longer thrown carelessly away. Doubt is even being cast on the ultimate value of the private motor car. Snow's great error may turn out to be his belief that all technology is good, that any technology is better than no technology, and that industrialisation on the western model can be applied indiscriminatingly to the whole world. It is true that he did not think scientists were infallible (he cites Rutherford's belief that nuclear power could never come about) but he underestimated technologists' proneness to error and the ecological consequences of an ever-rising standard of living.

As for Snow's other point, that Britain has suffered from its own two cultures arising from neglect of appropriate education and the disdain into which engineering and manufacture have consequently fallen, he was perhaps only partly right. Strenuous efforts, with limited success, have been made by successive governments to put the matter right. Recently novels have taken up the theme. There is for example the rather dismal picture of the country painted in Margaret Drabble's *The Ice Age* and the topic appears sporadically in the novels of Snow's friend 'William Cooper'. The best of the novels is the more recent (1988) *Nice Work* by David Lodge, in which are entertainingly opposed a representative of the literary intellectual and a practical manufacturer. Yet for all its wit and insight, one can't help feeling that it is a novel of the fifties or sixties rather than the ecological late eighties. As was pointed out, often by Americans, in response to the earlier 'condition of England' books, the British with their more relaxed attitude to economic success, their settling for quality of life rather than quantity, may have unconsciously taken a wiser approach to twentieth century living than their more energetic rivals, the Americans, Germans and Japanese. Perhaps this attitude has changed somewhat since the advent of the Conservative Government of 1979, but the ecological disasters and threats of recent times have gone some way to confirming the wisdom of the post-war decades. Consumerism is perhaps not enough; it is well worth a moment spent on contemplating what the planet will be like when everyone on earth will be a member of a two-car family. Leavis, with his insistence that 'jam', that material advance, is not by itself enough, and that humankind will need all the insights it can get from the great writers of the past, the literary intellectuals, in order to cope with the problems ahead, may have been, one hesitates to admit, right after all.

ORWELL AND PATRIOTISM

by John Rossi

GEORGE Orwell loved to shock his readers. One has only to look at the opening sentences of his essays for examples of this. 'As the corpse went past the flies left the restaurant table in a cloud and rushed after it, but they came back a few minutes later,' from *Marrakech* or 'In Moulmein, in Lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people — the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me' from *Shooting an Elephant*.

The purpose behind this literary device was, of course, to seize the reader's imagination and not just shock for shock's sake. But this approach reflects another dimension of Orwell's craft — his love of paradox mixed with a talent for turning the obvious inside out. Nowhere is this more evident than in the service that Orwell rendered to the concept of patriotism. In the 1940s he almost single-handedly rescued the word from the intellectual dust heap and special preserve of the far Right and made it respectable again. Sprinkled through his writings after 1939 beginning with *My Country Right or Left, Inside the Whale*, as well as in columns for *The Partisan Review* and *Tribune* Orwell liberated patriotism from its suffocating association with reactionary Colonel Blimps. Orwell's ability to do this tells us much about the way one man can turn opinion around and also much about the movements of ideas in a democratic society.

The concept of patriotism has a long and varied history. The *Oxford English Dictionary* traces its use as far back as the 16th century but its modern meaning, 'excessive love of one's country combined with hatred of other nations and people' only surfaced in the mid-nineteenth century. (Dr. Johnson's famous saying that 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel' is nearly always misunderstood because he was attacking a group of his Whig opponents.) The First World War finished the word among respectable people because of the excessive claims made for patriotism and the windy rhetoric that surrounded its use by politicians in all countries. Nurse Edith Cavell's final words before her execution in 1915 could serve as an epitaph for it: 'patriotism is not enough'.

Western intellectuals in the 1920s and 30s heaped contempt on the very idea of love of country but they had a more difficult time finding a replacement for it as a unifying force. For some nihilism or sexual freedom became an alternative; for a larger group Marxism in the Soviet Union under Stalin was the answer. In their case Orwell said they had lost their patriotism and religious sense without losing the need for a god and a fatherland. When Orwell began to develop his own idiosyncratic philosophy in the mid-1930s none of these answers satisfied him. The approach of another war forced him to think seriously about where his real loyalties lay. Out of that emerged a powerful and fresh way of looking at patriotism.

Orwell's political evolution took a decade. His initial political views

were similar to those of old fashioned English radicals like William Cobbett. He first embraced socialism because of his experiences among the unemployed workers while researching and writing *The Road to Wigan Pier* in 1936. This process was completed when he fought in the Spanish Civil War on the side of Catalan anarchists. But Orwell's socialism was always cranky. He took much pleasure in ridiculing the excesses of socialist ideologues, that 'dreary tribe of high-minded women and sandal-wearers and bearded fruit-juice drinkers who came flocking toward the smell of "progress" like blue-bottles to a dead cat'.

In 1938-1939 Orwell talked like a pacifist — the next war would be another capitalist conflict which would have nothing to do with the rights of the working class. But on the eve of the war he wrote in *My Country Right or Left* — he had a dream in which he saw clearly that if England went to war he would have to fight on her side. Orwell's acceptance of the war and its responsibilities, his defence of patriotism is the other side of Orwell the Radical. Like Cobbett, Orwell was a quintessential Englishman: scratch Orwell and find the patriot.

It took about two years for Orwell fully to develop his particular defence of patriotism. He volunteered for military service only to be rejected for health reasons. He wound up in the Home Guard, 'Dad's Army', that eccentric English amalgam of retired soldiers and civilians who wanted to do their part. More importantly, he cast about for a justification for supporting an England whose social and political policies he despised against Nazi Germany. While many of his socialist compatriots were desperately searching for a properly respectable stance, Orwell like Guy Crouchback in Evelyn Waugh's brilliant World War II trilogy, *The Sword of Honour*, knew exactly what he would do. Not for him the flight to America like W. H. Auden or Cecil Beaton. Orwell would stay and fight for an England revived by a genuine social and political revolution.

Orwell's embrace of patriotism was motivated by a number of factors: the war which he had been predicting for years had come as well as his growing disgust at the behaviour of his Left wing contemporaries, that 'huge tribe of right left people' as he called them. During the 1930s he had watched their journey from pacifism to fawning admirers of Communism. One-eyed pacifists he had called them, typical of countries protected by a strong navy. Since he had not gone to Oxford or Cambridge and had not been embraced by the London literary set, Orwell avoided the growing belief in these circles of the Soviet utopia. As a natural contrarian, Orwell's distrust of the Left's hero worship of dictators like Stalin deepened after his personal experience in the Spanish Civil War where he saw Communism betray his view of the revolution.

Orwell became convinced that the Left in England worshipped power; an insight that would carry him eventually to his two masterpieces, *Animal Farm* and *1984*. It was only after Russia became fully totalitarian, he noted acerbicly, that the British Left embraced it. That didn't surprise him. English socialist intellectuals he argued were nothing less than a deracinated class cut off from the mass of the public. 'I notice,' he wrote

of them, 'they always say "under socialism". They look forward to being on top with all other underneath being told what is good for them'.

Since down deep the intellectuals worshipped power Orwell believed they would never be able to motivate the masses and bring about a real revolution. In a series of writings early in the war, culminating in his often overlooked gem, *The Lion and the Unicorn* in early 1941, Orwell sought in patriotism to find a way to energize the war effort and, more importantly, to further the cause of revolution.

Orwell's insights into patriotism are among his most original contributions to English thought during the early stages of the war. They reveal much about him personally, confirming among other things, Anthony Powell's shrewd observation, that Orwell was a revolutionary in love with the past.

Orwell could never find a source of loyalty in Communism — that was simply replacing one dying dogma, capitalism, with another false idol. Orwell believed, however, that patriotism in its highest sense could be a source of inspiration and guidance for the people. In the modern world, patriotism could serve as a bridge between the middle classes and the masses in a way that Communism or Christianity or any other 'ism' could not. In *The Lion and the Unicorn*, Orwell called for a responsible patriotism that could be used as a positive force for change. Love of country threatened by a great evil like Nazism could inspire even the comfortable middle classes to make political and economic changes that they otherwise would reject out of hand. More significantly, the middle classes and the masses now found themselves in the struggle together and it was patriotism that showed, in one of Orwell's most brilliant insights, that England was like a family, albeit a family with the wrong relatives in charge, but a family nonetheless. The insularity of the English he believed had saved their patriotism from the kind of hatreds of others that characterized Europe. In fact, he noted the English never took foreigners very seriously.

If socialism was to be transformed and bring about a real revolution during the war it must tap the patriotism of the people as its galvanizing force. Given the general English dislike of foreigners, Orwell argued it would be a disaster to posit revolution on some vague international concept like 'democracy' or 'the United Nations'. This was typical of the thinking of the English intelligentsia, a crowd he described who 'take their cookery from Paris and their opinions from Moscow'.

The patriotism of the middle and working classes which Orwell appealed to was largely an instinctive reaction among the English. It had about it a sense of decency and fair play that distinguished it from the uglier forms of patriotism in the recent past. It was a throwback to the initial meaning of the word, a love of the familiar in the form of your land and your people. The very failure of fascism or communism to take root in England Orwell believed was a hopeful sign.

Orwell was not unaware of the dangers of romanticizing patriotism. He was careful to distinguish it from chauvinism or excessive nationalism.

In a passage from *Notes on Nationalism* written in May 1945 Orwell with typical precision differentiated patriotism from nationalism.

> By patriotism I mean devotion to a particular place and a particular way of life, which one believes to be the best in the world but has no wish to force upon other people. Patriotism is of its nature defensive, both militarily and culturally. Nationalism, on the other hand, is inseparable from the desire for power. The abiding purpose of every nationalist is to secure more power and more prestige..., for the nation or other unit in which he has chosen to sink his own individuality.

Orwell never lost his faith in the rugged good sense of the English people and their simple patriotism. They, and not the upper classes or the hopelessly degenerated intelligentsia, would save England. Even in his last grim and pessimistic work, *1984*, one of few hopes for the future was the 'feel' for the lost past, a longing for an England that was somehow better, that Winston Smith discovers among the artifacts in the curiosity shop and in the songs of the working class. This was no mere nostalgia; it was a residual patriotism that Orwell found ennobling, uplifting and a sign of optimism for the future.

[John Rossi is a member of the History Department at La Salle University in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA.]

TALKING OF TROUSERS...

by Beth Chapel

IN military history, changes in tactics, drill, weapons and uniforms are often brought about almost by chance. One amusing example, which caused a stir in the most conservative army in Europe — that of the Austro-Hungarian Empire — was caused by a riding accident.

Several years ago, as a young art student, I visited the main military gallery of the Army Historical Museum in Vienna, where my eye was taken by a quite undistinguished painting, after Ajdukiewicz, entitled 'Cavalry-General Nicholas Graf von Pejacsevic Foxhunting in Hollics'. In it, the gallant officer riding to hounds is shown in full control of his galloping horse, his shako firmly clamped to his head as if it were glued in place, yet he had only one arm!

My amusement at this remarkable feat prompted an elderly gentleman standing nearby to relate how the General had unwittingly brought about a change in the summer pattern trousers worn by Austro-Hungarian officers.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, Dress Regulations specified that white sail-cloth should be worn in warm weather. These were unattractive, uncomfortable garments, which fell in thick, unsightly folds over the boots, their only redeeming quality being that the material was almost indestructible.

In 1890, the General was commanding 4th Corps, and on a fine day in June of that year, he travelled by train, from his headquarters in Budapest, to Czegled, to attend manoeuvres in the Klein Kumanien area. These ended in the early afternoon, and the General immediately left for the station, in order to return post-haste to the capital. There he was to attend a reception, at which the guest of honour would be the Archduke Josef, a member of the Imperial family.

The area around Czegled was not exclusively a military training area; in fact, it was more famous as the centre of the Hungarian pig farming industry. The animals roamed freely, but tended to congregate around pools of mud slurry, in which they submerged themselves for coolness during the heat of the day.

As the General trotted at the head of the small group of officers, his horse reared in fright when a monstrous mud-covered boar rose suddenly between its front legs. Skilful rider though he was, Pejacsevic was thrown, to land in the filthy black slurry.

Having established there was no serious damage, the General scrambled to his feet, anxious to rid himself of the mud and filth encrusting his white breeches. To add to his annoyance, he discovered a long rip in the seat of his trousers. Obviously he could not return to Budapest in such a condition, yet it was imperative that he be there in time for the Reception that evening.

Fortunately the General was able to enlist the help of a friend, Baron Szekassy, whose mansion was nearby. Although the Baron put his entire

wardrobe at Pejacsevic's disposal, he regretted there were no trousers or breeches of a military pattern, all his suits being civilian ones of stripes or checks.

Having rejected the totally unsuitable, there remained only a pair of fine worsted trousers in a delicate pale primrose. These fitted perfectly, following the line of the leg as closely as ski pants, with a strap under the instep to hold the trouser leg taut. Thus attired, the General returned by train to Budapest, to change into Gala uniform in time to meet the Archduke.

There the matter might have ended, had not one of his aides-de-camp told the whole story while in his cups. The following day, a tailor in Budapest was ordered to make a pair of trousers similar to those worn by the General. On the second day, twenty officers placed orders; on the third day, a hundred, and within a week it seemed as if every young officer of the Budapest garrison was wearing 'Pejacsevic' trousers.

The Town Major's office attempted to halt the flood, but in vain. Officers who were stopped for being improperly dressed replied that the Corps Commander himself had worn such trousers, and when questioned, Pejacsevic had to admit that it was true. Soon the elegant primrose trousers were being worn in every garrison city in the Empire, even on the streets of Vienna itself.

Following that Town Major's complaints, the General commanding Vienna Corps asked for an audience with Emperor Franz Josef — the only man who could forbid this sartorial frivolity — but the Emperor refused to do so. Instead, he told the irate Corps Commander that the poorly-paid officers had few pleasures in life, so if they wished to spend their money on these trousers, he had no intention of stopping them, although he, himself, would continue to wear old-fashioned sail-cloth.

So the Dress Regulations of the Austro-Hungarian Army were amended, authorising officers to wear close-fitting worsted trousers of pale primrose in hot weather — and all because a General tore his trousers in a pool of pig slurry.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Military Museum (Heeres-Geschichtliches Museum) is at the Arsenal in Vienna. It is open every day except Friday and public holidays. The prime exhibit recalls that dreadful day in June, 1914 when Sarajevo first came to the world's attention: the car in which Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife were riding when they were assassinated by a gang of Serb murderers. Further information about this museum may be obtained from: the Austrian National Tourist Office, 30 St. George Street, London W1R 0AL, telephone: 071-629 0461.

THE NORTH COAST OF ICELAND

by Muriel Barnett

SINCE my teens I have dreamed of Iceland. And to my regret always let other considerations come in my way. It would cost too much in the 'hungry thirties'. Friends questioned my sanity in yearning to holiday in the Arctic! My husband preferred to relax in warmer climates. I let myself be persuaded. But not that summer of 1983. No, I was determined to visit Iceland at last — aged 74.

With a like-minded friend I sailed by a Danish boat from Scrabster in the north of Scotland through the Faroes to the east coast of Iceland disembarking at Seydisfjordur.

Customs procedures were minimal and soon we found the road-coach waiting on the quayside, narrow like the dirt road ahead of it, and sturdy to defy its rough surface. Some of the private cars that had travelled on the same boat as us charged ahead to shake us off — in vain. Others crawled apprehensively behind us into the forbidding grey-and-white landscape on a road banked high above raging snow-melt torrents. Most of Iceland's main roads are unmetalled — as a policy. That way the country more easily qualified for development loans from the UN. Reindeer stared. We stared back. Rain pelted, but three hours later we made it into Egilstaddir in brilliant sunshine. Weather unpredictability is a feature of Iceland. Sunshine persisted too until well after I had gone to bed at 10.30 at night with the final whistle of the football match played outside my window still ringing in my ears.

Egilstaddir looked a prosperous little settlement. It began as late as 1944 with 100 people. Now it boasts a knitting factory, a printing works, and two flourishing building firms. The bus set us down at our hotel. It didn't look like one. A large square barn-like edifice. Plain wooden door. No name displayed. No bright lights. My companion, a botanist, rapturised over a cushion of lavender-pink Moss Campion on a bank of black volcanic dust near the entrance while I wondered if it really was where we had booked in.

Finally we pushed our way in, and found an inviting Reception Area, and were each allotted a comfortable bedroom with its own bathroom. Afternoon coffee — not tea — was dispensed from a kona machine and there was no limit set to our consumption of it.

Next day, after a visit to the Supermarket — yes, a supermarket almost on the Arctic Circle — we made for the tiny airport. A small Icelandair plane landed on the run-way, followed by a pint-sized scarlet mail-plane, which we made fun of — and Judgment followed.

We checked the luggage we could see being trundled out on wagons towards the Icelandair machine. Horror of horrors, ours was missing. A second later I spotted it on a wheel-barrow heading for the bright-red 'dinkie toy' plane.

'Akureyri, Akureyri,' I wailed rushing out on to the tarmac waving our

air-tickets. Amused smiles from the baggage-handler.

'You will enjoy,' he assured us grinning, and slung our 'traps' on to the back passenger seat. Three teenage girls, munching their way through bags of fish crisps — the equivalent of our potato crisps — were already aboard. Our arrival with our luggage filled all available seats.

For the next hour we skimmed, bumped and wheeled over a cold grey desert where we were told Armstrong had practised his moon-walk. Here and there we espied an ice-cap in the distance, or a not-so-long-extinct volcanic crater beneath us. An occasional jet of steam from some underground inferno startled us. At last we banked steeply and flew low along a mountainside to land gently as a moth on the Akureyri airstrip built on ground reclaimed from the Eyafjordur on which the town stands. On the free taxiphone we contacted an English-speaking voice, who gave us the number of his hire-car and promised to be with us in a few minutes. And he was. Soon we were being driven through heavy rain to No. 5 Scholastigur, (School Road), where we had booked in on a bed-and-breakfast basis.

On our first day in Akureyri we lunched off halibut at Hotel Kea, and between heavy showers explored the town. The twin-spired church, stood proudly at the top of a flight of nearly eighty steps, and was built in 1940. Indeed, all churches in Iceland seemed to me to have been built recently albeit on sites of earlier ones. At Skaholt in the south of the country, the Church building we visited was the eleventh on the same foundation.

We met the Lutheran Pastor of the Akureyri Church. He told us that the windows behind the altar had come from Coventry Cathedral, and that those on the side aisles had been designed and made in Exeter. A model of a sailing-ship hung from the ceiling. I told him a similar one hanging in a church in Saltcoarts in Ayrshire, was fashioned by an ancestor of mine in gratitude for his safe return from the Battle of Copenhagen. That was tactless of me. Iceland was Danish until 1944.

Next day I went swimming. The reception area was littered with discarded shoes, so I kicked off mine, and paid five Kroner at the desk for an elastic band with locker-key attached, No. 29. I was handed on to a stern-faced woman attendant in hospital white, who piloted me towards the locker-room full of nude women, girls, toddlers and infants in arms. I divested myself of my numerous layers of British underwear and stuffed them into Locker 29, and donned my swim suit. 'Oh no!', the 'warder' signalled that it had to come off, and I was led to the showers. Soap-dispensers were being liberally used by another batch of nudists. I lathered vigorously with the rest, and noticed the attendant did not take her eyes off me until she was sure I had skimped nothing. At last, swim-suited, I went outside and gasped for breath in the snow-frozen air. But the pool was warm, like new milk, heated for free geothermally. I swam until I tired, and then followed a group of bathers into a hotter steamier bath with seats all round where I sat like an ancient Roman up to my neck in aqueous bliss. So warm did I become that I didn't feel the cold of the air on my way back into the building for further nakedness in shower — and

locker-room. I couldn't fathom the hair-drying arrangements so I rammed on my Donegal woolly cap and floated on a cloud of well-being back to No. 5 Scholastigur.

Meanwhile my companion had found another wonder at this high latitude, a Botanic Garden full of bloom, using underground heat for beds and hothouses. When she took me there later I could scarcely believe the display of asters, azaleas, tulips and dahlias, not to mention the two thousand less-known special plants all classified and labelled. Trees lined the walks, not tall but remarkable, for Iceland is practically treeless.

Akureyri besides woollen factories processes fish for export. But it was the Museum which impressed me most. Domestic appliances from early days were on display in profusion dating from the turf-built housing years when by candlelight during the long dark days of winter the Icelanders used to read aloud to each other the adventures and feuds of the early ninth century first settlers. These were the Vikings who found a land almost uninhabited except for a few Irish monks who had come in the wake of St. Brendan's famous sixth-century voyage from Ireland.

St. Brendan, so it is written, seeing fiery flames issuing from this new land took it to be the gateway to Hell. There is an amusing legend too. He is purported to have found as he approached Iceland, a solitary sorry-looking figure squatting on an ice-covered island who turned out to be Judas Iscariot cooling off from the fires of Hell, on his annual day off!

The Vikings came from Scandinavia in the ninth century via Scotland and Ireland picking up slaves en route. These first settlers were the 'bad boys' outlawed from their own country. Halldor Laxness, the Icelandic writer, made this point in his books, and was ostracised for disloyalty to his 'fathers' until international fame as a Nobel prize-winner in 1955 changed all that.

Matthias Jocumsson's house to the west of Akureyri was a surprise. This ninteenth century Icelandic poet, who wrote the words of the Icelandic national anthem, bought the property almost on the Arctic Circle as a suitable house to retire to. And I could swear he had purchased the furniture from the same emporium as did my grandparents. It reminded me too of Carlyle's house in Chelsea. Horse-hair sofas, tasselled table-cloths, lace-curtains, sombre potted plants, the lot. The house was built early in the last century, and the furniture was brought from his previous home in the south of the country.

Myvatn was our objective on the following day. We booked through an agency in Akureyri, and found that the girl who attended to us had a mother who hailed from Glasgow. We boarded a coach and set off in rain to travel fifty kilometres east of Akureyri. By the time we arrived at Godafoss, the Fall of the Gods, the weather was fair. We were let loose on the rough lava to photograph the unbelievable display of cascading water. Then, as we skirted the southern shores of Lake Myvatn, the sun had won the day. I saw my first pseudo-crater, where a sudden jet of water-vapour had burst forth from the earth's fiery depths in a one-off phenomenon. Cameras clicked towards the many species of wild duck that

are attracted to Myvatn's myriads of midges and mosquitos, which gives Myvatn its name. We reached Reykjahlid on the lake's northern shore in a minor heat-wave. At the hotel, we were served as main course for the third day running, halibut. And we were to live to enjoy much more of this fish.

In the afternoon, shedding anoraks and jerseys in the heat, we mounted the coach and left Reykjahlid on our journey to Myvatn's famous hot springs. They are awe-inspiring. Steam jets hissed through fearsome vents. A plan, already afoot, to harness this source of power was at that time in political abeyance. We saw from a distance some of the control buildings. Everywhere we heard the loud hiss of steam, and the gobble-gobble of mud springs, bubbling in the sulphurous yellow and grey flat ground. At one point I was warned to stand back lest I fell through and lost a limb in the burning rock beneath.

A few kilometres further on, we were shown fissures that steamed more gently. To these, Icelanders used to repair with soap and sponge for a good scrub — until eight months before our visit, when the practice was banned as being too hot for safety.

Myvatn is geologically so unstable that we were not surprised to learn that another cycle of fissure eruptions were expected daily. Yet, despite this unpredictability, Myvatn region boasts the largest farm in Iceland. We were shown one field no longer planted with potatoes as the last lot had 'been dug up cooked'.

And so into the coach again. The driver, negotiating hair-pin bends at speed, decided we needed entertainment — or he did. He activated his cassette-player. All in Icelandic language as it was, we had no difficulty in identifying the antics of Punch and Judy.

We made it finally safely back to Akureyri and a supper of halibut at Hotel Kea. But the day was not yet over. By midnight we were standing on the topmost step of the church to watch the sun kiss the surface of the waters of the Eyafjord by way of night.

Then it was Saturday, and since no-one works on that day, no buses were laid on. We had to walk to the Municipal Museum on the eastern outskirts. There, besides enjoying the exhibition of earlier domestic tools and furniture, I found small pieces of jet-black obsidian for sale. These, the custodian told me, found a ready market in Iceland, since their presence in any house is an amulet against fire. I bought some to bring home for friends in Scotland.

Early on Sunday, we boarded another stoutly built Icelandic service bus. (There are no trains in Iceland.) For nine hours we were to travel west and south to reach Rekyjavik, the capital city. Alas, it was goodbye to Akureyri and the north of Iceland. I could not at my age say with any confidence, as I watched the trim white homesteads of the town recede, 'I'll be back'.

Literary Supplement

HEGEL FOR 1992

The End of History and the Last Man. Francis Fukuyama. Hamish Hamilton. £20.00.

Francis Fukuyama, a Japanese American, became an American celebrity when his article 'The End of History?' appeared in the American journal *The National Interest* in the summer of 1989, and captured the mood of excitement surrounding the collapse of the Soviet Empire. His essay was singularly well-timed. He expanded it into a book, and was sufficiently sure of his case to remove the query he had attached to the thesis. The book has won even wider acclaim than did the article. But it has also received criticism: the Left recognises that Marx, who also was a student of Hegel, is now demodé (in Britain the C.P. changed its name to the 'Democratic Left,' as did its twins in Europe); Hegel's intellectual heirs in Europe do not recognise the golden age, for which they have long struggled, as being merely the Great American Way, with bourgeois hedge-enclosed villas in the affluent white suburbs, equipped with McDonalds and supermarkets in plenty near at hand. British academics-turned-politicians, many of whom, like Denis Healey, started off on the far Left but worked their passage to the Centre-Right, wince at the reflections of a fellow-traveller who finds the middle-class way of life all too acceptable.

It was Fukuyama's hero, the German philosopher Hegel, who saw history as ending in 1806, when Napoleon's revolutionary (or Imperial?) France defeated the Prussians at Jena; this, for Hegel, represented the triumph of the Right of Man over effete monarchies, aristocracies and the ancien regime. It may not be the happiest of parallels to invoke, since France after 1806 has had at least four Revolutions and five new Constitutions; and much of it has twice been over-run by foreign occupying armies. So Hegel as prophet bluntly got it wrong. It was another of Fukuyama's heroes, Freidrich Nietzsche, who lamented the fate of the last man, condemned as he saw him to comfort and democracy. Why will it now be totally different? What is Fukuyama's secret? Or have we been here before?

His answer is: Science and Technology. The knowledge gained since the Renaissance is now vast, accessible, widely dispersed, and cannot be lost. There can be no more Dark Ages. The world has become one single scientific community. Unlike previous ages, ours is an internationally-oriented and technological era: the USA won the Cold War not by superior arms and the space race, but because Eastern Europe and Asia liked what they saw of the strange New Trans-Atlantic World on the TV screen, and set off walking, or — if they were so well endowed — driving, towards it, stimulated by the technical inefficiency, the food shortages, the waste and inefficiency of central planning, the cruelty and barbarism of Marx' and Lenin's, Stalin's and Khruschev's Utopias that they willingly abandoned. Hegel and Marx have been discarded. The future will be one of permanent liberal democracy, happily equated also with consumerism, urbanism, the automobile and the aeroplane, and the conquest of disease. Now all will be steady progress, world-wide and remorseless: Hegel's synthesis has been reached.

This is a planner's happy vision; and Fukuyama has been a planner in the US State Department until leaving for the Rand think-tank. His argument,

however, is riddled with false assumptions: democracy is a more fragile plant than he recognises. It requires a minimum economic base on which to develop; when that is absent — as in India and Brazil, the Far East and much of Africa — the word is meaningless. Fukuyama dismisses all too easily the emergence of Hitler and of Pol Pot; even today in contemporary Poland, many are worried how long democracy can survive.

There are many aspects of recent history that do not accord with Fukuyama's neo-Hegelianism. He admitted on his recent tour of Europe that he had been surprised by the force of contemporary nationalism. He minimises the significance of one billion Moslems, already irrupting into France, Spain and Italy like the North Africans of nine and ten centuries ago, breeding with abandon and marching to a very different drum. Islamic fundamentalism is a faith and an emotion at least as powerful as 'democratic liberalism'. A similar demographic explosion will in due course hit North America from the South. There are many more themes and problems in our uneasy world than have been dreamed of in Mr. Fukuyama's too-comfortable philosophy.

ESMOND WRIGHT

WHO ARE THE KURDS?

No Friends but the Mountains: the tragic history of the Kurds. J. Bulloch and H. Morris. Illustrated. £16.99.

A most remarkable feature of contemporary history is the increasing force of nationalism, particularly among smaller, hitherto oppressed, peoples. It is a force of which Marxist thought failed to take account, its greatest gap, and Communism has paid heavily for it. Have the Kurds yet reached the state of nationhood? They are mostly conscious of their identity as a people through a common language, folklore, history, etc. Their strivings towards independence would seem to indicate their searching towards this common stage of historic development. But will they reach it?

This informative book gives us the background and the present state of play, and a tragic story it is.

Their home is the mass of mountain country which borders on Turkey, Iraq and Iran, each of which has an interest in suppressing them, or keeping them divided and cornered in their mountains. Turkey has nine million of them, Iran four million, Iraq three million, with several more ethnic blobs detached in Syria, Russia, etc. Perhaps altogether some 15 million if drawn together in a united Kurdistan, controlling the head-waters of Euphrates and Tigris, with oil and minerals. Would it make a viable state?

Metternich described pre-Revolution Germany as a 'tesselated pavement'. The picture here is even more fractured, and makes a dizzying gyroscope. For English readers it reminds one of the history of the Scottish Highlands and the Borders. Dominant features are tribalism, clan loyalties and blood feuds, frenetic killings and, I suppose, ballads — the usual amenities of such societies.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter.
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.

The Kurds produced one great historic figure in Saladin, who defeated the Crusaders and conquered Jerusalem from them. Saddam Hussein was born in Saladin's birthplace, reads history and has been inspired by his career. *Absit omen*! Though not a Kurd, he too rules through his tribe with the added amenities of modern civilisation, poison gas for the Kurds. The British in their

day bombed them ineffectually from the air for not keeping quiet.

Everbody has let the Kurds down, most of all themselves for not being able to pull together. It is like the Greeks confronting the unified power of Rome, or Celts against Anglo-Saxons. Of course we don't need to be told about geographical factors.

It was said that the historian Buckle owed his paralysis of the brain to studying the theological controversies of the 17th century. One can hardly follow the maze of Kurdish internal divisions, feuds and set-backs, to which this book offers a trustworthy guide. The authors hold out no hope of the Kurds achieving a nation state. But who knows? It would be in keeping with the historic tide.

A. L. ROWSE

THE LAST REIGNING HABSBURGS

The Last Empress: The Life and Times of Zita of Austria-Hungary, 1892-1989. Gordon Brook-Shepherd. Harper Collins. £20.00. *A Heart for Europe: The Lives of Emperor Charles and Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary.* Joanna and James Bogle. Gracewing/Fowler-Wright Books.

Anyone who had the privilege of attending the funeral of Empress Zita in Vienna in 1989 could not help but be aware of the irony of history. Slowly through the rain swept streets of Vienna came a procession of village bands, middle-aged men dressed in uniforms of a lost world, women in the colourful (and expensive) dress of Tyrolean peasants and a vast swarm of clergy. Behind it came the huge hearse carrying a tiny coffin: the Habsburg funeral wagon had been brought from the carriage museum at *the* Schönbrunn to carry the last reigning Habsburg to her rest. The tens of thousands of mourners in the narrow streets of the old city, people from every land of the old Empire, took up the words of the noble Imperial anthem written by Haydn. Many Austrians looked slightly ashamed as the cortege passed — ashamed not only at the long exile imposed on their last Empress but at the sight of her eldest son, Archduke Otto, walking with such dignity behind his mother. Here was one of the most distinguished men in Europe allowed but a brief role in his native land while the head of the Austrian Republic hid himself in a corner of the old Imperial palace, unable to visit any respectable nation.

Seven decades before — a brief period in the seven hundred year history of the Habsburg dynasty — the young and beautiful Empress Zita and her young son had walked with her husband, Emperor Karl, behind the same funeral car as the venerable Franz Joseph was carried to his well deserved rest. Perhaps no other monarch in history ever ascended a throne with more problems than Emperor Karl did in 1916. For the next two years he battled to save his Empire and indeed Europe itself from destruction. As a deeply religious man Karl was anxious to end the war, to make territorial sacrifices if necessary and to transform the Empire into a commonwealth. He could not overcome the opposition of his ally, Germany, his own foreign minister and the intrigues of certain Western politicians. Throughout these two tense years, Karl had the constant support of his wife. Indeed the negotiations were carried on by her brothers, who were fighting on the Allied side. At times this sounds like a fairy tale with four young royal champions trying to slay the dragon of war. Yet, unlike a fable, this story ended tragically.

It is a curious feature of European history that revolutions require a Queen to be made into a devil figure. Just as Henriette Maria, Marie Antoinette, Empresses Eugenie and the Tsarina Alexandra were erected into monsters by

rabid revolutionaries, so Empress Zita was portrayed as the 'Italian intriguer', a spy from Austria's most hated enemy.

When the Habsburg Empire collapsed, the Imperial family were driven into exile. Throughout this period and in the two mishandled attempts at restoration, it was Zita who supported her ill husband. After his early death in 1922, it was she who upheld the monarchist cause. She ensured that her son became the best educated Habsburg in history and a man who has not frittered his life away as an embittered 'pretender' but has instead taken up an important role in the European Parliament.

Gordon Brook-Shepherd has long been the most influential English historian of recent Austrian history. For his superb biography of Empress Zita, he was given unrestricted access to Habsburg family archives as well as the assistance of Otto von Habsburg and other members of the family. Mr. Brook-Shepherd had already had the help of the Empress herself when he wrote his distinguished biography of Emperor Karl many years ago. He has unearthed yet more information for this biography that throws new light on many aspects of European history for almost this entire century. Even as a virtually penniless exile in North America, the Empress was consulted by Churchill, Roosevelt, and Mountbatten about the future of Europe after the defeat of Hitler, a man who detested all Habsburgs. Her main concern, as she told President Roosevelt, was to protect 'my peoples' from communism. Mr. Brook-Shepherd has provided a worthy memorial to one of the most tragic and noble figures of our century.

The story of the last Austrian Emperor and his consort is attracting increasing attention. With the break-up of that absurd creation Yugoslavia — a state born of official terrorism in 1914 — and the encouraging if slow return towards the concept of Central Europe, historians and even journalists are looking with sympathy at the last days of Austria-Hungary. Joanna and James Bogle have written a warm tribute to Emperor Karl and Empress Zita which serves as a good introduction to the life of Austria-Hungary's last Emperor and Empress. This account emphasises their deep religious devotion and appears at a time when the Emperor is being considered for canonisation. This book makes no claim to the years of scholarship of Mr. Brook-Shepherd, but it would provide a well-written introduction to the subject. Indeed, it benefits from Mr. Brook-Shepherd's generous help. Only a biographer as devoted to his subject and as sure of his mastery of it as Mr. Brook-Shepherd would be so generous to other writers.

RICHARD MULLEN

HERRENVOLK TRANSFERRED

Forgotten Fatherland. The Search for Elisabeth Nietzsche. Ben Macintyre. Macmillan. pp.256. £17.50.

Ironically, just as Germany belatedly flexed colonial muscles, Jewish Zionists were also seeking for land. Large tracts were acquired in Russia, Africa and America. And at the other end of the political spectrum Nueva Germania was being established for the racially pure in Paraguay, in the name of God, Wagner and anti-semitism. Thousands of Germans were already quietly emigrating to South America at the end of the 19th century in search of some spot not snapped up by the British and French; but it took the combined dottiness and teutonic energies of Friedrich Nietzsche's sister Elisabeth to create a proto-Nazi colony proper in the jungle.

Children of the manse, they had a peculiar upbringing in a household of

women only. Elisabeth adored her clever brother, and when for some years he came under the influence of Wagner, she followed. Friedrich, achieving an early (aged 24) professorship in philosophy at Basle, extricated himself from the emotional mire of Herrenvolk and Bayreuth in favour of his own apolyptic vision of Zarathustra. Elisabeth unfortunately married a failed schoolteacher, Bernhard Förster, adding her prejudices to his. He founded the German Peoples' Party, based on virulent anti-semitism, in 1881 and dreamed of an ideal community overseas.

Insanity finally took Friedrich in 1889 (he had contracted syphilis in 1866) and he died at 56, leaving his sister still obsessed by ideas that he had repudiated. She lived long enough to be extolled and buried by Hitler and his regime. And with her control of his papers she successfully tarnished his reputation as a thinker.

Although Förster had already spent some time in South America searching for a place to found his colony, it was Elisabeth who supplied the driving force and such money as there was to settle her imaginary paradise. Finally, in 1886 fourteen saxon families, peasants selected for their purity of blood, trundled their ox carts into the unknown horrors of the Paraguayan jungle, watched by bewildered locals. A large house, the Försterhof, was built for Elisabeth, who continued to write imaginary descriptions of New Germany, for home consumption. Nemesis soon erupted in the person of a sturdy little Antwerp tailor who migrated with a party of ten in 1889. Totally disillusioned, he blew the gaffe with a scathing pamphlet, a final blow to the diminishing colonists. Bernhard, already nervy and drinking heavily, committed suicide, and Elisabeth used her husband's death and her brother's insanity as an opportunity to return home. It was her duty, she said, to care for him.

Ben Macintyre in this book, *Forgotten Fatherland*, describes his own difficult journey through the Paraguayan jungle to find a desolate tiny community and last remnant of New Germany. Still a Nazi haven (refuge to the Auschwitz 'Angel of Death', Mengele) it survives as a living reminder of Nazi ideas. But the lost tribe is fast dying, ironically through miscegenation since there are no more Germans to marry.

MOLLY MORTIMER

GERMAN LEADER

My Life in Politics. Willy Brandt. Hamish Hamilton. £20.00.

Germany, united, with its serious troubles after unification, is now in the centre of interest and attention. It is therefore really helpful to have at hand the autobiography of Willy Brandt, now 80, who has a fascinating and instructive story to tell about what he did in politics, leaving out his private life as the title indicates.

Willy Brandt is an extraordinary and very genuine international figure. He started as the illegitimate son of a worker in Lubeck, the port on the Baltic. His father did not realize he had this son for many years. His grandfather on his mother's side brought him up as a straightforward German Social Democrat. He had to flee, of course, changing his name from Frahm to Brandt. As an active Socialist he managed to get to Norway and then escaped to Sweden. He went on dangerous underground missions to Norway after the Germans had seized it. He reveals that he and many others survived because old-fashioned cannons in Oslo harbour sank the German cruiser on which were all the Gestapo with their files. He served in the Norwegian Occupation Force in Berlin but entered German political life encouraged by senior German

Social Democrats. In fact, today he is the only post-war politician who worked in the Underground during the last war. Brandt, and this is often ignored, is the only North German who played a key role in post-war German politics. Leaders like Adenauer, Kiesinger and Kohl belong to the South and West and Genscher is from Central Germany.

Brandt gives a detailed account of his step by step rise to power, first to becoming Mayor of Berlin, then to advance to leadership of the Social Democrat Party, Foreign Minister and Chancellor. He goes into detail on the endless negotiations on Coalition governments, made inevitably by Germany's Proportional Representation system. He records also step by step, his new 'Ostpolitik', his successful and shrewdly timed efforts to relax relations with what was then the powerful and dangerous Soviet Union and its now vanished Warsaw Pact Alliance.

As a traditional pre-war Social Democrat he was always wary of Soviet Communist tactics. He could make argreements with Soviet leaders and meet leaders like Breshnev and Gomulka of Poland. His Ostpolitik of 25 years ago made the abandoning of the Soviet position in Germany, the dropping of East Germany by Gorbachev, easier, without anyone knowing in advance. In fact one of the really fascinating features of Brandt's record is that he had no idea of the Soviet collapse. He goes into intricate details about the implications of his success in cohabiting with Eastern Bloc countries. Even in his Postscript, November 1989, he does not foresee the sudden unification a few months later. This suggests a sudden collapse of the will to rule in the Soviet Communist Party leadership which has not been properly appreciated and examined.

Having done his major part in easing the East-West tensions, Brandt, having had to resign as Chancellor because he had an East German spy, Guillaume, on his staff, took a leading initiative in easing the North-South tension, between the rich North and the poor South in the much praised but practically ignored Brandt Commission of which Sir Edward Heath was also a leading member. Brandt is a genuine internationalist and fervent European. He even unearthed a 1925 resolution of the German Social Democratic Party in favour of a United Europe.

Brandt, of course, has met most of the important people of the post-war era. He was Mayor of Berlin, when Kennedy made his famous Berlin speech. But his fervent admiration is reserved for de Gaulle. He paid homage to him visiting his grave privately during an official visit to France, just as he knelt before the memorial, in Warsaw, to the six million Jews killed by the Nazis.

There are amusing encounters related; a meeting, for instance, with George Brown, then Foreign Secretary, during the ups and downs of negotiations for Britain's entry into what was then the EEC. He quotes Brown appealing to him: 'Willy, you must get us in, so we can take the lead'. He calls Lord Callaghan reasonable and Mrs. Thatcher 'contentious'. Brandt may still play a part in a serious EC crisis.

LEO MURAY

MEMSAHIBS MILITANT

French Memsahib. Taya Zinkin. Stoke Abbot: Thames Harmsworth Publishing. 1989. 204pp. £12.95. *Under the Old School Topee.* Hazel Innes Craig. BACSA London. 1990. 185pp. £9.00. *Curries and Bugles.* Jennifer Brennan. Viking. 1900. *Diaries and Letters from India 1895-1900.* Violet Jacob. Canongate. Edinburgh. 1990. 213pp. £16.95. *Forthrights and Meanders.* Katharine Lethbridge. Merlin Books, Braunton, Devon. 1988. 155pp. £6.95.

After a century of animadversion, blamed by the Kipling tradition for wrecking race relations and promoting a stuffy society in India (but who, after all created the Anglo-Indian problem...) the memsahibs are biting back with their pens.

A clutch of delightful and lighthearted books have now provided a feminine angle no longer monopolised by missionaries and Mrs. Hawksbee. As an aperitif there is the unlikely French Memsahib, Taya Zinkin, journalist and doctor manqué. One of the frustrations for memsahibs is the barrier put up between them and any kind of career. Taya begins provocatively that she had always thought India was French — after all: Dakar, Pondicherry, Mahé etc. She obviously thinks France would have done a better job. But married to a 'Son of heaven' (the Indian Civil Service), she did appreciate their brilliance and astonishing lack of racism — for men that is. Taya worked through the full horror of racism in the partition massacres, scraping through some nasty accidents. But one of the more touching episodes was her friendship with Indira Gandhi, then a shy and frail young wife, unlike the dazzling hostess and forceful Prime Minister known to the world.

Memsahib *malgré lui*, Taya probably would not have appreciated the French botanist Victor Jacquemont who wrote in 1831: 'One has to have travelled in the Punjab to realise what an immense benefit the domination of the English in India is to humanity. What misery 80 million people are spared by it!' Taya remains convinced — they do these things better in France, especially language and education. Nothing could be less French than *Under the Old School Topee*. There was no vision of civilization in the evolution of Hill Station Schools for Europeans. The empirical British, finding the Hills healthy for invalids and ergo for children, saved money and heartbreak by establishing schools. There was one Frenchman of vision, Claude Martin who founded the Martinière colleges and bequeathed much of his fortune to Anglo-Indian education when he died in 1800. For those many English brought up on awful stories of separation, (like Kipling's 'Ba Ba Black Sheep'), it is a surprise to learn that over 100 Hill Station schools had been set up since 1820 where Europeans could have a minor public school education. These were mostly open to other races though few Indians or Eurasians chose to pay for an education that showed no professional or social value.

The first half of this book provides an excellent summary of European education in India, including the many church and mission schools, with, alas, all their quarrels. Indeed, Sir Andrew Fraser writing in the *Contemporary Review* (April 1911) condemns French, German and Belgian brotherhood schools as incapable of teaching the proper traditions of Anglo-Saxon India. (Protestant of course.)

Hazel Innes Craig, herself educated at Mt. Hermon, Darjeeling, with a twin brother close by, fills the second half of her book with first-hand anecdotes and nostalgic team photographs straight from Angela Brazil, including the perennial schoolgirl complaints about grub with unmentionable names. Any one of Hazel's classmates might have contributed to *Curries and Bugles*, for they all knew what a good curry should be. This is an attractive coffee table book, with over 200 recipes, interspersed with snippets about Indian cuisine and anecdotes to delight the browser. Lady Curzon's account of an official breakfast in Hyderabad is enough to arouse admiration for her alimentary courage: 'We began with Muligatawny soup, with fourteen courses to follow, ending with ice cream. The Nizam ate it all'.

Violet Jacob's *Diaries and Letters, 1895 to 1900* present a rather more

austere picture of a detached mem, deeply engrossed in writing, painting, even illness and insects, and earning the respect of such literary men as John Buchan and Housman. Her years covered a seemingly tranquil state in central India, almost a 'still' of army life at the end of the century and era.

In contrast, Katharine Lethbridge presents a rumbustious and deeply committed life. Born in Simla in 1903 of the ubiquitous ICS most of her childhood was spent in England and America, but she returned to India in 1923 for a surfeit of social life punctuated by purdah parties and eating off gold plate, 'and nasty it is, not to be envied'.

While a study of Urdu gave Katharine some appreciation of Indian culture — old in Alexander's time — marriage to a Sapper, Jack Lethbridge, and removal to Roorkee, headquarters of the Royal Engineers provided evidence of the practical value of the Raj. Here was the workshop of British India with everything from a civil engineering college to every kind of engineer, surveyor, plumber and even two elephants. On leave, Katharine and Jack mapped and sapped their way to Spiti and the wilder borders of Tibet, where you slept with your gun not under your pillow, but under your knees where there was a chance of grabbing it first. Like Kim, they met their Lama philosopher high up, 13,000 feet, in Dankhar, where they sat on a stone floor discussing Krishna and Christ. This was not quite like Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, but Katharine nostalgically records it as part of that unique and forgotten life of British India, gone now for ever.

MOLLY MORTIMER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Forster Country. (Flaunden Press. £16.50.) Margaret Ashby's book centres on the history of a few square miles of Hertfordshire countryside surrounding Rook's Nest House, the home of E. M. Forster who lived there with his widowed mother from 1883 to 1893, when he became 14. The area was known as Forster Country after 1946, when he broadcast an appeal to save the fields and woods round his childhood home from the threatened urban development. The story of Forster's life there is linked with the history of the Howards and neighbouring families, for *Howards End* is the name he chose for his fourth novel where the setting and some of the characters are recognizable as local. The book is charming, informative and well provided with photographs, maps, bibliography and index.

A Full Service Bank: How BCCI Stole Millions Round the World. (Simon & Schuster. £16.00.) The fully exposed story of what Robert Morgenthau called 'the largest bank scandal in world finance history' is an account by James Ring Adams and Douglas Frantz of their four-year long investigation of BCCI. The facts are taken from previously unpublished internal bank documents, the minutes of executive meetings and extensive interviews. Only when the bank was shut down, on the 5th of July 1991, simultaneously in the UK, the USA and five other countries could the authors reveal BCCI as 'a corrupt criminal organization throughout its 19-year history'.

The Changing Face of America. (Simon & Schuster. £20.) Peter C. Jones has compiled an anthology of photographs in black and white by some of the most distinguished photographers in the USA. These include Alfred Stieglitz, Margaret Bourke-White, Dorothea Lange and several others. They are without exception impressive and the author's introduction to each of ten chapters is an education in the art of the camera.

Contemporary Review

126th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER 1992

TWO-PARTY POLITICS IN AMERICA
David N. Thomas

THE UK PRESIDENCY OF THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY
Michael L. Nash

DISCOVERING COLUMBUS: A BIBLIOGRAPHIC PROBE
Esmond Wright

THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF RURITANIA
R. D. Kernohan

and other articles together with a ten-page Literary Supplement.

£2.20

Contemporary Review

Incorporating The Fortnightly

September 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1520 Founded 1866

Contents *Page*

The UK Presidency of the European Community	Michael L. Nash	**113**
Two-Party Politics in America	David N. Thomas	**117**
The Tragedy of Tibet	Paul Ingram	**122**
French Nuclear Testing in the South Pacific	Keith Suter	**126**
Can Tourism Save Cuba's Communist System?	Habeeb Salloum	**130**
Discovering Columbus: a Bibliographic Probe	Esmond Wright	**136**
Poem: Envoi	Tim Hopkins	**141**
The Subsequent History of Ruritania	R. D. Kernohan	**142**
Hungary: Two Cheers for Democracy?	Emil Rado	**148**
Poem: The Ultimate Forgiveness	Pam Gidney	**150**
Singapore Remembers	George Evans	**151**
Richard Hamilton — an Illustrator of Ideas	Muriel Julius	**155**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		**159**
A. L. Rowse, Esmond Wright, Molly Mortimer, Richard Mullen, R. D. Kernohan, Leo Muray, Paul St. John Mackintosh.		
Shorter Reviews		**167**

Editor: DR. RICHARD MULLEN

Associate Editor: ANSELMA BRUCE

Literary Editor: BETTY ABEL

Finance Director: LEONARD SKIPP

Editorial Advisors:

PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

© 1992. Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage), U.K. £29.00, U.S.A. and Canada $130.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U S Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.

(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

September 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1520

THE UK PRESIDENCY OF THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

by Michael L. Nash

THE Presidency of the European Community[1] is one of those conventions which have grown up, rather like the conventions of the unwritten British constitution, and have now become institutionalized. Not mentioned in the original Treaty of Rome, it was first acknowledged in the Single European Act.[2] What is the Presidency (strictly, of the European Council of Ministers)? It is the rotating office held by each of the member states, originally in alphabetical order according to the name of the state in the native language.[3] It is six months' stewardship of Community affairs.[4] It is the opportunity for (the member state) to display its European credentials by advancing the cause of Union and stamping its own 'vision' on the future of the Community. It is 'being in the European limelight'. It is occupying the 'Presidential cockpit' for six months.[5]

Thus it gives the member state the chance to choose themes for its Presidency, even to choose its own logo. The logo for the UK Presidency, which runs from July 1 to December 31, 1992, was chosen as long ago as February 5, before the General Election, thereby showing a certain confidence and optimism on the part of the Conservative Party. At a special launch, the Foreign Secretary, Douglas Hurd, introduced the logo of the UK Presidency, a silver lion, looking as if it were chasing the twelve stars of the Community, or, according to less kind interpretations, trampling on or devouring the stars. It was, to the ruling party, 'A lion at the heart of Europe — an energetic, lively, intelligent lion'. It lacked a name. A competition for children to name the lion was also launched, and eventually he received the name 'Rory' (horrible pun or sop to the Scots?) from a little girl of nine, Catherine Louise Mann, who felt the UK would be 'fierce, but kind with decisions'.[6]

Thus launched, christened and window-dressed, what will be the themes of the UK Presidency? Its last Presidency was in 1986, when Margaret Thatcher was Prime Minister. She gave the end of term report in Strasbourg, and Britain was then in some respects the blue-eyed boy of Europe, for we had signed the Single European Act before anyone else. This Presidency will be our fourth in twenty years. With the present members, the next UK Presidency would be in 1998, but almost certainly

the Community will have been enlarged by then, (one of Britain's themes) so our next Presidency might very well be well into the next century. This may explain the publicity of the launch. It may also explain the Queen's state visits to France and Germany this year, and the significance attached to them, and even the royal visit to Malta, which is an applicant state.

Interestingly one of the points which bothers Malta most in its application is how it itself would deal with the Presidency, for it places a strain on the resources and skills of even the largest member states.[7] The UK is placing more emphasis this time on the part Wales and Scotland play in an integrated UK, and the European Council in December will take place with some splendour and ceremony in the royal palace of Holyroodhouse in Edinburgh.

History is a game with its own rules, so although a member state may choose themes, it also inherits problems and unresolved disputes from the previous presidency, and it cannot necessarily anticipate what will happen in the wider political scene during the current six months. The Lisbon 'summit' of late June 1992 has at least decided that Jacques Delors may extend his own Presidency of the Commission by two years — until 1995, when the Presidential term will be extended from four to five years. M. Delors may have ambitions for the French Presidency, and so this extended term serves also the purpose of keeping him in high office until then. The other candidates, Ruud Lubbers and Sir Leon Brittan, are left cooling their heels until next time. It shows the unwisdom of saying you have things practically tied up, as Lubbers is on record as saying.

Because a presidency is six months out of time, it does not in itself interrupt the flow of world events. The troika system of foreign ministers — of the previous, the present and the next presidencies — is therefore a very good idea in the co-ordination of foreign policy, only recently in a treaty sense part of the brief of the European Community. The themes of the UK Presidency, which are the completion of the Single Market and the Enlargement of the Community, have to be seen embedded in other current and on-going issues. The ratification of the Maastricht Treaty, the second revision of the original Treaty of Rome, now of course has received a setback after the Danish Referendum result, but in some way it will be confirmed within the next few months, and the question for the UK is whether ratification of Maastricht must *precede* negotiations for enlargement or whether negotiations can begin anyway. After Lisbon, it would seem the former option has been chosen already. Britain favoured the latter, but this option ran the risk of accusation of clouding the issue to its own advantage, as enlargement will necessarily be 'widening' at the expense of 'deepening' the Community, and part of Maastricht is strengthening the institutions. After thirty years, the institutional structure is no longer suited to the needs of an expanded Communiy— it must be changed in some way.[8]

The real *leitmotif* of the coming Presidency is not of course Rory the lion but economic and financial convergence within the member states, the

implementation of the package known as Delors II. This links many different issues, such as the proposition that there can be no genuine single market without a single currency, leading in turn to the vexatious question as to where the European Central Bank should be, and also the European Monetary Institute. It should of course, by logic, be sited in the most important financial centre in Europe, namely London. But has London forfeited its chances, because of the UK Government's attitude towards Delors II? Or can some compromise be reached, whereby the bank is situated in London but with a German President? (This was the compromise solution with the European Bank of Reconstruction and Development — situated in London but with a French President.) Or if it must be in Germany, then not in Frankfurt, but in Bonn, to compensate for its lost status as the capital of a federal and united state.[9]

Germany also raises the question of the number of MEPs and the next European elections in 1994. Britain must address the issues of a redistribution of MEPs in the light of an expanded Germany, and what kind of common electoral process can be used in 1994. John Major has already conceded the possibility of some kind of proportional representation for the European elections for Britain, while ruling out such an internal national possibility, (except, contradictorily, for Northern Ireland). Interestingly, in this context, the European Parliament has indicated, in the Martin Report[10], that it would not give its assent to future enlargement unless 'the democratic deficit' was eliminated. If not eliminated, this means some important concessions to the decision and law-making functions of the European Parliament. This may well include, as Maastricht provides for, the election of the President of the Commission by Parliament.

The UK's promotion of new member states thus has to be linked with other issues. The British Presidency should recognize that the arguments for majority voting on nearly all matters become overpowering as the Community increases from 12-16 and later on to 20, 24, or even more members. Providing future financing is settled, the negotiations for the admission of new states, (Austria, Sweden, Finland, Switzerland and perhaps Norway being in the first line) could then open in late 1992 or early 1993, aiming at accession in 1995.[11] The negotiations should be facilitated by the recent agreement on the European Economic Area, the sharing of many resources and schemes and expertise by the states of the European Community and the European Free Trade Area. Then Turkey, Cyprus and Malta must be considered. 'All are European democracies', said Tristan Garel-Jones, perhaps surprisingly.[12] Association Agreements with Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia (over whose integrated future there now hangs a doubt) crucially all acknowledge the prospect of eventual membership.

Whatever happens, both the UK and the European Community will not be quite the same the other side of the current presidency. Britain must emphasise that the state holding the presidency has a duty first and foremost to manage Community and inter-Governmental business, and it must be seen to prioritize this. In doing so and being seen as the guardian

TWO-PARTY POLITICS IN AMERICA

by David N. Thomas

CAMPAIGN '92 marks the bicentennial of the unanimous re-election of George Washington as well as the centennial of the defeat of a Republican incumbent, Benjamin Harrison. It will be the fifty-second presidential election since the implementation of the United States Constitution in 1788. These campaigns have resulted in the selection of forty American presidents, only thirteen of whom have been re-elected to a second full four-year term. With a ninety per cent approval rating during Desert Storm last year, George Bush appeared to be well on his way to becoming the fourteenth incumbent to achieve that distinction. Perhaps he might have even come close to replicating the Washington achievement of 1792. After a steady decline in the polls, however, there is now the possibility of his sharing the Harrison fate of 1892 by becoming the tenth sitting president defeated in a re-election campaign. In that year the rise of the Populists split the Republican Party, allowing the Democrats to gain an upset victory over an incumbent president.

The sixty point drop in George Bush's approval rating has been one of the most significant developments of recent American presidential politics. Reasons for that presidential misfortune are complex. The victory over Iraq was almost simultaneous with the triumph over communism and the ending of the Cold War. Unfortunately for President Bush, those sweeping events of 1991 had the same effect as the terminations of the World Wars in 1918 and 1945 in shifting popular attention from diplomacy to domestic affairs. Observance of the fiftieth anniversary of Pearl Harbour at the end of last year further made the point that for most of this century Americans have been entangled in the problems of the world.

Suddenly in January of this year there was a clamorous, media-driven demand that full attention now be focused on domestic problems. It resulted in a growing consensus that in deference to the interests of the world, American political leadership had ignored growing problems in health care, education, the environment and the economy. In spite of the fact that solutions to these problems would cost enormous sums of money, there was also a growing demand that the awesome problem of the federal deficit be solved. The contradiction posed by those demands created a public frustration extremely damaging to the incumbent president who quickly plummeted in public opinion polls. To an almost unbelievable extent the hero of Desert Storm in 1991 became the political *bête noire* of 1992. The most common complaints against the President were that he had broken his pledge not to raise taxes and his alleged disinterest in the economy which had been troublesome since early 1990. As an ideological centrist, Bush was an easy target from both ends of the political spectrum. Many Americans seem to believe that the nation is economically declining and a change in political leadership is necessary.

When the campaign began in March, Bush became one of the few

recent presidents ever to encounter serious intra-party opposition. A conservative journalist and former presidential speech writer in the Reagan administration, Patrick Buchanan, entered the presidential preferential primaries as a Republican. In the first contest in New Hampshire he received about a third of the votes, signalling the fact that the President was in serious political trouble. The last incumbent president running for re-election seriously challenged in the New Hampshire primary was Lyndon Johnson in 1968. He soon withdrew from the contest. Fortunately for President Bush, New Hampshire, a very conservative state, was Buchanan's most successful venture. As the primary season wore on, the challenger's support steadily declined.

Though badly crippled, Bush was soon assured of renomination long before the Convention in August. In spite of his renomination, an honour not denied an incumbent since 1884, Bush is starting this Fall's campaign without a strongly united party. He is running the risk of having only mild support from the right wing of the Republican Party alienated over such issues as taxation and public support for avant garde art. These were among the principal complaints against the President which energized the Buchanan campaign. Vice-President Dan Quayle, whose selection four years ago was calculated to balance the Republican ticket, has been given the task of holding the Right Wing of the party in the November election. Bush's re-election may depend on the success of that assignment. In desperation, Secretary of State James Baker resigned his post in mid-August to direct the President's re-election campaign.

By the autumn of 1991, Democrats interested in their party's presidential nomination were obliged to organize their campaigns and register with the Federal Elections Commission. Because of the President's popularity in the wake of Desert Storm, none of that party's potentially winning candidates was willing to challenge an apparently impregnable incumbent. By the time of Bush's decline in the polls, it was too late to enter Campaign '92. Among those Democrats who did organize a campaign was the nation's longest serving governor, Bill Clinton of Arkansas, a border southern state. He had been active in the Democratic Leadership Council organized in the 1980s to move that party away from its left wing and toward the centre of the political spectrum. It was a project similar to the effort made recently by Neil Kinnock of the British Labour Party. Clinton soon emerged as the new leader of the Democrats assured of his party's presidential nomination at the national convention held in July. By the time of that convention party liberals were generally reconciled to the Arkansas governor whose name was placed in nomination by Governor Mario Cuomo of New York, generally regarded as the strongest leader of that wing of the party. Just before the start of the convention, Clinton chose United States Senator Albert Gore from the candidate's neighbouring state of Tennessee. The Clinton-Gore team is the first all-southern major party presidential ticket in American political history. Its impact on the outcome in November will be interesting.

Meanwhile, adverse publicity reflecting on the character of the new Democratic Party leader seemed to diminish his capacity to challenge the

Republicans in spite of his easy victories in the contests for the presidential nomination. The prospect of an unpopular incumbent President winning re-election without significant Democratic opposition gave rise to what appeared to be one of the most significant independent presidential candidates in American history. For about six months before the Democratic Convention in July, a Texas businessman seemed to be launching a serious presidential campaign outside the two party system.

From the beginning of the Republic private citizens have engaged in diplomatic and political activities at their own expense. The most famous example was the frontier militia leader, Andrew Jackson, who became a national hero by trying to solve border problems in the young nation. He became the seventh American president in 1829. Early in this century Henry Ford gained a large following by his efforts in support of American interests abroad. There was in the early 1920s a short-lived movement to elevate him to the American presidency. In recent years a Texas billionaire business leader, Ross Perot, has acquired fame by leading personal campaigns on behalf of hostages in the Middle East and missing military personnel in Southeast Asia. In addition to those initiatives, Perot has been a frequently quoted commentator on public affairs. He suggests generally simple solutions to complex problems in a manner appealing to a large segment of the American public. For over a decade his admirers have touted him for the presidency in spite of his alleged aversion to politics. John Jay Hooker, an eccentric three-time loser in Tennessee campaigns for governor and the United States Senate, arranged to place Perot before a national television audience early this year.

In February Perot announced his willingness to become an independent presidential candidate. There was an immediate grass-roots movement to circulate petitions to place his name on presidential ballots. In early May polls indicated that he had the support of about a third of the electorate. *Time* magazine has called him the 'Billionaire Populist'. Given his enormous fortune, Perot was soon regarded by some American psephologists as a truly competitive presidential candidate, a real threat to the two-party domination of American presidential politics. By drawing votes away from the Republicans, he could inflict on their candidate the same electoral devastation caused by the Populists a hundred years ago.

Perot's life is one of the great American success stories of the post-World War II era. Suddenly abandoning plans to study law, the east Texas native entered the United States Naval Academy at age nineteen. While earning only mediocre grades, he nevertheless distinguished himself as an undergraduate leader. After only two years of naval service following graduation, however, he resorted to political influence to achieve an early release from what he priggishly called a 'Godless organization' that had subjected him to 'drunken tales of moral emptiness'. Perot's charges of corruption among his superiors at sea were later called 'absolute, total hogwash' by his commanding officer. Senior naval officers at the time described young Perot as 'emotionally maladjusted' and 'too immature to be entrusted with the leadership responsibilities'.

Leaving the Navy in the 1950s at the dawn of the computer age, Perot

carried with him knowledge and experience developed by contact with military electronics. 'I had touched a computer,' he later said, 'at a time when very few people had'. He settled in Dallas employed by IBM as a computer salesman. Almost immediately he was extraordinarily successful, soon earning more income than his corporate superiors. In 1962 at the age of 32 Perot left IBM to form a new corporation, Electronic Data Systems, or EDS, which launched a new venture in the business world called 'out-sourcing', the technique of processing a client's data far more efficiently than a company could do for itself. Again resorting to political influence with fellow Texans in the Lyndon Johnson administration, Perot gained for EDS contracts with the federal government to handle the massive records-keeping for the programmes of Johnson's 'Great Society'. By the end of the Johnson presidency Perot was a billionaire. After twenty-two years, Perot sold EDS to General Motors for $2.55 billion.

Long before that transaction, Perot had acquired world fame because of his frequent involvement in controversies surrounding the Vietnam War and the Prisoners of War problem. He became antagonistic toward public officials of the 1980s perceived to be unco-operative in investigating rumours of American POWs being held in Southeast Asia. That was an emotional problem calculated to increase Perot's popularity among people susceptible to fantasy and conspiracy theories. The leader against whom Perot developed the greatest level of animosity seems to have been Vice-President George Bush.

Perot became obsessed with conspiracy theories which he conveyed to anyone who might help gather incriminating evidence against people suspected of wrongdoing. One of his contacts in the late 1980s was a young reporter for the Dallas *Morning News*, Joe Drape, who says none of Perot's tips ever 'checked out'. In 1987 Drape attended a Dallas 'Roast' for Perot in which the billionaire's admirers exchanged humorous comments about the guest of honour. One of the roasts was to the effect that 'Ross went out for a walk and he got hit by a speed boat'. Another was that 'Ross can talk for two hours on any subject and four hours if he knows a little about it'.

Yet before either of the two established parties nominated their candidates, the Perot candidacy began to collapse. In fact, he had never officially announced his candidacy although he encouraged his supporters to set up Perot organizations in every state. He used his vast wealth to hire professional managers. Once he seemed on the verge of becoming a serious candidate, he was subjected to a barrage of media scrutiny. He was also having great difficulty in finding a running mate. On 16 July, the day that Governor Clinton accepted the Democratic nomination, Perot told a press conference in Dallas that he was dropping out of the race, thus ending the most serious challenge to two party politics in living memory. Perot claimed that he withdrew because he did not want to cause a Constitutional crisis. Perot's withdrawal was followed by a boost in the polls for the Democrat candidate.

The American Constitution assigns each state presidential electors equal

in number to the size of its congressional delegation. That number varies from three in the smallest states to fifty-four in California. In most of the states the candidate winning a plurality of the popular votes in the November election receives all of the electoral votes. In all but three of the nation's fifty-one elections, one of the candidates has won a majority in the so-called electoral college and was thus declared the winner immediately following the popular selection of slates of electors in November. Thus the work of the electors becomes a mere formality in December when they meet in their respective state capital cities. They sign certificates that are forwarded to the president of the United States Senate who formally announces the winner in January even though the outcome has been known for two months.

If no candidate wins at least a bare majority of 270 electors, the United States House of Representatives is assigned the task of choosing the winner from among the top three candidates earlier determined by the electors. In that procedure the ballot is by states whose delegations range in size from one to fifty-two. A state's vote is determined by a majority vote in its delegation. In case of a tie vote among the Representatives of a delegation, that state's vote is not counted. Balloting must continue until one of the presidential contestants receives the vote of at least twenty-six states.

The last time a House election occurred was in 1824 when the plurality winner in the November election, Andrew Jackson, was defeated by John Quincy Adams who had won the second highest number of both popular and electoral votes. Charges of corruption adversely affected the new president's capacity to govern. In the years following that crisis, however, America developed two strong, permanent national parties whose candidates have remained dominant over all challengers. No candidate outside the two-party structure has come even close to threatening the American political establishment. Even the Populists of 1892 got only twenty-two electoral votes and nine per cent of the popular votes. The two major parties absorbed the Populists' ideas and their party soon faded. In spite of the problems of Bush and Clinton in Campaign '92, Ross Perot's withdrawal ensures that two-party politics remains dominant in America as it does in Britain.

[David N. Thomas is Professor of History at Oglethorpe University in Atlanta, Georgia.]

THE TRAGEDY OF TIBET

by Paul Ingram

SINCE 1945 nearly one hundred former colonies have gained their independence, but unfortunately we do not yet live in a post-colonial age, since one huge country was annexed *after* the War, and that country is Tibet. An article in the *New Internationalist* (March 1992), declared Tibet to be 'one of the last outposts of colonialism', and this is surely correct.

Tibet occupies an area of about 600,000 square miles (two-thirds the size of India), and stretches from the Karakoram mountains in the west, to Lake Kokonor in the east, which is situated some 800 miles east of Lhasa, the Tibetan capital. For most of its two thousand year recorded history Tibet has been independent, though the Chinese have claimed it since the 13th century, claims which the Tibetans have rebutted on numerous occasions. The Tibetan population is about 5-6 million.

In 1949/50 Communist China began a brutal occupation, which spells cultural genocide for this Buddhist culture. China justifies this occupation with arguments, which if used by John Major's government, would legitimise the occupation of Southern Ireland on the basis of claims made by the English Plantagenet kings of the 13th century. Not surprisingly, the Chinese encounter problems when justifying their annexation of Tibet at the UN Human Rights Commission, as they have been attempting to do since 1985.

The occupation of Tibet contravenes the UN Charter, which recognises the right of peoples to determine their own destiny. On the basis of similar claims, arising from ancient imperial dynasties, China has also occupied Mongolia (much of which was lost to the former Soviet Union), Manchuria and East Turkistan (Xinjiang). These three areas, together with Tibet, cover over 1½ million square miles, and without them China would be *less than half its present size*, having no border with India, Nepal, Bhutan, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and Korea, and practically none with the former Soviet Union. China is arguably a land empire as the Soviet Union was, and seems destined to suffer a similar fate.

The Chinese stated that they had come to help the Tibetans and 'introduce them to the ways of civilization', the classic justification for colonisation and empire. In October 1950, under threat of war, the Tibetans were forced to sign the '17 Point Agreement' in which the Chinese promised to respect Tibetan religion and culture. These, and many other promises, were systematically broken, resulting in the 'Twenty Years War', in which some 400,000 Tibetans died, in a forlorn attempt to preserve their independence.

The Chinese occupation of Tibet is a double tragedy, not only because of the measureless human misery it has caused, but because 'Tibet was the only ancient culture to survive intact into modern times', whose roots are lost in antiquity, as Fosco Morraine observed. It has been practically

destroyed by the Chinese, when they were ideally suited to bring this unique Tantric Buddhist culture gently into the 20th century. Tibet is now a huge military base having an army of occupation of nearly half a million, together with nuclear missile bases, such as the one at Nagchuka, and parts of Tibet suffer from radiation and industrial pollution.

The old Tibet produced prodigies of art, religious iconography, sculpture, metalwork and literature, and this culture, which would have proved a treasure-trove to the anthropologist, the social historian, the archeologist, the ethnologist, the student of myth and folklore, song and dance, has been virtually obliterated by Chinese communist barbarism. Intimate contact with other ancient cultures, such as those of Egypt, Greece, the Incas or the Aztecs was obviously impossible, but Tibetan culture actually survived until the time of the Suez Crisis.

The Chinese never lose an opportunity to emphasise the supposed cruelty of Tibetan culture, but cruel punishments were largely abolished by the 13th Dalai Lama some ninety years ago, and the defects of the old regime are like a candle to the sun, compared with wholesale Chinese crimes against humanity. Over six thousand monasteries, the repositories of Tibetan learning and culture, were destroyed, leaving only five remaining, reducing the Tibetan landscape to 'a nuclear aftermath' as Mark Braine, a BBC correspondent expressed it. Well over one million Tibetans perished in this holocaust, including nearly one hundred thousand Tibetans tortured to death by the Chinese Public Security Bureau, whose record would surely have excited the admiration of the Gestapo or the Kempeitai, the Japanese military police. About one in five Tibetans have died since 1950, a similar percentage to the war-time Polish dead.

Thousands of Tibetans have perished in the Xining (Sining) labour complex, situated in the former eastern Tibetan province of Amdo, renamed Qinhai by the Chinese. This is the most densely populated gulag in the world today, and probably contains at least ten million prisoners. An article in *Newsweek* (23rd September 1991), written by Harry Wu, a former inmate, gives a graphic description of this labour complex, and includes a picture of prisoners working waist deep in vats of chemicals. Both Harry Wu and Dr. Tenzin Choedak, a former Tibetan inmate, who has been interviewed by Amnesty International, have pointed out that many items, produced by slave labour, are sold abroad and contribute to the Chinese economy.

The Chinese generally maintain that Tibetan culture was largely destroyed during the 'Cultural Revolution' (1966-1976). However, it is now known that most of Tibetan culture lay in ruins before the 'Cultural Revolution', which in fact marked the culmination of Chinese policies, rather than a departure from them. From almost the very beginning the Chinese sought to destroy the old Tibet, and by attempting to place the blame entirely on the 'Gang of Four' they are imitating the present Turkish government, who maintain that responsibility for the Armenian Massacres rests with a small group of people. It is now known that many of the great massacres took place before the 'Cultural Revolution',

dwarfing the Tiananmen killings. For example, 87,000 Tibetans were massacred in and around central Tibet during 1959/60, according to captured Chinese documents, just after the ill-fated Lhasa Uprising of March 1959.

Although Chinese rule is not as extreme now, it should be remembered that scores of Tibetans have been gunned down in independence riots in 1989, 1990 and 1991, and hundreds have disappeared, or have been tortured to death, in such infamous prisons as Drapchi, Sangyip and Gutsa. Amnesty International regularly features detailed items about Tibet in their publications, and have issued two reports on Tibet during the last two years.

Since the early 1980s the Chinese have intensified their policy of sinification, with the consequence of cultural genocide for Tibetans. About six million Chinese have moved into Tibet, both in the former Tibetan provinces of Kham and Amdo in the east, and in the 'Autonomous Region of Tibet' in the west, the truncated Tibet which is only about one-third of its former size. This policy has been supplemented by ruthless measures of birth control, which for Tibetans mean principally forced sterilisations and forced abortions, and which the Mayor of Lhasa, Mr. Lhoga, publicly deplored in March 1989. Some Tibetan women suffer from forced abortions when six or even seven months pregnant, and the journal *The Tibetan Review* (October 1990), contains one such harrowing account from a Tibetan woman, Tashi Dolma. Various reports, such as that received from Valda Harding, an English nurse in Lhasa, describe truck loads of Tibetan women being taken away to have abortions or sterilisations, and doctors in India have examined such women, who have escaped across the Himalayas.

Such draconian policies may be understandable in mainland China with its huge population, though not the brutality with which they are enforced. But they are clearly unnecessary in a country the size of Western Europe which has a population of 5-6 million. Government planned cultural genocide, designed to reduce the number of Tibetans in their own country, provides a credible explanation of Chinese policies in Tibet, and Chinese statements that such culls are necessary to maintain present per capita income in Tibet, or to prevent mentally retarded people from reproducing, sound more like retrospective rationalisations than causes.

There are also detailed accounts, compiled in exile by the Tibetan Office of Information and International Relations, of imprisoned Tibetan women who have been forced to give blood by the Chinese, even though they have been weakened by hunger, cold, torture and long beatings, and sometimes they die. Such accounts emanate particularly from Gutsa prison, Lhasa, and it seems that Chinese prisoners there are generally exempt from such treatment. Much information on forced abortions, sterilisations and blood 'donations' has been sent by 'Optimus' and 'Campaign Free Tibet' to women's organisations in Britain for a considerable time, but they seem to be indifferent and never respond.

Given the above facts few people will be surprised to hear that Chinese administration in Tibet is characterised by a form of racial discrimination

bordering on Apartheid. Tibetans are discriminated against in housing, education, jobs, food and health care, and according to such westerners as Adel Thobe and Julie Brittain, Tibetans are only seen in unskilled and labouring jobs, and no technocratic generation has arisen.

These and many other facts were contained in my report entitled *Tibet: The Facts*, which Mr. Stephen Chan reviewed in *Contemporary Review* (May 1991). While admitting that the Chinese have committed great wrongs in Tibet, Mr. Chan felt moved to add that: 'The Chinese have effected great good in Tibet'. If the deaths of well over one million Tibetans under Chinese rule 'constitutes "great good", then it can also be cogently argued that the Germans did "great good" in Poland during the War, that the Turks did "great good" in Armenia in 1915, and the Japanese did "great good" in China during the 1930s and 1940s'. Mr. Chan also stated that the book '... contains unattributed accounts and reports'. In fact *Tibet: The Facts* contains 408 footnotes which occupy 96 pages, together with several hundred auxiliary references.

Massive deforestation in Tibet and China, approaching Amazonian dimensions, is one of the best kept secrets of the 1990s, since many ecologists who have visited Tibet and China refuse to publicise it, knowing that the Chinese, who resent criticism, might deny them re-entry, thus jeopardising their budding careers. One of the very few ecologists to speak out is the American, Galen Rowell. There is little doubt that the Chinese are committing 'ecocide' in Tibet, and in 1987 the Chinese themselves admitted that $54 billions worth of timber had been taken from Tibet. Once verdant and wooded areas now resemble deserts of the moon, and it seems that an area of over 100,000 square miles, in which the entire British Isles could be lost, has been deforested. Some atmospheric scientists have expressed concern that the increasingly erratic behaviour of the monsoon may be partly caused by deforestation on the Tibetan plateau, and on 5th May 1988 a Bill was introduced in the US House of Representatives, which voiced deep concern at ecological destabilisation in Tibet.

Since the Tiananmen Massacre of June 1989, Tibetans are listened to with a new respect all over the world, when they tell their tragic tale. Severe internal convulsions are likely to weaken China, and provide the Tibetans with an opportunity of re-establishing their independence, which should never have been taken from them. The Tibetan Government in Exile, at present based in India, is embracing a democratic form of government which it intends to transplant to an independent Tibet. When communism finally collapses in China it is to be hoped that the Chinese people will learn from, and follow, the Tibetan example.

[Paul Ingram is the author of *Tibet: The Facts*.]

FRENCH NUCLEAR TESTING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

by Keith Suter

IN April France announced the suspension for a year of its nuclear testing in the South Pacific. The decision has been welcomed by South Pacific nations, and peace and environment groups. It represents another turning point in an eventful saga which has gone on for a quarter of a century.

France began its nuclear weapon testing programme in North Africa during the 1950s. Algeria became independent in 1962 and so the programme had to be moved. It was transferred to two small atolls, Moruroa and Fangataufa, located in the south-east corner of the Taumotu archipelago in French Polynesia.

French governments come and go. But the development of nuclear weapons has continued.

France has the right to defend itself and it sees nuclear weapons as a crucial way of doing so. France has 600 nuclear weapons (about twice the size of the UK or China), with a total of 135 megatons. This is a minute fraction of the total US/USSR/CIS 15,000 megatons. But it is a miniature version of the super powers' nuclear systems, with a mixture of strategic bombers, silo-based ballistic missiles and submarine-launched ballistic missiles. The system is sufficient to destroy key cities in the USSR/CIS.

The French nuclear programme is an independent one. The UK, by contrast, relies heavily on US research and equipment. Part of the cost of independence is nuclear testing.

The French nuclear programme has considerable support at home. The tendency of British left-wing politicians to be in favour of unilateral disarmament, is not replicated in France. President Mitterand, the socialists and the Communist Party are all supporters of both the nuclear deterrence theory and the independent French nuclear system.

The South Pacific opposition to French nuclear testing has been consistent. It has been one of the few issues to unite governments and politicians across the political spectrum. When the testing began, Australia and New Zealand were both governed by conservative parties and both governments sent formal notes of protest. Both raised the issue at the 1972 UN Conference on the Environment in Stockholm.

The 1972 election of Labour Parties to both nations resulted in increased pressure on France. In May 1973, Australia, New Zealand and Fiji took the problem to the International Court of Justice (ICJ), the first time any of those nations had used the ICJ. France considered the ICJ to have no jurisdiction over France's military security and so expected the ICJ to declare itself unable to deal with this complaint.

In June 1973, France lost the first round when the ICJ ruled itself competent to handle the case. It gave the three nations an interim measure

of protection by ordering France to avoid nuclear tests in the South Pacific which might cause the deposit of radioactive fall-out on their territories. France announced that it would boycott future proceedings and would go ahead with atmospheric testing.

But while the ICJ was still working on its judgment on the substantive issues, France announced that it would stop atmospheric testing and would conduct all tests after June 1974 underground. In December 1974, the ICJ said that the case was closed because France was testing underground.

The French decision took the heat out of a difficult political situation. The boycott of the ICJ undermined France's credibility in complaining about the behaviour of other nations. It also eased the mounting pressure on the Australian Government. The Australian Council of Trades Unions captured the public mood by having union boycotts 'blacking' French shipping into Australia, disrupting French trade, tying up French mail, and cutting telephone communications. Australian peace activists had their own campaign of disrupting the daily life of French officials. The campaign began to get out of hand. The boycotts upset Australia's international diplomatic and trade obligations.

Even more significantly, the campaign could have escalated into a confrontation with Australia's allies. One of the Labour Government's first decisions was to recognize Peking (rather than Taiwan) as the government of China. But China had its own nuclear testing programme and its test site was marginally closer to the centre of Australia (Alice Springs) than Moruroa. The Labour government feared that it would be obliged to be as tough on China as it was on France. Australia was also developing relations with India, which exploded its own nuclear device in May 1974. Its major military ally was the US, which had created far greater devastation in the South Pacific through nuclear testing than France had.

The partial French backdown eased the domestic pressures on Australia and New Zealand. The nuclear testing continued underground. There were complaints by South Pacific governments, and protests by peace groups. But a stalemate had been reached.

There was no dramatic development until July 10, 1985: the sinking of the *Rainbow Warrior*. Forty kilos of explosives were used to sink the ship in Auckland Harbour, thereby also killing a crew member. This was the first terrorist act in New Zealand.

Greenpeace, formed in 1972, first made its name in 1973, when the French navy boarded the Greenpeace protest vessel *Vega* near the Moruroa test site and assaulted its crew. A previously minor environmental group had scored its first international media coup.

It is still unclear why the French General Directorate for External Security (DGSE) targetted Greenpeace. Greenpeace had taken on other nations besides France — and the *Rainbow Warrior* itself was at Auckland just after having evacuated the islanders of Rongelap in US-controlled Micronesia since Rongelap is still contaminated by US nuclear tests 30 years earlier. The French attack was possibly based on the fear that the

crew would find evidence of serious leakages of radioactive debris from the atoll.

The DGSE operation was thorough. Its agents intercepted mail from Greenpeace contacts and it infiltrated an agent into Greenpeace to learn about the *Rainbow Warrior's* journey. All but two of the terrorists deployed in or around New Zealand got back safely to France. The two who were caught on July 12 (Captain Dominique Prieur and Major Alain Mafart), pleaded guilty on November 4, 1985 to the lesser charge of manslaughter (rather than murder) and to destroying the ship. They were each sentenced to 10 years imprisonment.

The New Zealand Labour Government, headed by David Lange, was subject to economic pressure from France to release the two agents. France did not deny what had taken place; it said that the two agents should not be punished for following orders.

Even more so than the Australian Government a decade earlier, the Lange Government made itself vulnerable to a domestic backlash. There was criticism of the initial plea bargaining, which enabled the two agents to be charged with manslaughter rather than murder. Mr. Lange promised that the agents would serve out their full sentences. Then came the pressure from France to stop New Zealand's access for exports to the European Community (EC).

The UN Secretary General was invited by New Zealand to mediate. On July 7, 1986 he announced the terms of the settlement: the transfer of the agents to a South Pacific French atoll, the payment of US$7 million by France to New Zealand as compensation, the making of a formal French apology, and the pledge by France not to use its influence in the EC to oppose New Zealand exports.

The settlement angered most New Zealanders, many of whom were willing to endure French sanctions as the price of being consistent. But Mr. Lange could see that New Zealand's allies — especially the UK and US — had a policy of selective indignation in criticising terrorism. The *Rainbow Warrior*, formerly the *Sir William Hardy*, had been a British fisheries research vessel and it remained a UK-registered vessel. But the UK Government refused to criticise its destruction. The US also did not criticise its destruction.

The following year, 1987, France broke the agreement by sending Mafart home to continue his military studies. In May 1988, Prieur was transferred home because she was pregnant and her father was dying. France ignored New Zealand's demand that they be sent back to finish the rest of their detention. In July 1991, Lieutenant Colonel Mafart received a French decoration.

The final event in the drama came in December 1991. In July 1985, New Zealand issued warrants for other agents it suspected of being involved in the bombing. The warrants remained in force. In November 1991, Gerald Andries, one of those persons, was arrested by Swiss police and held pending extradition. On December 17, the New Zealand Government said that it would not proceed with extradition since it now regarded the

matter as closed.

A by-product of the *Rainbow Warrior* destruction was the fresh impetus it gave to the South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone Treaty (SPNFZ). The incoming Australian Labour Government in 1983, responding to the demands of the revived peace movement, advocated a treaty under which South Pacific nations would renounce nuclear weapons, prevent the stationing of nuclear weapons in their territory, prevent nuclear testing in the South Pacific, and prevent the dumping of radioactive waste in the South Pacific.

There is a protocol for nations outside the region (US, UK and France) to undertake to apply the provisions to their own territories in the South Pacific. There are two other protocols for the nuclear weapon nations (US, UK, France, USSR/CIS and China) to undertake not to use nuclear weapons against parties to the treaty, nor conduct nuclear testing in the South Pacific. The USSR and China both signed the two protocols they were eligible to do so.

France — the nation most directly affected by the protocols — refused to do so. The US and UK, torn between alienating their South Pacific allies or France, decided that they had less to lose by siding with France, and so they, too, have refused to sign. Once again, the South Pacific nations feel bitter towards their allies in the northern hemisphere.

It remains to be seen just what flows from this pause in the testing. With the USSR's collapse and the ending of the Cold War, it might be harder for the French Government to justify domestically its nuclear weapon system. It may be able to negotiate a testing arrangement with the US for the use of its Nevada site.

France has been a military power in the South Pacific, but not a South Pacific nation. Its nuclear testing has alienated too many nations for it to develop close ties. If the testing were to stop permanently and France were to retain its colonies, it has an opportunity to develop closer ties with the surrounding nations. It could use its foreign aid, education and cultural programmes to create a fresh set of relationships.

[Dr. Keith Suter is the President of the Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies, University of Sydney.]

CAN TOURISM SAVE CUBA'S COMMUNIST SYSTEM?

by Habeeb Salloum

MANY Cubans staring into the Intur shops filled with tourists buying goodies must feel like what a friend of mine described as 'visitors viewing sea animals in an aquarium'. See, but don't touch! Comparing their empty shops to this wonderland of bounty, what do they think? No one in that country has taken an opinion poll.

Even though these shops and their host hotels are bringing in the much needed foreign exchange, will this favourable treatment of tourists solve Cuba's severe economic woes? In its numerous resorts, the Cuban government is doing its utmost to make sure tourism will bring in more and more of the world's financial controller — the American dollar.

The hotels mushrooming day after day in these retreats are the heart of Cuba's attempt to overcome the US blockade and, at the same time, keep the country's communist system in place. The best example of this is Varadero, Cuba's top resort. New and rebuilt tourist abodes are opening their doors on a continuing basis. A half dozen years ago, with the exception of the International, a pre-revolution luxury relic, there was not one hotel which met the world's standards of four star and up tourist abodes. However, in the past several years, all this has changed. Paradiso, its twin Puntarena, Sol Palmeras, Tuxpan, and the huge 490-room Meliá Varadero have opened their doors for business, and their inauguration is only the initial stage in bringing the resort's luxury tourist facilities up to world standards.

With the rooms they offer, added to those of the older two and three star lodging places, Varadero's hotels now incorporate 6,000 chambers. For the future, plans call for increasing these, mostly in the top category, at about 2,500 per annum until the year 2000 when the resort will have in the neighbourhood of 30,000 rooms waiting for the expected onrush of visitors.

The country has been striving hard since the collapse of the Soviet Union to cope with horrendous economic difficulties, such as shortages of oil and most other essentials, but the planned tourist projects have not been halted or even delayed. Varadero's newly built hotels were all completed on time. In 1991, I remember the five star Puntarena barely rising above its cement foundation. When I returned a few months ago, it was in full operation. Today, work continues on others; among those, well on its way to completion, is the six star hotel Cuatro Palmas.

Cuba's educated and skilled work force combined with the investment of foreign capital and technology in joint ventures have produced excellent results. Throughout the island, Castro's government has approved around fifty joint ventures with foreign companies and another 100 are under negotiations. In Varadero, the Cuban tourism state company, UNECA, in co-operation with the Spanish companies Oasis International and Gropo

Sol, the Jamaican Super Clubs and Italian investments have built the recently opened hotels, or are working on the series of new projects along the resort's twelve miles of white sands and crystal clear blue waters.

With aid from the former Soviet Union now a thing of the past, virtually the country's only hope for prosperity is the tourist industry. In a supposedly classless society, tourists have become the privileged class. The best in food, lodgings, travelling facilities and entertainment are at their beck and call.

So far, the returns have met expectations. In the coming years, the government hopes that tourism will keep the staggering economy on an even keel. In spite of the fact that the USA retains an economic embargo against the country, including the banning of Americans travelling to the island, visitors from other countries are taking advantage of Cuba's reasonably priced new accommodations. Germans, Italians, Spaniards and tourists from the South American countries are arriving in ever-increasing numbers. Added to the Canadians who have been coming for years and now make up 49% of the country's visitors, Cuba now has an international clientele which could possibly push the island out of its economic difficulties.

Before Castro's revolution, Cuba was a major player in the Caribbean tourist industry and it still has the potential to become one of the leading resort centres of the world. The new projected plans aim to regain, then surpass, the country's past role as a major drawing point for travellers seeking the sun.

After exploring this world-class resort with its burgeoning structures, it seemed to me that tourism was truly transforming Varadero and bringing in the dollars, but how was the new tourism policy affecting the other parts of the country? I decided to investigate for myself and, at the same time, explore some of its tourist sites.

'You must stop on the way and see my beautiful city of Cienfuegos,' a worker in a car rental agency said when I told him that I wanted to drive to Trinidad — Cuba's 16th century museum-town.

I had come to rent a small car for our journey but left empty-handed. The cost was prohibitive — US$60 a day, partially insured, with only the first 62 miles free. The trip would be about 372 miles and, with petrol at 85 cents a litre, the full cost would come to over $250 for the day. Disappointed, I left and decided to join a tour group at the cost of $59, per person, including a meal and guide.

Near 7 a.m., half an hour late, the mini bus came to pick up my daughter and myself at the Paradiso/Puntarena Hotel complex — a name which truly describes the location and atmosphere of this newly built tourist abode. On Varadero, Cuba's paragon of beaches, it had few rivals. Nevertheless, I was not thinking of this paradise hotel. Rather, due to the delay, I was irritated.

However, this feeling did not last long. I soon cooled down, realizing that it was not our guide's fault. Through the years, during my countless tours, I have found that there is usually one or two in a group who cannot

get up on time, or are generally of a tardy nature.

Past an oil field — Cuba only produces 600,000 of the 13,000,000 tons it yearly needs — we entered Cárdenas, a neat colonial city of 83,000. Known as the 'Pearl of Cuba's Northern Coast', it is the home of most workers who toil in Varadero's tourist establishments. Here, the first flag of Cuban independence was raised and is the town where electricity was initially introduced into the country. Per capita, Cárdenas has more horse-drawn carriages — numbering 300, and bicycles — 44,000, than the remainder of Cuba.

Leaving this historic town behind, we traversed a fertile countryside filled with fields of banana, guava, rice and tapioca, intermixed with all types of vegetables and, of course, endless stretches of sugarcane. Besides tourism, the by-products of the cane, Cuba's top crop, like refined sugar and rum, provide the country with most of its badly needed foreign exchange.

The mainstay of the island's economy for hundreds of years, sugarcane was once cut by African slaves — their descendants now make up 40% of the country's population — under intolerable conditions. Today, if petrol is available, the cane is reaped by harvesters made in Cuba in a plant built by the Russians. Elvis, our guide, said that it was one of the few legacies left by the Soviet Union which has been of great benefit to the country.

Along the roadside and in the farm villages, we passed line-up after line-up of hundreds of people waiting for transportation. The petrol shortage is so severe that almost all the traffic we saw were lorries and tractors. With the exception of tourist vehicles, cars and buses, once numerous, have virtually disappeared from the highways. Uniformed men and women were stopping lorries and tractors pulling wagons at road cross-sections and loading them with grateful passengers.

The towns, even the tiniest, were neat and very clean, but in dire need of paint. Amazingly, the people looked well-dressed and healthy despite living on an average wage of 186 pesos — top doctors and teachers earn about 600 per month. These salaries can buy very little. On the black market, US$1 sells for 20 pesos. On the other hand, life is not quite as severe as it seems to strangers. Rent is only 10% of one's wages and rationed goods — almost everything — are relatively cheap and there are no taxes. To get married costs 30 pesos and divorced 84. The high cost of living — many products are only found on the black market — easy abortions and a totally educated people have cut down the number of children to an average of one per family. Unlike in many Third World countries, one sees very few toddlers.

Past the town of Jovellanos, we entered a 240,000 acre area of citrus orchards, planted after the revolution. Mile after mile of grapefruit, lemon, lime, orange and tangerine trees were heavy with fruit. Elvis said that there was much spoilage in the fields due to the shortage of fuel for vehicles taking fruit pickers to work. He smiled: 'It's the fault of the Americans, you know!'

Turning on Cuba's not totally completed main four-lane highway, which runs from the west to the east of the island, we made our way eastward. The surrounding landscape was a painter's dream. It was filled with sugarcane fields, dominated by the majestic royal palm, Cuba's national tree. In addition to enhancing the scenic view, this slender towering palm provides an oily fruit which makes a nourishing food for pigs.

About half way to Trinidad, we stopped for refreshment at the Ranchon Restaurant with its Intur shop — one of the hundreds of 'tourist only' stores found throughout the country, then made our way southward. The first town we passed was Aguada del Pasagéros — a tidy urban centre of 27,000 which was once a stopping place for watering the horses of travellers. In about half an hour the sugar fields gave way to ranching country with the odd cultivated field and, of course, the sky-reaching royal palm. Skipping Cienfuegos — Elvis promised that we would explore it on the return journey — we entered the foothills of the Escambray Mountains whose peaks rise to over 3,280 feet. The rolling countryside looked like that of the grassy foothills of the North American Rockies, but with scattered mango orchards, forested sections, and the ever-present royal palm. From 1959 to 1965, these mountains provided a hiding place for contra revolutionary bands until they were finally wiped out by Castro's forces.

The fairly good, but narrow road wound its way through the foothills to the Cuban Caribbean coast. There was little traffic and we made good time as we drove along the shoreline in the shadows of the, now mostly, tree-covered Escambray Mountains. Near noon, we reached Trinidad — a historic town of 60,000 people about 167 miles south-east of Varadero. Founded by Diego Velázquez in 1514, the city nestles between the overlooking mountains and Cuba's south central coast. From here, Hermán Cortés recruited many of his soldiers for the conquest of Mexico and in the ensuing years it became an important Spanish colonial town. It was built around a series of squares with narrow cobble-stone streets edged by sumptuous homes. These were constructed with attractive inner patios, unique doors, imported Italian marble floors, charming wood balconies and iron or wooden window grills. The city was declared by UNESCO a part of the world's heritage and is being restored under that agency's auspices but, according to Elvis, US pressure has dramatically cut down the needed funds.

Trinidad reached the height of its cultural and economic development between 1750 and 1850. This flourishing era was based on the wealth amassed from sugarcane, grown in the remarkably fertile soil of the nearby Sugar Mill Valley which once had 82 sugar mills. Only traces of these mills and the Iznaga or Manacalznaza Tower — being restored — from which overseers used to watch the slaves, remain. All the illustrious palaces and churches in the city were built from the money produced by these miserably treated slaves. When they were eventually freed, the city stopped growing and became the museum-town one sees today — it still does not have a sewer system.

Elvis, leading our group of eleven, began the tour of town by walking up one of the ancient cobbled streets. Looking around, I thought that we had stepped back a few centuries of time. On both sides were venerable houses and palaces. Every door of these centuries-old abodes was different in size and design. It is said that people used to know who owned the home by these doors.

Our first stop was the Municipal Museum, whose home is a former palace. After examining its wide-range of artifacts, we walked on past a large hedge of exquisite flowering bougainvillaeas to the Romantic Museum, housed in the Brunet Palace, located on Plaza Mayor — the heart of the old town and Cuba's most elegant square. Its exhibits consisted of ceramics and furniture utilized by the privileged families in the 17th and 18th centuries. Elvis remarked that the hand-manufactured wood furniture made in these bygone years, remains one of Trinidad's noted handicrafts.

From the palace-museum, we sauntered to the next door cathedral, directly opposite the Von Humboldt Museum of Science. Inside, we stood for awhile admiring its hand-carved wooden altar, then strolled past the Convent of San Francisco and walked to La Canchánchara — noted for a typical Cuban drink which is a mixture of rum or wine with honey and lime juice. After sampling this somewhat different country beverage, also called Canchánchara, we drove to the main restaurant in town to dine on true Cuban food. Unlike in the luxury tourist hotels, the dishes were spiced and tasty. After this sumptuous meal, we visited a cigar factory where men and women earn about 200 pesos a month, rolling cigars.

Leaving behind the city which lives in the past, we drove back to Cienfuegos, 50 miles away. An industrial urban centre of 140,000, it is a relatively modern town, founded in 1819. Known as the 'Southern Pearl of Cuba', it hugs bright-blue Cienfuegos Bay and is one of the most beautiful cities in the country. We drove along its main tree-lined avenue which, in its middle, has the longest promenade in Cuba, terminating at the bay.

Different from most modern Cuban cities, its buildings did not appear run-down. 'It looks more attractive than a good number of North American cities', I remarked to my daughter, remembering the words of the worker in the car rental agency.

Tumbling out of our bus, parked by the Jagua Hotel on the edge of the bay, I was astonished. Before us was a structure, seemingly out of the *Arabian Nights*. Called Valle Palace, it appeared to be a replica of a part of the Moorish Alhambra Palace in Granada. Even the Granadian motto of the Nasrid kings, *wa la ghalib illallah* (there is no conqueror but God) was inscribed in Arabic on its walls. Once the home of a count who must have been enamoured with Spain's Arab past, it now houses an antique shop, bar and an excellent restaurant, surrounded by plaster filigree — an exact copy of those in Alhambra.

Amid this enchanting atmosphere, I reflected about a country struggling to preserve a system of government which had been rejected in its land of origin. Living for awhile in its evolving prime resort and travelling

through its countryside, I could see the contradictions in life and, at the same time, the work in progress to develop the country. The pressures are great, but there is much determination.

It is a life and death struggle for the island's communist system. To be able to give a better life for its people, the government must depend heavily on tourism. With the elimination of eastern Europe as a power block, will the Americans, who orchestrated the downfall of the left-wing regimes in Grenada and Nicaragua, give Castro's land time to evolve an economy based on tourism? Only time will tell. The omens in Varadero and other resorts look bright but, in the outside world, there are only a few who will give communism a chance to survive in this beleaguered Caribbean island. Many of the poorer Cubans who have gained much in health, education and national pride still support their government, notwithstanding the absence of consumer goods and the endless line-ups for almost all the necessities of life. However, as in eastern Europe, communism in Cuba could come crashing down with a vengeance if the rush to tourism fails.

[Habeeb Salloum is a travel writer based in Canada.]

The October number of *Contemporary Review* includes *Protecting the Environment in Central Europe* by Peter Schofield and *Two Modern Christian Poets* by Paul Mackintosh.

DISCOVERING COLUMBUS: A BIBLIOGRAPHIC PROBE

by Esmond Wright

IN the age of political correctness, we have, it seems, to speak now not of the 'discovery' but of the 'rape' of America: colonisation meant exploitation, mass-murder and genocide. In Madrid the Association of Indian Cultures has called for the quincentenary of 1492 to be saluted with acts of 'sabotage'; three shiploads of American Indians will 'discover' Spain, even if there is no evidence of any such journey 500 years ago; 1992 is to be a year not of celebration but of repentance. On the person of Columbus are to be visited, it seems, all the crimes of our times: particularly imperialism, elitism, Europe-centredness, and being white. A London group, that includes Harold Pinter and Ken Livingstone, MP, was formed in 1991 with the title '500 Years of Resistance'. The 500 year history of the Americas is to be seen as a story of murder, pillage, torture and exploitation. Anniversaries are, it seems, to be opportunities for contumely, not for *pietas*. Columbus himself is seen as greedy, incompetent and autocratic. All seem to be agreed that he should have stayed at home. The fashion today is to debate over and over again that old Oxford Union debating motion: that in the opinion of this House, Christopher Columbus went too far.

It is not only, of course, 500 years of Columbus himself that is being celebrated. Although a number of towns, a central American republic and the Federal District of Columbia all honour his name, he did not figure prominently in the American national imagination until after the war of 1812, the so-called Second War of Independence. The New World, then a generation old as an independent state, discovered a need for new ancestors. Washington Irving in 1828 published his *History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* to provide a new hero suitably endowed with an Italian name, and sailing under a Spanish flag. Columbus was 'discovered' in 1828. Perhaps a distinct multicultural nation now needs a new hero: preferably black, non-English-speaking, and female?

All of which is sad: not because of its nonsense, but because it obscures the major debate for the historian: Was Columbus the hero, where did he go, how come the legend?

There might have been another hero of this journey in 1492. It was at two in the morning of October 12, 1492 that the look-out on the *Pinta*, Rodrigo da Triana, claimed that he saw a light. He should have been awarded — the gift of the Spanish Crown — the prize for the one who first sighted the New World — an annual pension of 10,000 maravedis. Instead, the honour was snatched by Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean Sea, who insisted that four hours earlier (when 40 leagues from land) he had seen a bright light in the dark, 'like a little wax candle rising and lifting'. Was Columbus a stickler for accuracy, was he just greedy, was he incapable of the first rule of leadership: generosity to, encouragement of,

his subordinates? At least one hero disappears. Deprived of his annuity, Triana obtained a discharge, renounced his faith, and died in North Africa. It is not inconceivable that he died of *Treponema pallidum*, or syphilis, a disease unknown till then in Europe.

Of the many studies and/or biographies of Columbus that 1992 has produced, probably the best, and the most personal portrait, is that of Felipe Fernandez-Armesto.* He sees Columbus as God-driven, a collector of prophecies, deeply devout, and also socially ambitious, hungry not only for gold but for status and for titles that would be conferred as hereditary honours. Columbus was a student of Marco Polo; he was led astray by an incredible cosmography which persuaded him that only 3,000 nautical miles separated Spain from Cathay, and led him to read into garbled native words the placenames mentioned by Marco Polo. He placed the Garden of Eden on a nipple-shaped protuberance rising from the earth's breast-like surface in the southern Caribbean.

Three notable by-products of the Columbus quincentenary are special studies of European-Indian or of Spanish-Indian relations: Stephen Greenblatt's *Marvellous Possessions, The Wonder of the New World* (Clarendon Press, Oxford 1991), Roland Wright's *Stolen Continents: The Indian Story* (Houghton Mifflin 1992), and Carlos Fuentes, *The Buried Mirror* (Deutsch 1992). They ask, though in differing styles, the same question: why, if Columbus and his successors, were on voyages of discovery, why so lightly armed, and why, if they expected to reach the lands of the Great Khan, why did they, then and later, use the language of conquest and victory? If they sought islands that were at the limits of one great Empire, why take possession of them for another, and re-name them? Columbus intended his meeting with the Great Khan to be peaceful, and had with him letters of introduction and an interpreter: but his attitude to those he thought were the Khan's subjects was belligerent and brutalising, and hardly designed to promote diplomatic harmony.

Ronald Wright recounts the barbarities in crisp detail — though with full awareness (as his earlier book *Time among the Maya* showed) of the matching cruelties of the Aztecs, and the savagery of the Senecas and the Comanches. He has much that is fresh to say on the impact of the invaders on Cherokees and on Iroquois. Carlos Fuentes, perhaps Mexico's leading scholar, rejoices in the contact and mixture of cultures. More than half of the population of the US by 2050 will be Spanish-speaking, he contends; and since the State of California has officially declared that its language is English, the decree obviously proves the opposite. He adds that 'You can already see bumper-stickers on cars in Texas which say "Monolingualism is a curable disease".'

**Columbus: His Enterprise* by Hans Koning, (Latin America Bureau), *The Conquest of Paradise* by Kirkpatrick Sale (Curtis), *Columbus* by Felipe Fernandez-Armesto (OUP), *Marvellous Possessions: The Wonder of the New World* by Stephen Greenblatt (Clarendon), *Columbus: for Gold, God and Glory* by John Dyson (Hodder), *In Search of Columbus* by Hunter Davies (Sinclair-Stevenson), *Stolen Continents, The Indian Story* by Ronald Wright (Houghton Mifflin), *The Buried Mirror* by Carlos Fuentes (Deutsch), *Christopher Columbus Master of the Atlantic* by David Thomas (Andre Deutsch).

Compare also the quincentennial articles on Columbus and his achievement in *History Today*, vol. 42 (May 1992), notably again Felipe Fernandez-Armesto, 'Columbus — Hero or Villain?', Helen Wallis, 'What Columbus Knew', and Brian Fagan, 'If Columbus had not called'; and the articles, 'Columbian Encounters', in *The William and Mary Quarterly*, XLIX No. 2 (April 1992), particularly Delno West's survey of the scholarship of the last quarter-century, and John D. Daniels, 'The Indian Population of North America in 1492'.

For an anti-Establishment view of the Admiral, an indictment of his cruelty towards the Indians, and of his greed, and for the ravaging of a continent that began with him, there are three hostile treatments: Hans Koning, *Columbus: His Enterprise* (Monthly Review Press, NY 1976), Ronald Wright, *Stolen Continent* (Houghton Mifflin, 1992) and Kirkpatrick Sale's recent *The Conquest of Paradise: Christopher Columbus and the Columbian Legacy* (Curtis-Hodder). To the latter, Columbus is not hero but liar, even mountebank. Sale's story begins, however, only with the departure of the three little ships from Palos, and excludes the man's determination for almost two decades to mount his expedition, and his reasons. The omissions from the book are serious, notably Indian savagery towards Indians and of the Indian allies who aided Cortes in his campaign against the Aztecs; he makes assumptions — that the Spaniards were driven to America to escape the terrible conditions at home and to seek a life of bliss among the Indians — for which there is no contemporary evidence. For a vivid and fictional recreation of his life, read novelist Stephen Marlowe's *The Memoirs of Christopher Columbus* (Jonathan Cape, London 1987).

Marlowe adds to the canon some unnecessary embroideries, having Columbus educated by a prostitute called 'The Amazon' in the Renaissance palace of Rodrigo Cardinal Borgia; and being responsible for the fall of the last Moorish stronghold in Granada as an agent of Ferdinand and Isabella's Secret Service — not to mention the intriguer Amerigo Vespucci, the introduction of cigars and syphilis to Europe, the Grand Inquisitor Torquemada, pirates and alchemists, Irish monks and Icelandic saga-tellers, and the haunting Jewish beauty, Petenera, whose organisation Blue Pimpernel saved people from the Inquisition. It is readable '1492 and all that', but wrecked by its many anachronisms and by its camp style, by its thin-ness on the stories of the voyages, and with not a single map. A much superior recreation of the first voyage comes from another novelist, who uses history as raw material for the picturesque and the anecdotal, in C. S. Forester's *The Earthly Paradise*.

These recent studies make, however, three important points. One is, then as now, the importance of the interpreters and the go-betweens. This is all too often taken for granted in accounts of the meetings of cultures. The major questions are always: Who said it? What did he or she say, and how came he or she to know how to say it? Thus Cortes in his conquest of Mexico needed one called Melchior, a baptized Indian; he needed also Jeronimo de Aguilar, a Spaniard who, after shipwreck, had been an Indian

slave for eight years, and not least that remarkable Indian woman whom the Spaniards called Donna Marina. Similarly those who landed in Florida needed Hernando de Escalante Fontaneda, who after shipwreck and seventeen years of captivity by the Calusa Indians, on his release spoke at least four languages and became a major interpreter. These are only a few of Stephen Greenblatt's own discoveries.

Secondly, all such studies stress the wonder of the so-called New World (or should we ask New to whom?) and of Europe's reaction to it. The wonder survived the disorientation, the greed, and the hatred; it was indeed cunningly yoked by Columbus and others to the service of colonial appropriation. Indeed what pass in our own day in South America as conflicts of right *versus* left, of CIA *versus* communists, of Church *versus* State, sometimes even as Church *versus* Church, are at core Spaniards *versus* Indians; or — with more intricacy — creole *versus* native. In North America, even after Custer, and after the last Indians have been sequestered on reservations, the conflict continues in lawsuits and protest movements, even occasionally in violence.

Thirdly, not only among Aztecs and Incas and Mayas, and their science and architecture, but in the North too are abundant evidences of symbolism, art and myth. The Cherokee and the Iroquois were highly sophisticated societies, closer to being nations than tribes, and some of their own chiefs were also cast in a heroic mould. And of them too legends are built.

The viewpoint of 1992 is an imposed one: the writing is in order to discover villains or, at least guilty men. It does not arise from the one viewpoint that research in recent decades makes possible: the archaeological. Thus the University of Florida has begun probes on the sites believed to have been visited or founded by Columbus. Recent writing ignores what research at La Isabelita is revealing. Yet this is hardly surprising. Just as American immigration history is dominated by attempts to track down and chronicle the journeys of blacks, just as studies of wars are haunted by recollections of Vietnam, and as American domestic history is seen largely as the stories of minorities, of the impoverished and of the role of women, so Columbus scholarship is made to serve a political cause, to right a wrong. It is perhaps salutary, then, to conclude with a reminder of the great immortals of the chronicles of Columbus, even if they saw him primarily as navigator and explorer, even if they minimised his ill-treatment of the First Americans, even if, in the end for them too, he died dishonoured. But the writers of an earlier age wrote well, and they were themselves heroes.

For the European discoveries, and the view that Columbus was *primus inter pares*, none of today's pundits rivals S. E. Morison, *The European Discovery of America: the Northern Voyages* (CUP, London 1971) and his superb *Christopher Columbus, The Admiral of the Ocean Sea* (OUP, 1942). Italy's leading expert on Columbus, Paolo Taviani, *Christopher Columbus, the Grand Design* (Orbis, London 1975) finds Columbus unskilful only in his handling of people. Nor is it accidental that Morison built a ship to match the *Santa Maria*, for the Harvard Columbus Expedi-

tion of 1940, sailed over Columbus's route in it, and was an Admiral as well as, and contemporaneously, a Harvard Professor. Taviani fought in the Italian Resistance against Mussolini, and became an Italian Senator. These writers were old-fashioned in style as in viewpoint, themselves heroes looking for heroes. John Larner is a little unkind in distinguishing among Columbus scholars, between the Yachtsmen or the Intellectuals.

There are a number of studies of Columbus of a generation ago that are worth a note. Thus for its first landing and its locale, see Robert H. Fuson's edition of *The Log of Christopher Columbus* (Ashford Press, Southampton 1987) and his article in *Proceedings of the Association of American Geographers*, vol. 8, 1976. For England's role, see D. B. Quinn's voluminous writing *England and the Discovery of America* (Allen & Unwin, London 1973) and W. P. Cumming, R. A. Skelton and D. B. Quinn, *The Discovery of North America* (Paul Elek, London 1971); and for sparkling but meticulous surveys of many enterprises, G. V. Scammell, *The World Encompassed: the first European maritime empires c.800-1650* (Methuen, London and NY 1981), and D. W. Meinig, *The Shaping of America* (Yale University Press 1986). The savage side of the story is well portrayed in De las Casas, *Devastation of the Indies* (Seabury Press, NY 1974). Although he respected Columbus's skill as sea-man, Hans Koning, *Columbus: His Enterprise* (Monthly Review and Press, NY 1976) is a sustained critic of his barbarism towards the Indians. His book has recently been re-issued (Latin American Bureau), with an afterword by a Bolivian 'activist' for Indian rights, Domitila Chungara.

The best illustration of the merit of archaeology is not in the Caribbean, nor in the Folsom or Clovis Indian digs, seeking to date the first appearance of the Indians in North America, but in those who preceded Columbus by almost 500 years: the Norsemen. The best brief accounts of the Norse voyages and of the discovery of L'Anse aux Meadows is by the discoverer himself, Helge Ingstad, in his chapters in Ashe (ed) *The Quest for America* (Pall Mall Press, London 1971) pp96-114 and 175-198. For the fuller story, see Anne Stine Ingstad (vol. I) and Helge Ingstad (vol. II) *The Norse Discovery of America* (Norwegian University Press, Oslo 1985, distributed OUP); and F. Pohl, *Atlantic Crossings before Columbus* (Norton, NY 1961). Cf. also Helge Ingstad, *Westward to Vinland* (St. Martin's Press, NY 1969). For a useful summary, see also David B. Quinn, *North America from earliest discovery to first settlements*, pp21-40 (Harper & Row, NY 1977) and its bibliography, and Scammell *op cit* 1-37. Gwyn Jones, *A History of the Vikings* (OUP, London 1968) is valuable background. So is also Eric Wahlgren, *The Vikings and America* (Thames & Hudson, NY 1986). For the Vinland map, see Helen Wallis *et al* 'The Strange Case of the Vinland Map', *Geographical Journal* CXL (1974) 183-214. The Norsemen were there 500 years before Columbus, but Newfoundland was bleak and unwelcoming. They did not stay more than three or four years. Was this discovery? So that the First Americans were the Indians, who came millennia before, and by another ocean. Half a millennium after

Columbus's first voyage, scholars and authors are still sailing forth in their books seeking to discover the real Columbus.

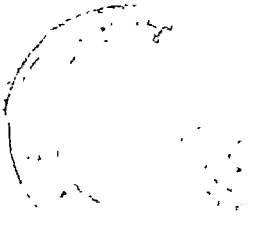
[Esmond Wright is Emeritus Professor of American History in the University of London and one of the founders of American Studies in Britain. He is the author of *Washington And The American Revolution* and a recent biography of Benjamin Franklin. He was also, from 1967 to 1970, Conservative MP for Glasgow, Pollok.]

POEM

ENVOI

The prolix Mr. Kinnock's single crime,
Was plundering that scarce resource — our time:
(The rhetoric that lilts will seldom sway,
A mountebank's excess his frauds betray.)
And while cool judgement fits a man for power,
So firebrand flames burn out within the hour;
Substantial men substantial shadows cast,
Who vainly seek to please will never last —
And in defeat was heard the warning bell:
A graceless loser would not govern well.

Tim Hopkins



THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF RURITANIA:

A narrative meant to be taken seriously, but not too literally

by R. D. Kernohan

AMONG the many happy results of the political convulsions in Central and Eastern Europe from 1989 onwards has been the restoration to the map of the ancient name of Ruritania. Although the great popular demonstrations in what was then officially the Ruritanian People's Socialist Democratic Republic (RPSDR) were overshadowed by those in Prague and Leipzig, and less accessible to Western camera crews, they were no less fervent and decisive.

It remains uncertain whether some branch of the ancient Elphsberg dynasty will eventually be restored. There is already a monarchist party but the Cardinal-Archbishop is non-committal. However, the crowds which in those December days thronged Revolutionary Prospekt (which has since reverted to being Flavia Square) displayed an emotion unmatched in the country since the turbulent times of King Rudolf V in the 1890s.

By the time of the subsequent elections, at which the hurriedly constituted Democratic Hope movement won an overwhelming victory, Western attention was already distracted by the first signs of disintegration in the Soviet Union and civil war in Yugoslavia. So many old flags had already been unfurled again that few people in the West recognised the Ruritanian tricolour, one of several flags current after the dynasty reached its compromise with the rather half-hearted revolutionary gestures of 1848. The 'Elphsberg yellow and red' was also much seen in the Ruritanian streets, and both in the country and abroad the old name of the country was again in universal usage long before the formal dissolution of the RPSDR.

Even by Communist standards Ruritania had for many years been isolated from the mainstream of history, almost forgotten in the West and best known through the various motion pictures based on the popular histories by Anthony Hope, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Rupert of Hentzau*. Admirable though these histories are — it has been justly said that they almost read like romantic novels — and although they have recently been used in hard-pressed Ruritanian schools after the rejection of Communist text-books, they inevitably tell us nothing of twentieth-century history in this area of Central Europe.

There was no one cause of this isolation and neglect of a country which until the recent revolution seemed far more remote than at the turn of the century. It was possible then to reach it the same day by a morning train from Dresden. Suspicion of 'capitalist romanticism' and the barriers to trade and personal contact even between 'Socialist democracies' played a major part, with only Albania adopting a harder line. Certain freak atmospheric conditions in the Ruritanian frontier ranges also made instant TV and even radio contacts extremely difficult.

Indeed during the Communist era almost as little dependable news

emerged from Ruritania as got in. Fleet Street lost interest after some problems with the Queen Flavia diaries marketed by emigrés — the authentication by an eminent Oxbridge historian proving premature, to say the least — and the Ruritanians themselves made the best of matters with the help of the local schnapps, jokes, and ill-founded rumours. Perhaps one of the few occasions when the country's affairs were reported in the West followed the ill-concealed excitement and hope of imminent liberation which swept Ruritania in 1980 after the American Presidential elections. This stemmed from a misconception among a people notoriously confused in their comprehension of foreigners' names. They mistakenly believed that it was not Ronald Reagan who was moving into the White House, but Ronald Colman, so well remembered for his joint roles of Mr. Rudolf Rassendyll and the last Elphsberg king. The subsequent Stewart Granger version of Hope's history was not, of course, allowed to cross the Iron Curtain.

It may be that the abdication of the dynasty after Ruritania's nominal but wholly passive alignment with the Central Powers in the First World War was one reason for the loss of British interest. The 'bourgeois Republic' which succeeded was indubitably dull. Even the brief interlude of the Regency under General von Tarlenheim attracted little attention here compared to that of Hungary under Admiral Horthy. The even more landlocked Ruritanians had no citizen with naval experience except a ferryman from near Zenda who had run away from his wife and rose to the rank of leading stoker in the Imperial German Navy. In any event this Josef Tingl had been influenced by the Spartacists of 1919 and was one of the tiny group which formed the Ruritanian Communist Party. He went to Russia and was last heard of in the Siberian tundra about 1938. After the Communist takeover of 1947 the controlled Ruritanian press carried belated obituaries stating that he, and most of his fellow-exiles, had 'succumbed to the rigours of the climate during their devoted participation in a remarkable proletarian development experiment'.

But another reason for the apparent estrangement of two countries once so warmly associated was British inability to understand the complexity of the situation in the new Republic which emerged after the Treaty of Montmartre, the equivalent for Ruritania of Versailles and Trianon. An assiduous attempt by President Woodrow Wilson to understand the country is also thought to have contributed both to his breakdown in health and the quarrel with Colonel House.

As is evident in Hope's histories, the Ruritania of his day was dominated by its Germanic dynasty and German-speaking minority, though the role of the Chancellor, Marshal Strakencz, testifies that even then the Slav majority played some part in public life. Hope, despite his Teutonic bias, indirectly alludes to the rise of Slav nationalism when he concedes that Duke 'Black Michael' had a powerful following not only in the countryside but in the Ruritanian capital, among the old town's 'hidden populous but wretched lanes and alleys' with their turbulent population. Modern historians insist that they were turbulent because they were already

influenced by Slav nationalism. The fame of the celebrated Constable of Zenda, Colonel Sapt (a Germanised spelling of Szápad), is also a reminder that the small Magyar minority in South-East Ruritania was always part of 'the political nation'.

By the standards of Central Europe the inter-war Republic of Ruritania was relatively tolerant, and even after 1945 far more Germans remained there than in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, or Yugoslavia. In the First Republic, President Karlov, previously a village teacher, brought the breadth of vision that might be expected in someone who had all but obtained a degree while studying under Thomas Masaryk in Prague. 'Boris', said the great Czech scholar-statesman, 'You very nearly passed'.

But inevitably the ritual changes were made, to the great joy of cartographers and painters of street and shop signs, and far fewer British tourists visited Strlzhava (as Strelsau was renamed) and Zenda, one of the few places with the same name in both German and Ruritanian. Naturally *Ruritansky,* which has been described as midway between Slovak and Slovene and in Hope's day was regarded as no more than a rural dialect, became the national language. Although ex-Queen Flavia retained a place in the national affections comparable with that accorded to the memory of the Empress Elisabeth as Queen of Hungary, numerous streets in Strlzhava were renamed after heroes and poets of the Great Ruritanian Empire of the 12th century. This was when the country briefly stretched from the Vistula to the Adriatic, an area which an extreme nationalist faction — The Golden Horde — still claimed as within 'the natural and historic frontiers' of the country.

After 1945, and especially after the putsch arranged by the Soviet Embassy in 1947, those Golden Hordesmen who had survived the war and its immediate aftermath helped to eke out the very limited number of native Communists available. Ideological guidance came in a report drafted in Moscow under Stalin's auspices which pointed out that it would take some years to train sufficient careerists and opportunists to run the new system, (though they were called something else) and that with all their faults the Golden Hordesmen were totally uncorrupted by bourgeois democratic attitudes, as well as immune to cosmopolitanism. The latter phrase meant that none of them were Jews.

This was an important factor once the purge began in 1949 of the 'Westerners' and 'natives' among the Communists and their allies in the purged puppet parties of the National Ruritanian Front. All power went to the handful of 'Muscovites' who had escaped Stalin's pre-war purges. Even the trial of the Cardinal-Archbishop, harshly interrogated in the Castle of Zenda before being charged with currency speculations involving a Mormon bank in Salt Lake City, had to be suspended while the new People's Judiciary conducted trials of deviationists or, to be more exact, heard fanciful confessions of Zionism and Titoism.

A former first secretary of the party admitted that he and Tito had plotted a coup under cover of a hunting weekend at which unlimited supplies of whisky had been supplied by the London merchant banking

firm of Rassendyll Brothers. And apart from those condemned at the show trials there were others who simply disappeared into the notorious dungeons of Hrincacz, formerly Hentzau. Among them were several reputed natural children of a former owner of the castle.

Yet history must concede that even amid these convulsions the face of Ruritania was changed. Strlzhava was ringed with blocks of flats, most of them with adequate water and gas pressure only to about half-way up. Many streets, including the former Königstrasse so prominent in Hope's chronicles, were razed to provide the vistas of the new Boulevard of Proletarian Unity. On the hill above the town which for a time had the fourth-largest statue of Stalin in the world, there also rose the Mausoleum of Socialist Heroes, whose first occupant was the most ruthless of the 'Muscovites', Vladivar Plonk, a former Intourist guide who liked to be known as the Ruritanian Lenin. Steel mills were built, or so it seemed, at every country crossroads. During a period of relative harmony with other Communist States East German engineers built a vast chemical plant at the new town of Marx-Engels near Zenda. Later Chinese assistance helped to construct several arms plants for the export trade deep in the Ruritanian forests before these were appreciably thinned by the side-effects of the Marx-Engels complex. And at least one splinter group of the Provisional IRA enjoyed the hospitality of Hrincacz.

Not till the 1980s did signs appear of what, by Ruritanian standards, was known as 'the thaw'. The eighth five-year plan even contemplated a major development of Western tourism, though hopes that Strlzhava would soon have a Hilton, Sheraton, Holiday Inn, and Hyatt proved absurdly over-ambitious. However two small private restaurants and an American hamburger parlour were opened in the capital and the police turned a blind eye to the increasing number of peasants who reported sick at the collective farms in order to try a day in town selling the produce of their private plots.

There was also a move towards greater intellectual freedom. Articles in literary and historical reviews risked mildly favourable mentions of the late President Karlov and the expression 'the Ruritanian Masaryk' aquired a subtly different tone. The 'Upstairs, Downstairs' exhibition in the People's National Museum, though ostensibly concerned with the exploitation of domestic servants under the Elphsbergs, owed its success to the display of Queen Flavia's ball-gowns and coronation robes. The freedom of religion guaranteed by the Socialist constitution became less circumscribed. The first new bishop for many years — the present Cardinal-Archbishop — was consecrated. The Protestants were allowed to import 5,000 Bibles in Ruritanian and a smaller number in German. Even the Hungarian minority was allowed to send a few divinity students to study at Budapest and Debrecen.

Some Germans were also allowed to emigrate to the Federal Republic in return for cash-down payments in D-Marks. The Strakenczy March, originally supplied by post from Vienna by one of the obscurer Strausses, was again heard in public with thundering handclap accompaniment. In a

sensational gesture (for the time) it was announced that the Workers' Medal was to be replaced by the revived Red Rose of Ruritania. The statue of Lenin was 'temporarily removed for cleaning'.

However the Ruritanian Politburo was still debating its attitude to the Gorbachev reforms in the Soviet Union when street demonstrations, hesitant at first but gathering momentum, took the country down the same path as its nearer neighbours. The ruling party tried even more First Secretaries in even quicker succession than the Communists of East Berlin and Prague, but its collapse was rapid and complete. By Christmas 1989 faded portraits of Queen Flavia and President Karlov decorated the streets and Ottokar Stringcz had begun his astonishing movement from principal cellist in the Ruritanian National Orchestra to the presidency of the new democracy.

But as President Karlov had once written in his *Memories and Reflections* — a work soon on sale again in every Ruritanian bookshop along with the translations of Anthony Hope — history is never 'stuck like the mail-coach to Zenda'. The Ruritanian florin has suffered from severe inflation and the privatisation programme has proceeded by more fits than starts. It has also been apparent that many of those seeking to buy out State enterprises are those who managed them indifferently but lived rather well under the Communist system. The new President had also to use all his personal influence to defuse the tensions in Nova Zenda (formerly Marx-Engels) after his government closed the chemical plant for ecological reasons and prohibited arms exports. He had also the delicate task of maintaining religious harmony when the Protestant minority objected to the Cardinal-Archbishop's announcement that Ruritania was henceforth under the immutable and perpetual patronage of the Blessed Virgin of Hrincacz.

President Stringcz, though his personal integrity is unchallenged, also suffered from the loss of four of his first Cabinet who were exposed as long-serving informers for the Communist secret police — the *Rustasi* — and the defection of others to the South Ruritanian separatist movement. This insists that plans for a 'federative republic' do not go far enough and hankers after a new State of its own after the Croatian model. Even in Ruritania's national sport it has challenged central authority, unsuccessfully seeking to enter a separate team in the world fencing championships. Once again Hrincacz is a focal point for discontents and possibly for plots, as in the days of Rupert of Hentzau.

These troubles help to explain why relatively few foreigners have visited Ruritania and many Ruritanians still seem anxious to leave. Some embarrassment has been caused in Saxony (not without troubles of its own) by the arrival of many would-be immigrants claiming to be ethnic Germans but fluent only in Ruritanian, except for the smattering of German once again customary among the waiters and taxi-drivers of Strlzhava.

President Stringcz, however, remains confident and the presidential guard (with new uniforms designed by the Paris fashion house of de Mauban to replace the previous Red Army style) is more a matter of

show than security. In any event, the President has made it known that he will be in the former royal palace only during office hours and for occasional evening receptions, normally returning home to his two-roomed flat by the river and to his wife Flavia, formerly principal viola in the orchestra.

Among those more permanently in the palace and believed to be the President's leading advisers are the new security consultant, Stanislas von Tarlenheim, a German of Ruritanian extraction who is now seeking re-naturalisation, and a small delegation of economic consultants from Rassendyll Brothers, one of whom (it is said) bears a quite remarkable facial resemblance to the President himself. It is also said that the President has looked much more relaxed and alert in some recent public appearances.

By next year, it is hoped, the trains from Dresden will again reach Strlzhava within the day. And while the Hilton there never materialised (though there are other hotels, which now prefer payment in dollars) Rassendyll Brothers are thought to have proposed a variation of the scheme. A firm of architects have produced a plan by which the Castle of Zenda would be converted into a five-star hotel and a golf course would be developed at Nova Zenda on the site once occupied by the Lenin chemical complex.

HUNGARY: TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY?

by Emil Rado

HOW is democracy faring two years into Hungary's first government elected by universal suffrage? Having a hard time of it, it would seem, but narrowly ahead on points.

I have been visiting Hungary annually for many years now, and some of the changes I noticed this year are disturbing. Talking to individuals, I found an almost neurotic sense of insecurity. Almost everyone I visited had had a double steel frame clamped on their front door and door-frame since last year because of the fear of burglaries; almost all multi-occupancy buildings now have their courtyard door locked day and night, with call-buttons against each occupant's name. 'Just like back home,' I commented encouragingly, when the subject was raised, but this remark was felt to be in rather bad taste. Equally strong is the sense of job insecurity: with unemployment having risen from almost nothing to over 9% in two years and still rising by about 30,000 a month, literally no-one I met felt secure in their job. There was also a sense that things had happened for random and arbitrary reasons. 'Look at me,' said a hospital consultant of some twenty years' standing: 'my 20 year old daughter has just joined the Central Bank as a clerk, and her starting salary is twice mine'.

I also noted a marked souring of the political atmosphere. With the coalition Government's popularity in steady decline (the latest Gallup poll suggesting that the coalition partners would now get under 40% of the popular vote), and the political middle-ground firmly occupied by FIDESZ, the liberal Young Democrats party (whose rating now stands at 55%), the Government has been steadily drifting to the right. It has tried to make up for what it has lost in popular support by appointing party men and women to senior posts that were meant to be awarded on merit ('just like the Communists used to', said my Hungarian informants; 'Like Mrs. Thatcher used to', thought I). 'The time has come to stop talking about our opponents and start talking about our enemies,' said Mr. Csurka, Deputy Parliamentary Leader of the MDF — the leading coalition party — a few days ago, and Mr. Antall, the Prime Minister, who was present at the occasion, did not disown him.

What, then, are the principal bones of contention between the Hungarian Government and Opposition? First, the Act of Parliament that takes away the land of Agricultural Producers' Co-operatives from those who cultivate it now, and divides it up among its pre-1949 owners (most of them now in their 70s or 80s), or among their descendents (who mostly have no farming experience). While there was a generally agreed need to split up many co-operatives into smaller, more economic units, they *had* managed to feed the country, and even produced a large export surplus: what would the effect of the change-over be? In the short run, there is uncertainty about whether the land will be properly cultivated and livestock adequately maintained this year, given that ownership of the land may change hands

between sowing and reaping. Also, the law is unclear about how buildings and machinery belonging to the Co-ops are to be shared out between present and future owners: no small matter. In the longer run, there is the real — and tragic — possibility that new, urban-based owners of land will just sell it, resulting once more in the emergence of landless peasants and large landowners, without even the feudal inhibitions of the previous aristocracy.

An even more contentious issue has been the Zetenyi-Takacs Act introduced by two MDF backbenchers. It would have lifted the statute of limitations on 'major crimes' committed by functionaries of the Nazi regimes in power before 1945, and by Communist functionaries after 1948. As surviving officials of Hungarian Nazi governments who have escaped prosecution so far are both rare and likely to be in their dotage, the law was evidently aimed at former Communists. Opposition parties objected to it, but not out of sympathy for the crimes some Communists had undoubtedly committed. The Opposition argued that, by failing to define clearly what crimes would come under the purview of the Act, the door would be opened to a general anti-Communist witch-hunt. As most Hungarians over 35 are ex-Communists of some sort anyway, such a law would only serve to strengthen the already destructive forces in Hungarian society that want to focus on who was to blame, when what the country needs is reconciliation and a forward-looking attitude.

The Act was passed by Parliament, but was then referred by Arpad Goncz, the President of the Republic, to the Constitutional Court, which declared the Act invalid. It is not yet clear whether the Act's sponsors will try to reintroduce it in a modified form or accept defeat gracefully. But there have been ominous rumblings within the MDF (the largest Government party) about the need to get rid of entrenched clauses in the Constitution, and of the Constitutional Court itself.

If challenged to justify my cautious optimism about the future of democracy in Hungary, I would base it on the existence of FIDESZ, an alert and highly respected Opposition party that looks the likeliest candidate to form the next government; on the existence of the constitution with its entrenched clauses needing a two-thirds majority to change them, on the Constitutional Court that can — and does — declare Acts of Parliament unconstitutional, and on Hungary's universally respected and popular President, Arpad Goncz, whose limited but significant powers give him the right to refer Acts of Parliament to the Constitutional Court, and to approve or veto certain prime ministerial appointments to key positions in the public services.

A day or two before I left Hungary, I watched a riveting TV programme in the 'Crossfire' series, in which an eminent public figure is cross-examined by three journalists for an hour, with no holds barred. That week's victim was Elemer Hankiss, the Director General of Hungarian TV. 'It must be clear to you,' said one of the journalists, 'that the Prime Minister dislikes you intensely and considers you biassed against his party, and that he will try to remove you from your post if he can. Do you consider this more than a personal threat?' 'Any Director General of any

national TV system who is not disapproved of and considered biassed by the Prime Minister of the day is simply not doing his job,' replied the unruffled Mr. Hankiss. 'And any Prime Minister would find entrenched constitutional clauses, Constitutional Courts and presidential veto powers frustrating, but this is just the time when the rules of our newly designed political game are being tested. If they can stand up to the test, and the government of the day accepts the limits that the constitution imposes on its powers, an essential step will have been taken to secure the future of democracy — and it will be more secure than if these rules had not been tested in the first place.'

I hope he will be proved right. In that expectation I offer — with apologies to E. M. Forster — two cheers for democracy in Hungary.

[Emil Rado is Senior Lecturer in Glasgow University's Department of Adult & Continuing Education.]

This is an expanded version of an article that originally appeared in 'The Glasgow Herald'.

POEM

THE ULTIMATE FORGIVENESS

When Peter left
(Leaving the keys under the mat
For his successor)
The world turned upside-down.
His destination reached at last,
His eyes had trouble focusing:
Finding things right-way-up again
Took some adjustment.
Could not at first believe he saw
(Beyond the shoulder of his Lord's embrace)
A reinstated Judas standing there.

His once-unruly tongue was strangely stilled.
He heard a distant echo in his mind
Of cock heralding in the world's worst day,
And knew
How far we all fall short, and in the crook
Of his strong arm
He gathered to his breast the wayward sheep.

Pam Gidney

SINGAPORE REMEMBERS

by George Evans

JAPAN's new found freedom to dispatch troops overseas for the first time since 1945 has proved far from welcome news in those Asian countries which the Japanese army over-ran and occupied during the last war. The fact that the parliamentary bill authorising this radical departure from post-war policy, which was passed by the Diet in the teeth of strong left-wing opposition, merely empowers the government to provide up to 2,000 men for non-combatant duty in support of United Nations' peacekeeping activities has done little to allay fears of a Japanese military revival. Even the Japanese themselves have their doubts, despite assurances by Mr. Miyazawa, the Prime Minister, that the change of policy would enable the country to play a bigger role in international affairs. More than half of the population, if opinion polls are to be believed, are opposed to it and, given the choice, would prefer to steer clear of involvement in foreign conflicts. The Japanese so-called Defence Force, with the world's fourth largest defence budget, has nearly a quarter of a million men under arms. Any expansion of its role or capability is clearly seen by neighbouring states as cause for concern if not downright alarm.

Memories of the infamous record of the Imperial army are still fresh nearly half a century after the Hiroshima bomb ended the war. Though Malaysia which was invaded in 1942 professes to see no problem so long as Japan acts only under the auspices of the United Nations, lingering doubts persist about Tokyo's motives. 'We have had experience of Japanese imperialism', a Foreign Ministry spokesman said, 'and I am sure everyone in South East Asia is very concerned about Japan embarking on another military adventure'. In Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, the former Prime Minister, put it more bluntly. Allowing the Japanese military to serve abroad again would, he said, be like giving liqueur chocolates to an alcoholic. The same fears have surfaced in China, South Korea and the Philippines coupled, in the case of Communist North Korea, with denunciations of 'Japan's wild ambition to become a military power'.

Nowhere is the memory of Japanese atrocities more deeply-rooted than in Singapore where the fiftieth anniversary of the island's humiliating surrender has been marked by a series of exhibitions depicting the horror and deprivation of the occupation. The Japanese who had earmarked Singapore as the hub of their grandiose plan for a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, immediately re-named it Syonan-To (Light of the South). Its fate had been sealed when General Yamashita, known as the Tiger of Malaya, over-ran the Malayan peninsula in just seventy days, bottling up British, Australian and Indian troops on Singapore island. The formal act of surrender of that 'impregnable' fortress, signed by General Percival, the British commander, on February 15, 1942 in, of all places, the Ford car factory, was described by Churchill as the greatest catastrophe in British military history.

General Yamashita said it was bicycles and good roads which helped to bring about such a famous victory. 'Bicycles and the excellent paved roads built by the British were our secret weapons,' he exulted. His Chief of Staff wrote: 'Singapore, the British stronghold which for over a hundred years had dominated Asia, now lay before our eyes pawing the ground in its last moments'. In the triumphal celebrations which followed the capture of this mighty citadel the Imperial Guards led a huge victory parade along Singapore's main processional way, Orchard Road, banners and regimental flags held aloft proclaimed the Samurai code: 'The Bushido spirit will live forever'.

In theory this ought to have reassured the populace that they had nothing to fear but if such hopes were entertained they were short-lived. The spirit of Bushido was enshrined in an official pamphlet issued by Imperial Army Headquarters to 40,000 officers and men as they embarked for Malaya but regrettably it did nothing to restrain the ruthless brutality with which the campaign was conducted. 'We must,' it declared, 'achieve the satisfaction of our just demands with no thought of leniency to Europeans unless they be Germans or Italians. But pillaging, molesting women or the heedless slaughter or maiming of people who offer no resistance, or any action which may sully the reputation of Japan as a country of moral rectitude should be condemned by all in the strongest terms. You must do nothing to impair your dignity as a soldier of His Majesty the Emperor in His Majesty's army. You must discipline yourselves to correct behaviour and, in particular, show compassion towards the old and towards women and children ... Treat the natives with kindness but do not expect too much of them. Three hundred million natives have been treated as slaves by 300,000 white men and if you stop to wonder for what past sins they now groan beneath the white man's oppressive rule, you may well pity them'.

Such solicitude for the downtrodden did not extend to the 'overseas Chinese' who were categorised along with the hapless Europeans as public enemy number one and thereby excluded from the theoretical protection of civilians enjoined upon the soldiery. They had, in the words of the official guidance, emigrated from China in large numbers over the years and gradually risen from humble positions as clerks, errand boys or coolies to become men of wealth. They had done this, it said, through deceiving the notoriously lazy natives. Worse still, they had increased their power by colluding with the British, Americans, French and Dutch. There were now four million Chinese colonists in the whole area, many of whom contributed military funds to Peking. They would, said the Tokyo directive ominously, have to be offered guidance and given an opportunity for self-examination. In concert with the Europeans they had steadily extorted money from the native population and, since they had no racial or national consciousness and no enthusiasm outside making money, it would be difficult to enlist their co-operation in any scheme which did not promise personal profit.

Having rounded up and imprisoned more than 85,000 British, Aust-

ralian and Indian troops as well as several thousand civilians, including women and children, the Japanese military administration rapidly set about turning Syonan-To into an advanced base to be used as a springboard for the conquest of Burma and India. Singaporeans watched with mounting apprehension as the Rising Sun was hoisted over Fort Canning, the former British military headquarters. An English-language newspaper, the *Syonan Times*, appeared on the streets from which imperialist symbols such as the statue of Singapore's founder, Sir Stamford Raffles, had been systematically removed. The Kempetai, the dreaded military police took over the YMCA in the centre of the city as their headquarters. Among their other activities they began enforcing a decree which prescribed death by beheading for anyone caught listening to the BBC or the Voice of America.

During the reign of terror in Malaya, which then included Singapore, more than 40,000 civilians and military — some estimates put the figure closer to 70,000 — were murdered. There are original authenticated photographs in the National Museum exhibition showing roped groups of the condemned being led away for execution and later digging their own graves at gunpoint before being shot. Other exhibits include pictures of Indian Army soldiers, mainly Sikhs, being tied to stakes and shot and bayoneted, probably for refusing to join the Japanese-sponsored Indian National Army. On a nearby wall there is a list of thirty-two tortures practised by the Kempetai, ranging from whipping to covering the victim's face with burning ash.

The Chinese, as was to be expected, were among the first to suffer. Within days all males between 12 and 60 were rounded up for screening. This took the form of 'purification' parades where individuals suspected of being anti-Japanese were pointed out by informers who were masked to hide their identity. Those not 'cleansed' were taken to the YMCA for investigation by the Kempetai and frequently tortured before being led away to execution. Some of the mass graves in which they were buried were only discovered twenty years after the war. Less horrific but equally harrowing exhibits are displayed in the Changi Museum, which stands alongside the forbidding high walls of the notorious jail, dedicated to the British, Australian and Indian prisoners-of-war who lived — and died — in Japanese captivity. 'During their darkest years,' reads the caption on one exhibit, 'religion was a source of strength and hope which sustained the half-starved prisoners and enabled them to build new places of worship despite being moved from one place to another. Often when men died they were found to have only two or three personal possessions — a pair of ragged shorts, the photograph of a loved one and a slip of paper saying they had received instruction for Holy Communion and would be applying for Confirmation on their release'. A replica of one of the small chapels they built which will contain an altar cross also made by the prisoners from a 4.5 inch howitzer shell case has been placed alongside the museum.

Many Singaporeans, the *Straits Times* reported in a recent series of articles marking the fiftieth anniversary of the occupation, are still haunted

by the images of war, images of bayoneted soldiers and beheaded civilians. 'I can still picture the countless bodies of British and Indian soldiers near the scene of a ferocious hand-to-hand battle,' said one. Even after ten days there were bodies all over the place. It was a horrible sight. Even worse was the sight of British soldiers bayoneted against trees. I still ask myself what kind of people would do such a thing. Wasn't shooting the soldiers bad enough?' One man recalled his brother-in-law's being taken away by the military police, tortured and killed for listening to the BBC and Voice of America broadcasts reporting Allied victories in the Pacific. Getting slapped in the face for not bowing to sentries and the dread of being beaten or even beheaded when falsely accused of wrong-doing were, said another, constant sources of fear which gripped the civilian population, regardless of whether they were Chinese, Malayan or Indian.

Many Japanese are among the thousands of visitors to the various anniversary exhibitions of which there are at least four, not counting Fort Canning, the empty, cavernous underground headquarters of the British high command. Apart from the few exhibits on the walls, this remains largely as it was at the time of the surrender half a century ago. What impression the Japanese form as they move in silent contemplation from one grim exhibit to another is hard to divine but it seems likely that most, if asked, would say they had no idea such crimes had been committed in their name. And improbable as this sounds it may well be true, indeed almost certainly is true in the case of the younger generation. In post-war Japan such unpalatable facts as the rape of Nanking in the 1930s and, in the last war, the forced abduction of young Korean women to serve as prostitutes in army brothels, the use of prisoners-of-war as human guinea pigs in germ warfare experiments and the rest of a long litany of barbaric acts including mass executions, were expunged from the history books. Japanese Prime Ministers have become well accustomed to listening to protests about, and offering apologies for, such crimes committed during the reign of terror loosed by the Emperor's legions as they rampaged through Asia in the 1930s and '40s.

Today in Singapore, dynamic, prosperous and self-confident state that it has become, the scars of war have healed. The Japanese may not be loved but neither are they hated — and anyway, they are back in force. Not only are they the largest expatriate community but at least a million of them, tourists and businessmen, are expected this year. Street maps are printed in English and Japanese. 'We would not welcome Japanese hegemony', a government minister remarked, 'but we could live with it. We do business with anyone it is in our interests to do business with,' he added thoughtfully, mentally substituting, so to speak, the spirit of Nissan for the spirit of Bushido.

[George Evans, a journalist, was serving with the Indian Army in South East Asia at the time of the Japanese surrender.]

RICHARD HAMILTON — AN ILLUSTRATOR OF IDEAS

by Muriel Julius

ONE balmy autumn day in 1975 I went to the Serpentine Gallery in Hyde Park to see an exhibition of paintings by Richard Hamilton. He had become famous in 1956 with his concipient collage 'Just what is it that makes today's homes so different, so appealing?' illustrating many of the desirable consumer icons of the time. With it he jettisoned himself and Pop Art into motion.

The walls of the Serpentine were hung with a great number of air-brushed and daubed landscapes, vaguely arcadian, with two pale models languishing amid the green glades. Prominent in the foreground was an unmistakable roll of toilet paper, the word 'Andrex' clearly marked upon it Alongside were a number of Cézanneque flower paintings. In 'Flower Piece II' (No. 72) instead of the traditional enhancing element, a shell, some insect or a skull beneath the bowl of flowers there were instead two elongated brown objects — could it be — yes, indeed they were faeces. One or two such paintings might be considered amusing, but an entire exhibition?

At the recent Press showing of his retrospective exhibition at the Tate Gallery, Mr. Hamilton explained to a group of strangely muted journalists. Those canvases were a send-up of a conceptual advertising campaign — conceived incidentally by the artist Bridget Riley — to promote the new novelty of coloured, as opposed to white toilet paper. In a high-minded comment at the time Hamilton said 'flowery allure is an irrelevant anachronism in the context of cultural ideas of our period. It takes perversity and a touch of irony to make it tolerable'.

The late vituperative art critic Peter Fuller's famous attack on Hamilton dates from this time. 'It was the Serpentine exhibition', he wrote, 'that made me realize just what an whore of an artist he was', was one of his kinder comments. He was by no means alone in thinking that these paintings should be relegated to the incinerator of history.

This is Richard Hamilton's second retrospective exhibition at the Tate, an honour afforded to few artists: denied to Graham Sutherland in his lifetime, yet to be bestowed on either Lucien Freud or Frank Auerbach. It has occasioned a crop of lukewarm reviews. Hamilton reflects the mass imagery and technological discoveries of the age more than almost any other artist, but he is no painter's painter. His drawing is weak; his painting arid.

From 1953 to 1966 Hamilton taught design in the Fine Art Department of what became Newcastle University. He was a teacher who believed in the precedence of the idea over the practice — a precept which, to the fury of many, is still propogated in art schools today. Through his written and spoken words Hamilton became, as early as 1970, something rare among British artists at that time, a truly international figure.

As the founding theorist of Pop Art he had set out its precepts in 1957: 'Popular (designed for a mass audience): transient (short-term solution): expendable (easily forgotten): low cost (mass produced): young (aimed at youth): witty: sexy: gimmicky: and last but not least, Big Business'.

Hamilton's images do not spring purely from his imagination but had specific sources — magazine articles, advertising, newspaper photographs, anything indeed that came to hand. From an article in *Playboy* magazine on male fashion in the early sixties came 'Towards a definitive statement on coming trends in men's wear and accessories' a weird conglomoration of an astronaut's helmet, a chest expander, Y-front underpants, binoculars and other items supposed to enhance the masculine image. (Nos. 20-23).

'Hommage á Chrysler Corp' 1957 tackles the 'rhetoric of persuasion' — Reyner Banham's phrase — written into car design and marketing. Oil paint, photographic print, metal foil and collage combine to make the image; the flesh-coloured full-breasted woman is caressing the machine, a machine with feminine attributes. This was the first of five Pop paintings to explore the allusive play between girls and machines.

Hamilton wrote: 'Sex is everywhere, symbolized in the glamour of mass-produced luxury — the interplay of fleshy plastic and smooth, fleshier metal'. Indeed there is a lot of sex in Hamilton's art but it is vulgar, leering sex rather than fun sex. His paintings of 1958/61 'She' (No. 16) and 'Pin Up' (No. 17) showing a call-girl holding her black lace brassière aloft are of a misogynistic morality no artist would dare attempt today.

One of Hamilton's most memorable images was supplied from a newspaper cutting. We see seven variations of 'Swinging London 67' (Nos. 48-54). The singer, Mick Jagger and Hamilton's dealer, Robert Fraser, are being driven to court in a police van for unlawful possession of drugs. In a self-protective gesture their hands are raised against a battery of cameras and we see that they are handcuffed. Jagger is seen smiling, no doubt at police overkill. He was far too famous to attempt escape. They were being scapegoated.

Richard Hamilton is unusual among artists in having been commissioned to design a commercial computer — the Diab DS-101 — and very good looking it is. It may resemble one of Donald Judd's minamilist structures but this computer functions. When first shown in 1986 visitors could choose from a menu of texts about the exhibition and obtain a printout.

Some years ago I visited Hamilton's home in Oxfordshire and his gorgeous barn/studio. On the computer in his handsome first floor sitting room he demonstrated some of its functions. On it were listed each of his works, who owned them, when and where they were purchased, where they had been exhibited, etc. The extensive bibliography in the catalogue of this exhibition was formulated on his own Diab computer. From it one learns that in the 1970s, when he was in his fifties, his output was enormous. He had his first retrospective at the Tate; taught for a term at the University of Wisconsin; visited Japan; collaborated on a play with Dieter Roth; published numerous articles; broadcast frequently; began restoring a house in Spain and exhibited in Milan, Amsterdam, Berlin,

Manchester, Edinburgh, Frankfurt, Grenoble, and in Spain, Canada and the USA.

Many of these exhibitions were of prints, a field in which Hamilton is an acknowledged master. Even while blasting him in *Modern Painters* their critic concedes that his etching, 'Picasso's Meninas' is wonderfully funny, a tour de force of pastiche. Hamilton's screenprint of the shooting of students at Kent State University, Ohio, was seen worldwide. Equally well known is his print of Frank Lloyd Wright's idiosyncratic Guggenheim Museum, inspired by a picture postcard sent him by Lawrence Alloway, then the museum's curator.

As he confirmed when chatting to the Press, he associated the spirally floors of the building with a spirally stitched woman's brassière. He manipulated the image to simplify the planes, curves and shadows. The result is a tightly constructed composition that assumes its own well-known identity. In what 'was an attempt to mirror the whole activity of architecture in the confines of a four feet square panel' he made reliefs of the image on fibreglass panels covered in cellulose lacquer finishes applied with an air-gun (Nos. 37-42). The six treatments achieve enormously different effects. Most sophisticated is the highly reflective black version; there is a crass rainbow coloured version; a glitzy gold version and the Tate Gallery's own pink, cream and pale green variation like a pistachio ice-cream.

It would be unlikely for so mondaine an artist to remain politically indifferent. The charismatic Aneurin Bevan was an early acquaintance; David Mellor, the Minister of National Heritage, contributes a long and fascinating piece to the catalogue of this exhibition. A cruel and offensive 'Portrait of Hugh Gaitskell as a Famous Monster of Filmland' in 1964 (No. 26) is a juvenile thwack against a leader who rejected nuclear disarmament.

An experience of the National Health Service produced 'Treatment Room 1983/4' (No. 83). In a soulless space a TV monitor looms over the bed subjecting the patient to a patronizing Margaret Thatcher asserting that of course the Health Service wouldn't suffer despite stringent spending cuts.

Did Hamilton recall that Leonardo da Vinci once said that whenever he was stuck for an idea he would stare at 'a wall covered in dirt'? Such a wall is prominent in the diptych 'The Citizen' 1982/3 (No. 82). It came about from seeing a television programme filmed inside the British high-security prison at Long Kesh, near Belfast. The subject is one of the protesting IRA prisoners who refused to cut their hair, wash, wear prison clothes. He stands unshaved, draped only in a prison blanket, the walls of his cell smeared with excrement. In dramatic contrast marches 'The Subject' 1988/90 (No. 87) a member of the Protestant Orange Order. He is triumphant in his dark suit, bowler hat, perfectly polished shoes, with a sword erect in his hand and adorned with the silken orange sash and fancy gloves, the insignia of his secret society. One does not want to remember these images of irreconcilable worlds but they are hard to forget.

'War Games' 1990/92 (No. 106) challenges our acceptance of war as transmitted by television, specifically the BBC's Newsnight programme which related events in the Gulf conflict by moving items of battle equipment about in a sandpit. Red paint seeps under the television set in the painting. 'Is this a game or is it for real?'.

A few years ago the Museum of Modern Art in Oxford showed a number of Hamilton's evocations of banal, de-humanized public spaces. I recall their terrible tastefulness as hugely dis-spiriting. The Tate shows 'Lobby' 1985/7 (No. 85) a large canvas inspired by a postcard from the Hotel Europa, Berlin. Its vast emptiness, repeated in mirrored pillars, has been geometrically manipulated to supranatural effect. In this instance the fastidiously unexciting paint surfaces are most appropriate.

Now seventy years old, Hamilton insists that he is 'nothing if not an artist' and 'an old-style fine artist' at that. But he has become so immersed in photographic and electronic devices, with Cibachrome prints and the Quantel 'Paint-box' that much if not all aesthetic beauty has been sacrificed. What Hamilton is is an inventive transformer of found images, an immensely skilful manipulator but as dispassionate as Gauguin or Matisse were passionate. It is not his painting but his involvement in contemporary ideas that make him a significant post-war artist. He echoes Michel Foucault's assertion in *Discipline and Punish* who wrote: 'Our society is not one of spectacle but of surveillance... under the surface of images one invests bodies in depth'.

The exhibition, sponsored by SRU Ltd, continues at the Tate Gallery, London, SW1 until 6th September. It transfers later to the new Museum of Modern Art at Kilmainham, near Dublin, Ireland.

Literary Supplement

KEYNES, PRO AND CON

Maynard Keynes. An Economist's Biography. D. E. Moggridge. Routledge. £25.00

This book has already received a mauling for its overdue length of nearly 950 pages. One suggestion was that we could have done with one-third of it, more generously, I would suggest about a half. In the American academic manner the author cannot tell what is relevant and what irrelevant — long strings of names of members of dead committees, for example. Nevertheless there is much that is informative, and some of it quite new and valuable.

Keynes was born in the odour of sanctity of Cambridge Liberalism, with its illusions about Europe and Germany. Hence his ambivalence about Britain resisting German aggression in 1914. He did take part in the war-effort from the sanctuary of the Treasury, with a grumbling 'conscience' whether this was right. Nothing about this in the book. Then, though serving the government, he took an active part in opposing conscription, when it was indispensably necessary. This was irresponsible and wrong. However, he was young; by the time of the next German war he was 'older and wiser', as this author allows.

But not yet by a long chalk. His book about the Versailles Treaty gave him international fame and a little fortune, but did untold damage. The territorial provisions were fair — as that just man, J. L. Brierley, Professor of International Law at Oxford affirmed; the Treaty re-created Poland and liberated all the Slavs of Europe. The Reparations clauses may have been unworkable, but Germany made little attempt to work them. Keynes himself wrote in 1926: 'The United States lends the money to Germany, Germany renders its equivalent to the Allies, the Allies pay it back to the United States government. Nothing real passes — no-one is a penny the worse'. No wonder the French were mad about it, after all their sufferings and losses. Later, the French economist Mantoux pointed out that Germany spent far more in re-arming than ever she paid in reparations. Hence, in part, the Second War — in which Keynes played a far better part.

Meanwhile, he was right against our mistaken return to the Gold Standard at the impossibly high rate of $4.85 to the pound. Think of that today! It largely created unemployment. Keynes produced a constructive programme for dealing with it, but sank it by making it the policy for the Liberal Party. What was the sense in that? — there was hardly any Liberal Party left to put it into action.

Why would he not co-operate with the Labour Party, to make each other effective? On the Macmillan Committee he and Ernest Bevin were in close agreement on economic policy. The Labour Party's mass movement would have given Keynes the fulcrum he needed. I kept up a constant argument with him on that — he was always generous and encouraging to me as a young man — and I eventually wrote a booklet about it, *Mr. Keynes and the Labour Movement,* besides many other articles. He half-inclined in letters to me, but wouldn't commit himself. Nothing about that in the book.

He was ambivalent too in other ways. We could have spared the detailed information about his 'risqué' private life for more about the relevant politics.

A lot of economic argumentation is like abstract mathematics, when the

facts of economic life are comparatively simply. You can't get more out of a pint pot than it holds; high wages increase prices and create unemployment. Sometimes Keynes confessed to a salutary scepticism about the academic industry that employs so many economists, with their conflicting views.

Usually he was too optimistic. After the Second World War — with our enormous losses of capital and foreign investments — he favoured maximum expenditure on social services and the Beveridge Report. Hubert Henderson, a good pessimist, favoured minimum outlay, what the country could afford. At the end the facts of life were brought home to him by the hard-fisted American bargainers at Bretton Woods. However, he was a man of genius and a devoted public servant.

His Bloomsbury friends disapproved of this, with their vocational disease of superciliousness. Strachey wrote, 'he has a crapulous egotism and smug impermeability *qui font fremur*, (sc. *frémir*: a Canadian should know French). They also disapproved of his marriage to Lydia Lopokova, 'not one of us'. Keynes's mother said that it was the best thing Maynard ever did.

A. L. ROWSE

THE THOUSAND-YEAR-LONG IMPERIUM

The Oxford Dictionary of Byzantium. Edited by Alexander P. Kazhdan, editor-in-chief. NY and Oxford OUP. Three volumes. £200.00.

This is a remarkable, indeed overwhelming, piece of scholarship. In three volumes, of 2,232 pages (approximately two million words) in all, it is the achievement of 127 scholars from 17 countries, and was completed in just over seven years. Dr. Kazhdan and his editors were as good as disciplinarians as they were scholars. Their secret was that the book was conceived and largely bred in the Byzantine Library at Dumbarton Oaks, and that they had the financial support of the National Endowment for the Humanities, and also of the Mellon Foundation, the Getty Trust and the Kress Foundation. Thanks to this generosity, scholars could be released from teaching or administrative duties; and their universities could be adequately compensated for their absence. Moreover, the unity of the work owes much to the editorial device whereby individual experts undertook responsibility for writing, surveying and/or editing 'clusters' of articles — and there are in all some five thousand essays. The OUP, moreover, has done an excellent job, even if the general reader might wish for more maps and illustrations than are provided here. But homo byzantinus will be happy, the more so in that, alongside all the 82 Byzantine emperors in their thirteen dynasties, and a rich selection of saints and patriarchs, writers, places and concepts, are fascinating pieces on food and diet and human emotions, and on birds and bees and Byzantine body language. Each entry is buttressed by brief bibliographies. This is a rich cornucopia.

As Rome and Italy were over-run by barbarians, Constantinople, founded as a Christian city and to testify to a Christian victory, became and long remained a new Rome, but a Rome permeated, not only by the Christian faith and imagery but by the literature and thought of Greece. However, just as Rome was imperilled by Goths and Vandals, so Constantinople and its eastern dominion in Asia Minor had also to withstand incursions: of the Arabs as invaders and/or as pirates in the seventh and eighth centuries; of the Seljuks in the eleventh century, who at Manzikert in 1017 destroyed the Byzantine armies and took over the rich granary of Anatolia; and from the next century almost to its fall in 1453, the Byzantine world was over-run by

the Crusaders, nominally there as Christian allies, but in fact seeking booty and territory. Ironically, the Venetians and Genoese grew fat on Byzantine rather than infidel wealth, as did the Knights Hospitallers in Rhodes and Malta. It was the first Rome, and its satellite Kingdoms in the Levant, that left the second so weakened that it could not resist the forces of the Ottoman Sultan Mehmet II — when in 1453 they stormed the walls of Constantinople. What little help came from Venice and from the Pope, came too late.

Churches and monastic ruins, frescoes and icons, people and patriarchs are all faithfully and fully recorded here: Constantinople and notably its Hagia Sophia lovingly so; Mistra in the Peloponnesos, where the last Palaeologus was invested four years before his death as the city fell; Ochrid on its lake in Macedonia — to name only some of those still treasured. We have recently had a bitter and ugly reminder of the threat to some of these treasures, and of the line between Christian and Orthodox, between Latin and Cyrillic. As the book was being printed Serbs, helped by some Montenegrans, were bombarding Dubrovnik and the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia. For the line between Latinised and Germanised Croats in the 'West' and Orthodox Serbia and Bosnia in the 'East', is where the worlds of the two Romes also met and sometimes clashed a thousand years ago.

ESMOND WRIGHT

LETTERS OF LIGHT

The Scramble for Africa 1876-1912. Thomas Pakenham. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £20.00.

Contemplating crammed shelves of books on Africa, culminating in Lord Hailey's vast survey, one feels there is hardly room for this new tome of over 700 pages. Yet, with a nice balance of the anecdotal and academic, Thomas Pakenham produces a rewarding and readable mixture. Can one ever forget the picture of Bismarck chewing away at his shrimps and cherries, or the trade bead story to end all stories with Stanley's magic Chinese drum?

The early part of this book is very much a re-run of the Livingstone-Stanley and Leopold material still pouring from our gorged presses. Then a real gap is filled by the simultaneous story of the five great Powers (Britain, France, Germany, Portugal and Belgium) and Leopold plus a variety of Afro-Arab empires of the late 19th century.

There is no real consensus among historians to explain why the huge and hasty partition of Africa erupted when it did. Livingstone's comparatively placid progress towards the three 'C's of Civilization, Christianity and Commerce, were, says Pakenham, inevitably followed by conflict and conquest. Though the term was not invented until later, the Scramble for Africa really took off with Leopold's machinations at the Brussels Conference of 1876. Leopold, King of the Belgians with his single-mindedness and intention to annex the huge central African area of the Congo for himself, had the good fortune to annex also Stanley for five years. For the latter was deeply discouraged at the British refusal to take over and he was ready to accept the ostensible crusade of the International African Association to open up Africa for humanitarian development. Frenzied activities followed, and, as Pakenham observes and demonstrates, there were bewildering years ahead all over the continent.

If Goethe is right in saying that genius means knowing when to stop, there was not much displayed among these avid and anxious Empire builders. From General Gordon in Sudan to the Boers in the Transvaal; from the French

building up a New India as they sailed up the Niger to myriad slave traders doing very nicely, the sheer size and horrors of Africa proved too much for the sanity of some. Germany, arriving late on the scene in the Cameroons, bred one of Gladstone's more fatuous remarks as he 'looked with sympathy and joy upon the extension of Germany in these desert places'. Gladstone could also sound more like Cecil Rhodes than Rhodes when he spoke of Egypt as 'the germ of an Empire that will grow until we finally join hands across the Equator to Natal and Cape Town'.

It seemed only natural that by the end of the Scramble Britain should hold 15 out of the 30 new possessions and a lion's share of strategic control and lucrative products. That did not stop her joining the American moral stance against the Congo mess, a stance somewhat incomprehensible and hypocritical to the other Powers. For, like the Walrus, we wept but ate the more. The effect of all this on roughly a hundred million Africans was barely considered. Only later, doubt grew as to whether horrid and despotic local governments were in practice much worse than the three 'C's, now rapidly converting to the three 'G's — guns, gold and greed. Partition politics settled modern African boundaries but had little to do with tribal or human rights.

By 1912 the Scramble was over. A few last scraps were thrown to Spain and Italy and the two remaining independent countries, Abyssinia and Liberia, were not exactly shining examples of prosperity or democracy. The Scramble out of Africa was even faster than the Scramble in — roughly 1957 to 1968, although the League of Nations Mandate System and UNO's Trusteeships had paved the way. The author provides brief disparagement of the mandatory system and does not mention Trusteeship. 'Worthy if inadequate efforts'. Indeed only on the very last page do we hear about the civil wars and military coups of independent Africa and the sad fact that President Mobutu has bled the Congo of her wealth far more efficiently than Leopold.

This Epilogue section was perhaps a mistake and it shows signs of an unbalanced Scramble together. The eulogy on Zimbabwe's independence could be unduly optimistic. One thinks back sadly and cynically to neighbouring Zambia which in 1964 appeared to have an equally glowing and prosperous future, only to crash, through mammoth incompetence and corruption, into catastrophe. Pakenham asserts proudly that Zimbabwe will succeed because the men who took over are as well educated as their masters. Not a squeak or a nod to the British for the magnificent multi-racial University of Rhodesia which helped to produce these men. Indeed there is hardly a good word for the colonials except, again, on the last page when Pakenham allows that Europeans have left 'aspirations' to freedom and dignity to the 47 African nations now stepped on stage.

Perhaps the tragedy conveyed by this book, whether or not wittingly, is our inability to comprehend the minds of 19th century men, or to believe what we do understand. We have so cast them in terms of creed and greed and we cannot throw off the hindsight of Freud and Marx. Raffles, one of the wisest early colonials, much admired by Lee Kuan Yew, could write seriously: 'If commerce brings wealth to us it is the spirit of literature and philanthropy that teaches us how to employ it for the noblest purposes. It is this which has made Britain go forth among nations strong in her native light to dispense blessings all round her... when her Empire shall have passed away these monuments will endure. Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in Letters of Light. Alas, a cynical raspberry is likely to be all the response from this generation so indoctrinated with our failings.

The generously synchronised chronology, ample photographs and sketch map make the Scramble a necessity to any Africanist.

MOLLY MORTIMER

RUSSIA ON THE EVE

Between the Hammer and the Sickle: Across Russia by Cycle. Simon Vickers. Sinclair-Stevenson. £16.95.

On the eve of the French Revolution, Arthur Young, a well known agricultural writer, made a tour of France. His *Travels in France* was soon recognised as one of the best accounts of a country on the verge of revolution. Two centuries later this classic account was compulsory reading for history undergraduates at Oxford. Simon Vickers' book deserves a similar fate. When in that future students ask, 'Why did Communism collapse?' the best answer would be to put Simon Vickers' book into their hands.

Readers of *Contemporary Review* may recall his article on his daunting ride across Russia. In April, 1990 three young Western cyclists, a Frenchman, an American and an Englishman, Simon Vickers, set out on a ride across Russia from Leningrad (as it still was called) to Vladivostock, which they reached in October. Most of the time they were accompanied by a Russian cyclist. In the course of this 7,500 mile journey they were able to see many parts and aspects of Russia that had been closed to Westerners for decades.

Simon Vickers provides a spirited and well-written account of Russian society on the verge of collapse. Like all good travel writers, he has the ability to make us identify with an existence that is, thankfully, different from anything we have known. There is no better guide to the realities of Russian life: a bankrupt system that could put men into space, but could not put food on the shelves. Anyone who still entertains any lingering admiration for the Soviet system should read this book as they will soon see how Communism spread a pall of misery, ugliness and boredom across that vast country. We have had several excellent recent accounts of the poverty and pollution of Soviet urban life. One of the great merits of Simon Vickers' book is that he takes us into the squalid villages of Russia with their ruined churches and battered lives. Like Archdeacon Coxe, who visited Russia in the late eighteenth century, Simon Vickers saw the constant effects of drunkenness on rural life. He gives an excellent portrait of the inefficiency and laziness that has destroyed the Russian economy.

The emphasis in this splendid book is not on politics, but rather on the way people live. Only one person he met in the course of the journey had a good word for Gorbachev. In spite of the misery of daily life, the Russian people proved to be friendly and generous. As one Russian friend told him at the end of the trip, 'When you see with your own eyes, you come to realise that this world, turned upside down, still exists and people learn to live their lives in it... and even learn to be happy.'

As with all good travel books, we soon identify with the traveller and share his struggles — and they were many, from broken wheels to drab Soviet hotels. The endurance of these young men in their gruelling trip is admirable. Yet, as they would be the first to admit, the endurance of the Russian people is far greater. One hopes that Simon Vickers may make another trip through a free Russia in twenty years — perhaps by a slightly less vigourous method — and tell us how Russia has changed.

RICHARD MULLEN

THE REFORMED CHURCH TRADITION

Encyclopaedia of the Reformed Faith. Edited by Donald K. McKim. Saint Andrew Press and Westminster/John Knox Press. £19.95.

This book is what the film industry would call a Scots-American co-production. Its Edinburgh publisher is an arm of the Church of Scotland, best known for its series of popular New Testament commentaries by the late William Barclay. Its Louisville one, despite the Anglo-Scottish name, emerged from the reunion of Northern and Southern Presbyterianism in the USA. It tries to cover the history, theology, and continuing experience of the sector of Protestant Christianity which, sometimes more obviously in church order than strict doctrine, follows the Calvinist tradition.

But the emphasis is more American than European, and most of the theology and sociology is seen through American lenses. The editor and begetter of the book, Donald McKim, is a Pennsylvania Presbyterian, and the great majority of contributors belong to American colleges and seminaries, from Princeton to Dallas. Much of its strength, for European readers, will come from the coverage of American themes and insights into historical experience and contemporary thinking across the Atlantic. However David Wright, an English-born layman who is Dean of Divinity at Edinburgh, served as 'consulting editor' and presumably takes credit for mustering most of the European contributors, among whom the Scots historian Professor Alec Cheyne has an exemplary terseness of style and crispness of judgement.

The book has limitations. Its editor modifies the idea of an encyclopaedia into 'a circle of knowledge', from Calvin's concept of accommodation to Zwingli's view of the Lord's Supper; and this recognition of the Zürich reformer wisely qualifies the assumption that the Reformed tradition owes everything to Calvin's Geneva and Scots Presbyterianism.

But some less acknowledged difficulties arise from seeking historical detachment and topicality at the same time. The essay on federal theology, for example, is in a very different mood from the immediately subsequent one on feminism, while changes in Eastern Europe and even South Africa have altered some perspectives. Obvious examples are the entries on the anti-apartheid campaigner Allan Boesak and the Czech theologian Josef Hromadka. It is a pity that no modern Landor could summon them for an imaginary (and uncomfortably rigorous) conversation with Calvin. Some of the problems, however, stem from uncertainty about what is 'Reformed' and what merely reformed, as well as from changes in the pattern of Christianity. There may now be more Presbyterians in Korea than in Scotland or even the United States.

The Scots influence on the book has secured a good showing for the Kirk and the influence of the Scottish diaspora, and there is much to emphasise the Reformed Dutch, German, and Swiss contribution to 'Anglo-Saxon' Protestantism in America. But the treatment of England, Ireland and Wales is a bit cursory, even allowing for the editor's understandable uncertainty about how far to weave strands of Anglicanism into a 'Reformed' pattern. Archbishop Ussher scrapes in, though his biblical chronology hardly matches (say) Archbishop Temple's social conscience as an influence on recent Presbyterianism. And Billy Graham, despite his close Presbyterian connections and world-wide influence, has been shut out, though many Baptists, even those of less ecumenical inclinations, see themselves in the Reformed tradition.

Even the excellent essay on infant baptism, which mentions Karl Barth's

doubts about the practice in the conditions of his time, seems to show unawareness of some modern European challenges to the traditional Reformed view. It also avoids discussion of the implications for Protestantism of the way that in various parts of the world Baptist and Pentecostalist Churches seem to offer the main channels for the spirit of Reformation.

R. D. KERNOHAN

A RUSSIAN TALE

All the Russias: the End of an Empire. Fitzroy Maclean. Viking. 285pp. £25.00.

The author, who played a key part in Britain's now controversial role in the rise of Marshal Tito, has been around in what was once the Soviet Union for over 40 years seeing all interesting regions. He enjoys Russia and its turbulent history and, what is more, the Russians and most of the others like him.

It is the perfect coffee table book with 170 splendid colour photographs taken by the author himself, splendid Church domes and fascinating people. It is a straightforward, engagingly written, concentrated history of Russia and its conquests from the Tsarist times to the end of Gorbachev. It shows that in the application and manipulation of power there is not much difference. Peter the Great and Stalin, the same paranoiac brutality, the fate of their sons, and their ruthless policy to open Russia to the West so that it becomes a Great Power, by building up a great army and a big industry, the same central planning based on notions which the West, that had created them, was just shedding.

There is also an extremely informative appendix listing the territories of the late Soviet Union, 15 republics, within them 20 autonomous republics. There were, and are, 169 ethnic groups. The author writes about 22 nationalities giving their locations, numbers, interests, languages and a little about their food, customs, art and industries. After reading that appendix we know what the media are talking about, perhaps a little more. They are all there from Armenians and Belo-Russians to Uzbeks and Ukrainians.

His brief account of the sudden, merciless changes at the top under the Tsars with the Imperial Guard arrogantly interferring, his very dismissive account of Stalin's savage purges and of the Politburo's survival tactics after Stalin shows three permanent aspects of Russian history: there was the Tsar, the Orthodox Church, the Army, the Bureaucracy; there was the Politburo, the Apparatchiks, the Army; secondly, the Communist Regime has created a new class of administrators beside the Appratchiks and almost all people can read and write and watch TV; thirdly these people are now trying desperately to turn themselves into what are now called 'businessmen'. But the changes are very difficult in practical terms. This is because the Politburo, in its planning set up all industries concentrated in different territories so that they could not become independent economies and had to rely on Moscow for economic progress and survival. Uzbekistan, for instance, had to concentrate on growing cotton, thus destroying its traditional self-supporting economy. The Tsars never thought of that.

Fitzroy Maclean ends with Yeltsin's efforts to form that meaningless Commonwealth of Independent States. After the 1917 Revolution, he briefly relates how the anti-Imperialist Red Army re-conquered the Tsarist Empire in Asia with its scores of ethnic groups. The Army is still there and events suggest that it still wants Russia to be at least a Big Power, if not a Super-Power. Maclean's *End of an Empire* shows how difficult and how full of unexpected

events such an End can be. The book gives the historical background.

LEO MURAY

FROM CHINA'S ROOTS TO RADICAL PHILOSOPHY

Disputers of the Tao: Philosophical Argument in Ancient China. A. C. Graham. Open Court, Illinois. 1989. 502pp. Paperpack. £15.95.

Angus C. Graham, Professor of Classical Chinese at London University until 1988, died suddenly in the spring of 1991. His work reached out of sinology (narrowly defined) to encompass philosophy, linguistics and poetry, and he was one of Britain's most original and penetrating scholars. This book is his last work, and we are fortunate in that it is a fitting memorial. Despite the temporal, physical and cultural remoteness of China's age of classical philosophy, as Graham rightly says, 'Its study constantly involves one in important contemporary issues in moral philosophy, the philosophy and history of science, the deconstruction of established conceptual schemes, the problems of relating thought to linguistic structure, and correlative thinking to logic'.

Disputers of the Tao is a history of Chinese philosophy in the so-called Axial Period (c.800-200 BC; the period of classical Greek and Indian philosophy), during which time China evolved the characteristic ways of thought that sustained both its empire and its culture for over 2,000 years. It is comprehensive, lucid, almost simple in its presentation, yet backed up with incomparable authority and a well-honed discretion that unerringly picks out the core of any theme. Garlanded with tributes even before publication, it has redrawn the map of its subject, and will be the one essential guide for any future exploration.

Graham's story begins in 770 BC with the collapse of the Bronze Age Chou dynasty and ends in 221 BC with the reunification of China under the First Emperor, Shih-Huang-Ti. The neat correlation with political events shows the basis of this explosion of intellectual creativity: the Chinese culture area had been split into competing states, like the city-states of ancient Greece. Thinkers strove both to restore the lost unity and to gain advantage in perpetual internecine struggles, forming the so-called 'Hundred Schools' of philosophy, each seeking the 'Tao', the Way for human life to be conducted. Quickened by political rivalry, all disciplines developed tremendously, especially during the period of the fiercest fighting, the epoch of the Warring States (c.484-221 BC), which culminated in the absolute victory of one state, Ch'in, whose King became the First Emperor and ordered the burning of all useless books and the execution of anyone who 'appealed to the past to condemn the present'.

The history of this remarkable period is a tremendous epic. Its intellectual history, too, has a strong narrative thrust as related by Graham, who marks off three broad episodes. Confucius (551-479 BC?) inaugurates the first and typifies its spirit: the reaction to the breakdown of the old, stable social and cultural order of the Chou kings. His conservative appeal to restore the rites and ceremonies of Chou was countered by the Mohists, who evolved a creed of universal benevolence based on the rational calculation of benefit and harm. Both were criticized by the Yangists, whose doctrine of self-preservation, taken to its furthest conclusion, held that one should not exchange a hair of one's body for the whole empire.

The Yangist critique led, around the 4th century BC, to the second period of classical Chinese philosophy, in which men began to doubt whether the natural order really supported the human moral order: in Chinese terms,

whether 'Heaven' was on the side of 'Man'. Mencius, the second great Confucian, sought to prove that humanity was naturally good. The later Mohists, using logical techniques pioneered by earlier sophists, tried to ramify their utilitarian calculus and make it unassailable. Under the impact of this metaphysical doubt, Chuang-Zhu started the strong anti-rationalist strain in Chinese thought by propounding the transcendence of thought's categories in a near-mystical union with the ebb and flow of things.

The third episode, corresponding to the final resolution of the struggles between the Warring States in the 3rd century BC, institutionalized the split between Heaven and Man. Hsun-Tzu taught that unschooled human nature was actively bad. Lao-Tzu developed Chuang-tzu's mystic spontaneity, in a manner that betrays a little man in an era of terrible events. Finally, Han Fei and the Legalist school created a Machiavellian political philosophy, advocating a totalitarian system run according to harsh and invariable laws. Ch'in used this creed to win its empire, and when the First Emperor and his successors sought to embed their political order in the natural order and reunite Heaven and Man, they turned not to the philosophers but to the court diviners and pseudo-scientists, whose doctrines of the Five Processes and the Yi-ching correlated state and society with a natural order resembling that of Europe's medieval scholastic philosophers.

Such a summary account does little justice to the finesse and vitality of Graham's scheme. More, it misses his concern with modern thought. Few professional philosophers, even, could range as he does from Derrida to John Aubrey, Quine to Nietzsche, with such unfailing pertinence. And the central thrust of his endeavour is clear. 'The Western tradition seems by now to be abandoning its long quest to find rational grounds for its ends... Might one say that Chinese civilization, the strength of which was always in its sense of balance, has seen reason in its right proportions from the very beginning?' For it was the questioning of trust in Reason, so central to the work of Wittgenstein and Heidegger, that led Graham to seek a standpoint untainted by Platonic and Aristotelian rationalism and outside the Indo-European linguistic orbit, from which to attempt a radical rethinking of the Western tradition. For anyone interested in the affinities between ancient Chinese and modern Western philosophy, there is no better introduction.

It is sad to report that *Disputers of the Tao* was published first in America. Perhaps no English house had the sense to take it on. Nonetheless, it is one of the first masterworks of a blossoming discipline — comparative philosophy — and cries out for attention from anyone interested in the various fields embraced by its extraordinary scope. One can only regret that its author's death has deprived us of any sequel.

PAUL ST. JOHN MACKINTOSH

SHORTER REVIEWS

Europe in our Time — A History 1945-1992. (Viking, £17.99.) Walter Laqueur, the author, who is chairman of the International Research Council of the Centre for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University and is director of the Institute of Contemporary History and the Weiner Library in London, has established his claim to be one of the leading historians of modern Europe. He divides his mammoth topic into six chronological sections. In these he discusses the over-all changes that have taken place since 1945, such as the rise of Communism in Europe or the question of national minorities, along with specific changes in individual countries.

A. H. Halsey's **Decline of Donnish Dominion, The British Academic Professions in the Twentieth Century.** (Clarendon Press, Oxford 1992. £40) is a recognition that British higher education is in crisis. Indeed, between his writing and his date of publication comes yet another crisis, since now the number of institutions described as Universities has reached a century (in 1957 there were 21). Yet as the numbers of state and institutional bureaucrats have grown remorselessly, academic autonomy, its power and influence and its status, have all steadily declined. Halsey builds his arguments around the Robbins Report: yet the Robbins argument was one over the increase in numbers of universities by precisely seven: Balliols by the sea, Bedlams on the cathedrals close as they were called. Whatever today's increase in numbers, Halsey's arguments are still valid, and are solidly buttressed by extensive surveys, carried out in 1964, 1976 and 1989. All are in agreement that staff morale is low, but that there remains a persistent faith in the British idea of a University — whether Newman, Jowett, Sir Walter Moberly or Lord Robbins, Oliver Franks, Anthony Crosland or A. D. Lindsay, is given the credit, and however enfeebled now are the old virtues of quadrivium and trivium.

The Last Tsar: The Life and Death of Nicholas II. (Hodder & Stoughton, £20.) This is the first book about Russia's last Emperor to be published after the collapse of communism and to make use of hitherto secret manuscripts. The author, Edvard Radzinsky (Marian Schwartz, trans) is one of Russia's greatest modern playwrights, also studied at the Historical Archive Institute in Moscow where he realised the wealth of material on the murders of the Imperial Family. Over half the book is devoted to the truth behind the mysteries that sprang up over the murders. Who, if any, survived (two may have done so); was one of them Anastasia (probably not); did Lenin give the order (he did); was there a Bolshevik spy within the family (there was)? A fascinating account, not soon to be overtaken.

Britain in the Twentieth-Century World 1918-1990. (Blackwell Education.) This is part of Blackwell's 'Reading Historical Documents' series designed for schools. The editor is Sarah Newman. Her selection is varied and far-ranging. She has done her homework well and has used Cabinet memoranda and official Minutes, radio broadcasts, diaries, memoirs, newspaper reports, cartoons and autobiographies. The topics covered come to ten and include social questions, the problem of mass immigration after the last war, politics, economics, defence, education, the Celtic Fringe, the 'End of Empire', relations with America and the question of 'Europe', all of which figure in current debate. The editor provides questions after each selection. Her aim is to 'relate Britain to the wider world'.

Amongst our reviewers are Molly Mortimer, formerly Commonwealth Correspondent to several journals including the *Spectator*, and R. D. Kernohan, editor until 1991 of *Life and Work: Record of the Church of Scotland.*

Contemporary Review

126th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

OCTOBER 1992

AMERICANS AND CONSPIRACY THEORIES
Henri Astier

WHAT FUTURE FOR THE LABOUR PARTY?
Paul B. Rose

PROTECTING THE ENVIRONMENT IN CENTRAL EUROPE
Peter Schofield

A GREAT DIRECTOR: GLEN BYAM SHAW 1904-1986
Dulcie Gray

and other articles together with a ten-page Literary Supplement.

£2.20

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

October 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1521 Founded 1866

Contents *Page*

Americans and Conspiracy Theories	Henri Astier	**169**
What Future for the Labour Party?	Paul B. Rose	**179**
Post-Communist Reflections	Leo Muray	**185**
Protecting the Environment in Central Europe	Peter Schofield	**189**
Ex Libris: the Destruction of a Great Commonwealth Treasure	Molly Mortimer	**198**
An Immigrant in Israel	Lee Levitt	**202**
Two Modern Christian Poets	Paul Mackintosh	**204**
A Great Director: Glen Byam Shaw 1904-1986	Dulcie Gray	**213**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		**215**
Ann Bonsor, Esmond Wright, Richard Mullen, R. D. Kernohan, Geoffrey Heptonstall, Richard Whittington-Egan, Molly Mortimer		
Shorter Reviews		**224**

Editor: DR. RICHARD MULLEN

Associate Editor: ANSELMA BRUCE

Literary Editor: BETTY ABEL

Finance Director: LEONARD SKIPP

Editorial Advisors: PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

© 1992 Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage), U.K. £29 00, U.S.A. and Canada $130 00. Rates for all other countries on application Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request U S Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.

(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

October 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1521

AMERICANS AND CONSPIRACY THEORIES

by Henri Astier

THE success of two recent films on the assassination of President Kennedy is a reminder that Americans always love a good conspiracy theory. 'Conspiracy theories', wrote Samuel P. Huntington, 'were the midwife at the birth of the American Republic.'[1] Stories of dark plots to destroy democracy in the US have regularly caught the public's attention ever since. Why do these theories become popular? What are their common themes? Have they had much political impact?

Anti-establishment protest

Conspiracy theories have always circulated on the margins of American political life, but they have been particularly successful in times of anti-establishment turmoil. After the War of Independence, the first such period was the 1820s and early 1830s. The industrial revolution, the Relief Wars in the West between creditors and debtors, and the advent of Jacksonian democracy provided a backdrop of passionate dissent which fostered the rise of the anti-Masonic Party. Masons were thought to have infiltrated all levels of government, the judiciary and the press. 'At a moment when practically every alleged citadel of privilege in America was under democratic assault', Richard Hofstadter wrote, 'Masonry was held to be a fraternity of privileged classes, closing business opportunities and nearly monopolizing political office.'[2]

In the heated atmosphere of the time, similar theories grew like exotic plants. Radicals, for instance, saw a campaign against Sunday mail as an attempt by Christian sects to set up a theocracy. In 1830 a vocal anti-clerical preacher noted 'among the leaders of a proud and aspiring priesthood, a determination to establish an *Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*, and to reduce us to a worse than Egyptian bondage'.[3]

The second surge of anti-conspiratorial enthusiasm occurred during the Populist-Progressive era at the turn of the century — another time of discontent. In the 1890s the villains belonged to the *internationale* of high-rolling financiers. '(A) conspiracy was entered into between the gold gamblers of Europe and America', claimed the 1895 Populist manifesto. 'Every device of treachery, every resource of statecraft and every artifice known to the secret cabals of the international gold ring are being made use of to deal a blow to the prosperity of the people and the financial and commercial independence of the country.' William Jennings Bryan's

empassioned endorsement of free-silver at the 1896 Democratic convention shows that Populist militancy had a great impact on the national political debate.

The twentieth century has been particularly fertile for American conspiracy theorists of all creeds. The growth of large corporations and the multiplication of federal agencies increased both the number of potential conjurers and the evil they could visit on the American people. Thanks to unprecedented access to official documents — i.e. open government — evidence of secret government has never been more plentiful.

In the 1930s, another time of political effervescence, isolationists in Congress were able to cite State Department papers by the boxful to support their claim that munitions makers ('Merchants of Death') had lobbied in favour of US entry into World War I. In a sensational article published in the March 1934 issue of *Fortune* magazine, Senator William Edgar Borah described the shady deals involving arms manufacturers, bankers who had investments in Great Britain and army and navy officers 'who had been of great service to armament firms'. One month later, the Senate Munitions (Nye) Committee was set up and held widely publicized hearings.

The next wave of political paranoia came a decade and a half later, when the breakdown of the post-war foreign policy consensus led to one of the worst political crises in the history of the Republic. Right-wingers were convinced that communists in the Democratic administration were responsible for a string of recent foreign policy setbacks — the 1948 'Prague Coup' and the strengthening of Stalin's grip on Eastern Europe, the loss of China and of America's nuclear monopoly to the Communists, the attack on South Korea and subsequent stalemate. 'How can we account for our present situation,' asked Senator Joseph McCarthy in 1951, 'unless we believe that men high in this government are concerting to deliver us disaster? This must be the product of a great conspiracy, a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man. A conspiracy of infamy so black that, when it is finally exposed, its principals shall be forever deserving of the malediction of all honest men.'

Twenty years later, the same tirade repeated word for word would have drawn rapturous applause from many US audiences. But in the radical turmoil of the late 1960s and early 1970s, the culprits would have belonged to the military-industrial complex, the CIA, or both. As in previous periods, belief in a plot against traditional American liberties was not only widespread, but skepticism was rejected as the mark of a perverted mind.

The populist nature of US conspiracy theories

The United States, of course, does not have a monopoly on conspiracy theories. Such ideas have caused untold suffering in modern Europe. Millions of Russians fell victim to Stalin's obsession with 'fascist spies'. Stories of a Jewish plot were rife in pre-World War II France and led to much home-grown persecution under the German occupation. But although the need to blame one group as the source of all evil is rooted in the rich

soil of human intolerance, its development in each nation is shaped by a specific political climate.

To a non-American, the most striking feature of US conspiracy theories is their populist nature. They rarely reflect the prejudices of a section of society — say one ethnic group — against another, and never the paranoia of a ruler against his people. Instead, they express people's active suspicion of their rulers: successful conspiracy theories feed on the tendency of Americans to think the worst of those in power.

The anti-communist crusaders of 1948-1953, for instance, rode on a wave of grassroots discontent. Those who led the charge against the administration drew their strength from the relentless activities of the Catholic Welfare League, the National Security League, and thousands of local and national patriotic groups. The historian Richard Fried has noted that city and state authorities, which felt the heat from below, were readier than federal institutions to trample civil rights. In 1947, Illinois held hearings on censorship! In 1952, the city of Birmingham, Alabama, simply ordered communists to leave town.[4]

To be sure, local activists often took their cue from national leaders. But the latter remained influential only as long as they gave the public a message they had not grown tired of hearing. Senator McCarthy discovered the red menace in January 1950, but well before that, as Fried notes, 'signals of the salience of anti-communism were transmitted from active constituents and from local and state leaders as well as from the nation's capital. Average citizens might hear the message of anti-communism in their school or union, church or civic organisation, and pervasively in popular culture.'[5] The same is true of every anti-conspiracy surge in American history.

Since anger cannot be manufactured from above, conspiracy theories are often based on popular discontent about real social or political problems. Anti-Mason charges were in part justified; for decades after the Civil War many politicians were in the pay of robber barons; bankers who had invested millions in Europe did lobby for US entry into World War I and arms makers made fortunes from it; there were Soviet spies at the State Department in the 1940s and Alger Hiss was probably one of them;[6] the CIA did engage in illegal activities around the world, etc.

The American people's remarkable capacity for outrage at official corruption or incompetence, and its recurring tendency to demand a thorough cleaning of the stables, are crucial factors in the formation of a conspiracy theory. But in itself grassroots anger is too diffuse to settle on one specific group. It is only a raw material which needs to be given shape and coherence by a vocal crusader or group of crusaders. Their vital contribution consists in narrowing down the responsibility to a wicked few, whose guilt is then expanded to cover as many social wrongs as possible. In short, the crusaders transforms genuine discontent into collective paranoia.

It may seem strange that their message should gain acceptance in a nation which claims to be a model of democracy. One can deny this

claim, but not the fact that most Americans make it. How can people who are convinced that theirs is the freest country on earth even toy with the idea of a hidden elite ruling them?

Cultural factors: moralism and the illusion of omnipotence

One explanation is cultural: the tendency of Americans to frame political issues in moral terms has been widely analyzed.[7] People who strongly believe in such powerful ideals as those embodied in the US constitution will not adjust their outrage to the gravity of the offence as measured by non-idealists. It is not just that in times of moral fervour a minor offence against popular rule will be met with the same furore as the worst abuse of despotic power; the very concept of 'minor offence' may make as little sense as that of 'half virginity'.

For an isolationist in the 1930s, merely stating that munitions-makers lobbied in favour of Britain during World War I is unacceptable because it is a statement of fact that leaves out the moral dimension. The right version is: the 'Merchants of Death' acted in cahoots with the plutocrats of the City to plunge America into war and amass fortunes. True, this type of language is used by idealists and opportunists alike the world over; but it appeals particularly to a people whose sense of nationhood is based on shared values rather than ethnic origin. In such a nation the gap between ideals and reality, however small by other peoples' standards, is more likely to generate outrage than resigned cynicism.[8]

In a world of good and evil, those who are absolutely corrupt must have absolute power. Only the omnipotent can be omni-guilty. China Lobby zealots did not believe in forces beyond the control of the fiends they sought to expose. The New Dealers were not only to blame for the loss of China and the attack on Korea, but also for the spread of the Soviet empire. The author of a book revealingly entitled *How the Far East Was Lost* writes that 'Roosevelt, not Stalin, shaped the growth of modern Russia'.[9]

In the film *JFK*, the official played by Donald Sutherland provides a very similar, if more politically correct, account of post-World War II history: the communist-led strikes in France in 1947-8 failed not because most French people supported the Socialist government, but because the CIA intervened. In Italy the communists lost the 1948 election not because they were rejected by Italian voters, but because the CIA intervened — and so on. The main character of the film is so convinced of the enemy's omnipotence that he mutters, 'They've done it again', after Martin Luther King's murder. This is a logical conclusion if you assume, as Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairman William Fullbright did during the Vietnam war, that 'there was no limit to what they (the CIA) were capable of doing'.[10]

Institutional factors

Besides the moralism inherent in American political culture, institutional factors contribute to publicize conspiracy theories. Since Tocqueville, many foreign visitors have been struck by the bewildering array of bodies trying to influence policy in America. Besides warring government entities, the

political debate involves a myriad of business groups, public interest lobbies, media organisations, churches, local associations, and research outfits, which seem to be pulling in all directions. This direct involvement of society's multitudinous forces at the heart of policy-making promotes suspicion among rival centres of influence which are quick to exaggerate each other's power.

Officials will accuse think-tanks of undue influence, some journalists will say that business runs the country, etc. As a result, crusaders and publicity-seekers who correctly interpret the current anti-establishment mood of the country will find a pulpit from which to expose the turpitude of the high and mighty. Their denunciations will be echoed in lecture-halls across the country, in committee hearings, books, films,[11] etc.

One of the main channels through which crusaders achieve publicity is America's vibrant press. In 1773 Samuel Adams stirred up anti-British feelings in Massachusetts by publishing Governor Hutchinson's letters, as evidence of a plot by Boston's Crown representatives to suppress freedom in the colony. Ever since, US newspapers have been eager to expose official hanky-panky by printing leaked secret documents. The dream of just about every budding American journalist is to do a Daniel Ellsberg or a Woodward/Bernstein.[12]

Most American newsmen are conscientious professionals, if only because they live in a highly competitive environment. But for that very reason, their instinct is to suspect the worst, not to prostrate themselves in front of the authorities. The charge of complete media subservience to the Reagan administration contained in Mark Hertsgaard's book *On Bended Knee* only shows how high American liberals set the standard for 'independence'.[13]

The US media's anti-government bias is encouraged by libel laws which by international standards are extremely liberal. In the most famous case of its kind in the 1980s, General Westmoreland was forced to drop his lawsuit against CBS, which had reported an alleged 'conspiracy' by military intelligence in Vietnam to underestimate enemy forces. The network admitted that the producers had broken in-house fairness rules and, more important, in the court of public opinion the General probably won. But the Westmoreland case confirmed that US tort law, the one that really counts in libel cases, guarantees impunity to newsmen who wrongly accuse military authorities of being involved in 'a deliberate plot to fool the American public, the Congress, and perhaps even the White House'.[14] One can argue with good reason that the law on balance strengthens democracy in America, but it certainly does not encourage conspiracy-busters to err on the side of caution.

Besides the media, another institution which gives prominence to US conspiracy-theorists is academia. A savant book, to be sure, attracts less publicity than a network documentary or an article in the *New York Times*. But the academic format is well-suited to crusaders' quest for respectability and it enables them to cover what are basically irrational arguments under a veneer of scientific method and rigorous documentation.

The tendency in US academic circles to take conspiracy theories seriously has given rise to a phenomenon for which there is no real equivalent elsewhere. It is called 'revisionism'. Although this word is now associated with historians who in the late 1960s challenged the official view that the USSR started the Cold War, many major events in US history were later reinterpreted in precisely the same way. 'Mainstream historians', the revisionist will say, 'would have you believe that this happened as a conjunction of chance and outside forces. But do you believe that something which served exactly the interests of those who *really* run the country JUST happened? The documents I've discovered show how these people arranged it.'

This type of claim, which is seldom heard in European university auditoriums, is as familiar to American college freshmen today as it was to earlier generations of students. The author of *How the Far East Was Lost* is flttingly described on the jacket as a leading 'revisionist historian'. His argument that in the 1940s the Alger Hisses, Harry Dexter Whites and their conspiratorial ilk at the State Department enabled Moscow to gain 'virtually complete control of our foreign policy'[15] belongs to an age-old academic tradition of denouncing 'mainstream' scholarship.

The First World War also had its revisionist writers. The most famous was Walter Millis, whose 1936 best-seller, *The Road to War*, describes how an unwilling American nation was manoeuvred into war. Like many similar works, this book contains sharp insights. But it is above all a piece of advocacy designed to influence contemporary events rather than to shed light on past ones.

Another fact of US political life which has helped to publicize conspiracy theories is the rivalry between the presidency and Congress. In times of tension, champions of the legislative branch have been more than willing to denounce the alleged dictatorial tendencies of the executive. The idea that arms-makers, financiers and administration officials plotted the entry into World War I appealed to lawmakers who distrusted FDR. The outrage generated by the Nye Committee hearings in 1934-35 led to the Neutrality Acts which virtually took foreign policy out of the president's tied hands for the rest of the decade. Isolationist senators remained deeply suspicious of Roosevelt until the end. 'A strong president such as FDR,' wrote Robert Sorel, 'would have to be watched carefully to see that he did not overstep the bounds of his power.'[16]

The throes of the McCarthy era involved a similar struggle. It is too often overlooked that the prime target of the witch-hunts was not a hapless group of Hollywood film-makers, but the Truman administration itself. Much of the acrimony reflected the frustration of conservative Republicans in Congress, who felt that the GOP's consensus-obsessed moderates had robbed the party of what should have been victory in the 1948 presidential race. The anti-communist witch-hunts should not be seen through the prism of the 1960s: they were a revolt against a perceived 'imperial presidency' (to use a modern phrase) not an example of White House *hubris*.

In terms of sheer anti-executive virulence, few on Capitol Hill have

equalled Senator William Jenner. During General George Marshall's confirmation hearing in 1950, the flamboyant Jenner called the Truman administration 'a military dictatorship, run by communist-appeasing, communist-protecting betrayer of America, Secretary of State Dean Acheson' with Marshall acting as 'a stooge and co-conspirator for this administration's crazy assortment of collectivist cut-throat crackpots and communist fellow-travelling appeasers (...) selling America down the river.'[17]

The techniques used by the House Unamerican Activities Committee and its sister Senate Internal Security Subcommittee — grilling witnesses and administration officials under the glare of the spotlight — were used a quarter of a century later to expose the activities of the Nixon White House and the CIA. Future historians may well confirm the present-day consensus that the investigations conducted in 1975-76 by the Pike and Church committees are more honourable episodes in American history than the HUAC and SISS hearings. The point is, both marked periods of greater congressional assertiveness against a presidency considered to be out of touch with the people and suspected of engaging in secret activities harmful to the country's sacred liberties.

Do conspiracy theorists have power?

US political and intellectual elites do not close ranks and are less likely than European ones to dismiss popular prejudices out of hand. This helps conspiracy theories to achieve publicity, but what about power? Speaking on public affairs shows and holding public hearings is different from being able to defeat the hidden powers which rule the country. Indeed, radicals argue that free speech mainly serves to maintain the illusion of popular choice. Of course, they say, we can speak out, but nothing ever changes!

One may reply that the Leninist rejection of 'formal' liberties is a luxury that only those who enjoy them seem to indulge in, and that in a democracy it is not how strongly you feel that counts, but how many people you win over to your views. This is true, but it will not convince those who suspect that the secret enemy is so powerful that it controls people's minds.

Another objection might be: 'Things do change! In each of the periods mentioned, protest resulted in concrete action — antitrust laws of the 1890s, neutrality through the 1930s, the McCarran Act[18] in force from 1951 to 1965, unprecedented legislative oversight of intelligence activities from 1976 onward, to name only a few...'. True again, but there is a big difference between popular protest leading to legislation — normal democratic practice — and the body politic being purged of its evil spirits — normal revolutionary practice. Conspiracy theorists are never pacified by what they read in statute books. The measures mentioned above show how limited, not how extensive, their power has been in the US.

One reason for this is that the multitude of conspiracy theories going the rounds at any given time makes it hard for any particular one to prevail. In this, as in other respects, Madisonian pluralism — the idea that 'factions', if allowed to express themselves in large numbers, neutralize

each other — has been successful in the long term.

But even when one particular theory has been successful, its main strength — reliance on a groundswell of protest — has also been its main weakness. It is harder for a large crowd than for an individual to maintain a high level of outrage. Crusaders often end up finding themselves stranded far ahead of the popular wave on which they used to ride. Looking back, historians may point out that the Nye committee alienated many supporters when it launched personal attacks or they might say that McCarthy's fatal mistake was to take on the army in 1953. A simpler explanation in both cases could be that whatever the Senators had to say at that stage, fewer people seemed to care.

Limited though it is, the conspiracy theorists' influence does reach a peak in times of political polarization and then it usually constitutes a profoundly anti-liberal force. The idea that America is ruled by an elite means that the institutions have failed to maintain the original ideal of popular rule. Liberal democracy, in short, is rotten to the core. When Noam Chomski claims that Americans live in a single party state — the 'party of business' — where elections are 'stage managed' by the power elite,[19] it is clear that this 'totalitarian society' cries out for a complete upheaval rather than mere reform.

Indeed, the radicals' worst enemy are liberals who want to bring about change while insisting on preserving the system. It may not be a coincidence that in this century US conspiracists have mostly lashed out at reformist Presidents — Wilson, FDR, Truman, Johnson. The rage of the 1960s radicals was primarily directed at the 'Cold War' liberals who had dominated the Democratic party for 20 years. When the main character in the film *JFK* refers to LBJ as a 'fascist', a foreigner is immediately reminded of the standard charge of 'social-fascism' levelled by European left-wing revolutionaries against social-democrats.

Conspiracy theories today and tomorrow

On the whole, the past decade and a half has not been a good time for conspiracy theories in the United States. Some which have hit the headlines were not supported by widespread popular frustration — the 'October Surprise' allegation that in 1980 the Reagan team conspired with Iran to put off the release of the hostages until after the election is more likely to make people scratch their heads than picket the White House. Other theories were potentially explosive, but leaders in a position to fan the flames of discontent have chosen moderation — to their credit, black national leaders have not given credence to the idea that drugs and crime are part of a white plot to eradicate African-Americans.

Although many in the US now believe that there was a conspiracy to kill Kennedy, Oliver Stone's *JFK* turned out to be more of a media event than a political bombshell. This is perhaps because, unlike Walter Millis' *Road to War*, the film is devoid of contemporary relevance to most people. Its central point, as expressed by the author of a book on which *JFK* was partly based, is that 'the decision (to kill Kennedy) was taken at the highest level of the American business-banking-political-military-criminal

power structure.'[20] This may sound a novel idea to some, but few Americans believe that they are ruled by such a structure today.

Americans have not felt in the mood for stories of grand conspiracies since the Watergate and CIA investigations of 1974-76. Sooner or later, though, one is bound to catch on. It is impossible to predict its themes, but history provides a few pointers as to the form it may take:

— A wave of protest occurs during the term of a liberal president — say the next Democrat in the White House.

— Activists gain an audience by denouncing the machinations of a small group of powerful people. We will call them the Smurfs.

— If the anti-Smurf movement is led by conservatives, a foreign power is involved in Smurf efforts to subvert America — let us say Belgium (Brussels is after all the heart of Eurocracy and the creator of the Smurfs of cartoon fame is Belgian).

— Senator Thomas Bilge, author of the article 'Smurf Inc vs America', decides to chair hearings on how big business has secretly been financing Smurf groups and research outfits.

— The Vice-President comes under attack because he used to have an occasional *Gueuze* beer with a Smurf friend back in the 1990s. The President, declaring that 'America must not give in to hysteria', accepts the Vice-President's resignation.

— Senator Bilge declares on *Face the Nation:* 'Smurfs control the White House through a secret army of high-powered lobbyists and I have Justice Department figures to prove it'.

— The week when *Time* Magazine runs a cover story on 'Twelve citadels of Smurf power', the film *The Enemy Within* hits the screens. The reviews are bad.

— Ted Kuplow says on his famous TV show *Now you see it:* 'In calling the Federal Bureau of Statistics a nest of Smurfs, Tom Bilge has gone too far'. The next day Kuplow is inundated with fan mail.

— Headlines from the *New York Times:* 'President to visit Belgium (see front page)'; 'Bilge Committee wound up — Chairman called 'irresponsible' by two Members (see page 16)'.

NOTES

1. Samuel P. Huntington, *American Politics, The Promise of Disharmony,* Belknap Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1981, pp80, 96.
2. Richard Hofstadter, *The Paranoid Style in American Politics,* Jonathan Cape, London, 1966, p17.
3. Quoted in Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr's, *The Age of Jackson,* Boston: Little, Brown, 1953, p139.
4. Richarl M. Fried, *Nightmare in Red, The McCarthy Era in Perspective,* Oxford UP, NY, Oxford, 1990.
6. Allen Weinstein, who was at first convinced of Hiss's innocence, changed his mind while researching his excellent book, *Perjury, The Hiss-Chambers Case,* NY, 1978.
7. Though Reinhold Niebuhr, Hans Morgenthau and other prominent US thinkers have analyzed this basic trait of American political culture — often to condemn it — analysts from less morally-oriented nations tend to view the idealistic language of US leaders as a hypocritical way of dressing-up *real-politik* pursuits.

8. The disruptive power of American political ideals, which in times of 'creedal passion' generate dissent against unavoidably imperfect institutions is the central theme of Huntington's *American Politics: the Promise of Disharmony.*
9. Anthony Kubek, *How the Far East was lost, American Policy and the Creation of Communist China, 1941-49,* Chicago: Henry Regnery, 1963.
10. J. William Fullbright, *The Price of Empire,* Pantheon Books, NY: 1989, p126.
11. Hollywood responds swiftly to public demand for conspiracy theories. Only weeks after the Nye committee was set up a film called *War is a racket* was released, in which one character said that wars are 'wittingly fomented by the munitions makers'. Openly or thinly-veiled anti-Red productions in the 50s and anti-FBI/CIA films in the early 70s shows that this minor genre can sometimes yield interesting results.
12. Respectively the journalist who published the *Pentagon Papers* in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* reporters who broke the Watergate story.
13. Mark Hertsgaard, *On Bended Knee, The Press and the Reagan Presidency,* NY. Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1988.
14. As the ad for the documentary proclaimed.
15. Kubek, *How the Far East was lost,* p287.
16. Robert Sorel, *The Origins of Intervention,* NY: Brookman Associated, p31.
17. Merle Miller, *Plain Speaking, an Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman,* New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1973-74. p237.
18. Requiring communists to register with the Attorney General.
19. Interview with Bill Moyers, *A World of Ideas,* Doubleday, 1989.
20. Jim Marrs, *Crossfire, The Plot that Killed Kennedy,* Carrol and Grof, NY, 1989; p581.

[Henri Astier has taught American Studies at the Université de Compiègne. He now works for the BBC World Service.]

WHAT FUTURE FOR THE LABOUR PARTY?

by Paul B. Rose

MY new satellite television brought me instant live access to a huge jamboree that was both spontaneous and carefully stage-managed at one and the same time. It could have been a pop concert or the celebration at the 'World Series' in baseball (which involves solely the USA). One sees an apparently wide spectrum of American society all holding placards, while waving, jumping, shouting or shimmying in support of the new Democratic Party's nominee for the Presidential candidacy. For those who have attended endless boring sequences of speeches at Labour Party Conferences it is hard to recognise this as a political event. It is also difficult to believe that this is the convention of a party that has lost five out of six of the last Presidential Elections.

There is however one significant difference from the Labour Party in Britain. This broad coalition can still dominate Congress. It still holds numerous levers of real power. Above all, even if it is not, it appears to be credible and electable. It unites a remarkably wide variety of interest groups and makes its appeal to curiously different geographical and sociological targets. The main appeal is to the middle class but the 'minorities' and the poor are not forgotten. Its main target is middle America but it points strikingly — particularly in the choice of Al Gore — to the South, as well as to the cities that traditionally house the Democratic faithful.

If it seems infantile, one must remember that America is still a young country. It arouses at one and the same time a European contempt and a sort of envy. While one delegate pledges his support on the basis of the ability to spell potato — lacking in the current Vice President of the greatest power on earth — a more sophisticated and serious note is conjured by the spellbinding oratory of Mario Cuomo. This very odd mixture of sophistication and total lack of inhibition is peculiarly American. It is a mystery until one begins to understand that Democracy itself is being celebrated. There is still an almost disarmingly naive patriotism and belief in a unique way of life. One may sneer but it proved to be the main bulwark in the war against European fascism two generations ago. Nor should it be forgotten that both before, during and after that war the Democrats were the natural party of government.

The following day, or was it two days later, since it is difficult to synchronise hours across the Atlantic, the news of John Smith's and Margaret Becket's election as leader and deputy leader of the British Labour Party was wedged somewhere between the news of Nick Faldo on the golf course and the horrors suffered by Bosnian refugees. This must have been the most boring, pre-determined and uninspiring leadership contest ever held by a political party in the United Kingdom. This was the election of a leader who has to take Labour from four successive defeats to the promised land of victory. In its timing, presentation and content it was almost as if the Party had conspired with itself to produce

such a low profile that this was more Mr. Kinnock's funeral than the emergence of a new leader who was going to change the face both of the Labour Party and Britain. The two events were not just an essay in contrasts. In the case of the Labour Party it seems that in looking to the future, it was taking further steps into the past. The very fact that the deputy leadership contest placed John Prescott in a not unrespectable second place demonstrated that Labour had learned nothing from the past and was intent upon returning there. At the very least, Bryan Gould was asking for ideas to be considered.

This poverty of ideas was demonstrated in a petty and petulant letter from Gerald Kaufman to a national newspaper rubbing in (as he thought) the fact that the Labour Party had polled twice as many votes as the Liberal Democrats and had made advances beyond their catastrophic defeat in the previous election. That he was not comparing like with like seemed to be irrelevant to him. That Paddy Ashdown had taken the Liberal Democrats from the verge of extinction to the largest number of seats won by a third Party in modern times, notwithstanding the electoral system, was totally ignored. At least Mr. Smith acknowledged that he wanted to represent not only the 35 per cent who had voted Labour but the 58 per cent who had not voted Conservative. That it was the same Mr. Smith who drove many potential Labour and indeed even more Liberal voters into the arms of the Conservatives is yet another indication of Labour's failure to learn its lesson.

It was Mr. Smith's alternative Budget that set the figure for financial infamy at £21,000 per year and the figure for punitive sanctions at £27,000 per year. The fact that even the latter is not a particularly remarkable salary in the expensive South East of England totally escaped the man who spends his spare time scaling the mountains of Scotland. Moreover, what he and others like him failed to understand is that there are millions more who aspire to earn such salaries but who do not earn them. It was this fear that honest endeavour would be penalised by a marginal tax rate of 59 per cent that made many who would never consider voting Conservative in their lives, heave a sigh of relief at Labour's defeat. It is purely anecdotal that I report that for the first time in my memory, (since 1945 when I collected numbers for the Labour Candidate at the age of ten), not a single member of my immediate family voted Labour. That I doubt whether any of them voted Conservative either is a tribute to the radical vision and totally remarkable campaign of Paddy Ashdown. The Kaufman letter totally ignored the fact that many potential Liberal voters turned to the Tories for fear of what a Labour victory might mean to them. This was particularly true in those areas of the country where the Liberal Democrats are now the natural party of Opposition but have not yet broken through in Parliamentary terms.

Although Bill Clinton led in the wake of his Convention victory, that lead may well evaporate just as Labour's did and the question that has to be posed in addition to Labour's ability to overcome its internal problems is that highlighted by Professor Galbraith. In a society where

more people are satisfied with their lot than are not, how does a party of the Left which wishes to change society ever succeed? Given that the unemployed, the poor and the marginalised in our society are the most likely to refrain from voting, how can Labour or indeed any Party opposed to the status quo gain power, other than in the most extraordinary of circumstances? One might have thought that the British recession would have constituted such circumstances, but in the event it did not. If it did not then, one has to ask when will it be possible? Moreover, would it be possible when led by the very persons who failed to understand the demographic and social changes that Britain has undergone together with most affluent Western societies.

The obsession with the numbers game undoubtedly demonstrates that most machine politicians are ill-equipped to understand the realities of what motivates human beings in the political field. In that respect Bryan Gould at least made an effort and Jeffrey Rooker in his recognition of what will happen following boundary changes indicated the problem faced by Labour following its 1992 defeat. Such voices did not find favour. One problem above all is that in the absence of electoral reform the 58 per cent to whom John Smith referred are not going to rule over the 42 per cent who do rule. Those elected by that 42 per cent are not going to change the system unless there is such a ground swell of opposition that they are forced to do so in order to cling to a vestige of the near total power that they hold. Although European Social Democrats and their allies have similar problems to those faced by the Labour Party, that is one problem they do not have to overcome and which frequently permits them to share in government if not to rule outright.

How can John Smith turn round the situation. Unfortunately one must start with the fact that John Smith was not the right person to turn it round. He should have led Labour into the last not the next election. Had Labour skipped a generation to Brown and Blair the chances might have been a good deal better, although the Shadow Cabinet will have a much brighter, younger and more feminine complexion. Above all, their problem is how to reconcile the aspirations of a growing middle class with those of the Trade Unions which also encompass large sections of that class and the under-privileged fifth of the nation which has suffered in absolute terms in the Thatcher years while watching the rest of the nation grow progressively richer. That it failed to do so when real unemployment stood at three million, businesses were falling like ninepins and home owners were having their houses repossessed at record rates, must be the starting point for any analysis undertaken by the gurus who have to advise Mr. Smith and his colleagues. True, they are seen as guardians of the National Health Service, but of little else. John Smith's first task will have to be the issue of 'one man — one vote' which was the straw that broke the back of that section of the Labour Party which created the Social Democratic Party. The nonsense of the block vote within the electoral college and its use in the selection of candidates is a real barrier to the broader alliance required by a Party nearly a century

removed from the Taff Vale decision which created the need for a Party primarily representing the Unions.

Perversely, the Unions could find that their power is enhanced if they were not seen to be either the paymasters of or in the pockets of Labour politicians. By the same token there could be a strengthening of ties with individual members of Trade Unions rather than the artificial ties that exist through the leadership of these giant organisations. It would also strengthen the argument against donations made by companies which profit from the consumer donating large sums to the Conservative Party without real choice by individual shareholders who cannot contract out. Indeed, the whole question of funding of political parties within a democracy might then be approached by Labour who would come to the issue with clean hands. It will also be necessary for Labour to broaden the coalition of interests shorn of the trappings of centralised Socialism while wedded to the concept of a fairer distribution of wealth and compassion for the under-privileged.

Above all, John Smith will have to follow in the footsteps of Liberal Democrats and organisations like Charter 88 in the recognition that political change in Britain is unlikely to occur without serious constitutional change. Whether on the issues of the electoral system, the House of Lords, a Bill of Rights, reform of the judicial system, devolution of power to the nations, regions and districts of the UK — the high ground the Labour Party has lost has to be scaled. Labour has actually suffered from the fact that in many parts of the country it is the single party of government. In many areas the Labour Party is no more than a corrupted one party government wielding patronage and insensitive to the need for choice in such areas as housing and the Social Services. The failure to create choice within a public sector was one of the failings of post-war Labourism. Thus, even though it may seem a nonsense to denationalise monopoly utilities, nationalisation became a dirty word. No matter that British Telecom, the new Gas, Electricity and Water companies are making vast profits for shareholders and inflationary increases of pay to their Board members, there is no ground swell of opinion asking for these bodies to be re-nationalised. There is a real task in creating methods of protecting the consumer against these private monopolies.

Thus the transformation of Labour from the Party of the producer to the Party of the consumer at a time when numbers employed in production are decreasing steadily is not only a moral but a practical choice if Labour is to survive in the next century. One of the most difficult tasks before John Smith will be to build bridges to, rather than score points off, the other non-Conservative parties with which Labour competes for votes. There can be little doubt that the Conservatives scored heavily by reason of the Scottish Nationalist vote in what was essentially a four Party contest north of the border and in parts of Wales. If I selected one letter to a national newspaper to illustrate the obsession with numbers, that same letter illustrated the patronising approach which alienates eight million electors who did not vote Conservative.

The difficulty with pacts is that the Liberal vote, if not the activists, comprise very many who would prefer to vote Conservative rather than Labour at the present time. By the same token, in large swathes of England the Liberal Democrat Party is the only real opposition to the Conservatives and indeed is dominant in some of the Celtic fringe and in parts of the South West. In many areas it has attracted a segment of the younger voters that Labour has failed to reach. Sitting in a pub in the port of Rye and hearing the enthusiasm of the teens and twenties discussing the possibilities of Liberal victories in the local elections I found myself enthralled at the sort of discussion that in my younger days took place in similar watering holes which young people frequented in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield or Nottingham. It is rather sad that while Labour remains dominant beyond reach in its urban heartlands, its support is as much a traditional knee jerk reaction as was the support for its opponents in the well heeled suburbs of most of rural and Southern England. The fragmentation of political allegiance that now exists is a far cry from the battle of the two monoliths fought in the Forties and Fifties and even the Sixties. It reflects the diversification in types of employment and the collapse of many of our old industries. That has been accelerated by the likes of Arthur Scargill as much as by Mrs. Thatcher.

The courage to admit one is leader of a Party that does not embrace in large measure a significant section of England is unlikely to be found even by the solid Mr. Smith and even less by Margaret Becket. It should not be forgotten that she was the Labour MP who eventually ousted Dick Taverne following his victory as a Social Democrat some years before the Social Democratic Party existed. That it still exists either as a state of mind or as an element within the Liberal Democrats ought not to be forgotten.

Personally, I am pessimistic about the possibility of a victorious Party of the centre-Left in Britain before the turn of the century. That can only change if Labour does not make the aspirations of its natural supporters something that they ought to feel ashamed about. It will not succeed so long as people like Michael Meacher feel that they have to establish that their credentials are humble. It will not succeed while a large part of it looks backward over its shoulder to the halcyon days of opposition to anything European. On almost every major issue Margaret Becket was on the side of the reactionaries rather than the forward looking section of her Party. John Smith was of the solid centre presenting a reassuring image although only becoming fashionable about six months before the General Election when Neil Kinnock was recognised to be the liability that he clearly always was. However, by taking on the wider elements of the Party where he was a successful in-fighter, he did at least make the Labour Party on the surface look to be a credible alternative.

On this John Smith has to capitalise. His task is made more difficult by the fact that he faces not the radical doctrinaire party of Lady Thatcher but the much more appealing one nation party of a more conciliatory Mr.

Major whose concern for sport, the arts and quality of life have brought him closer to the heartbeat of ordinary British people drawn from widely diverse social, geographical and even ethnic groups. In one sense this very moderation of the Post-Thatcher Conservative Party makes Labour even less likely to succeed than the American Democrats faced with the woolly but dyed-in-the-wool conservatism of the Republican Party. The duality of a party wedded to the British Liberal and Social Democratic traditions on the one hand, and the traditional values of Labour on the other is so diverse that only a leader of vision could straddle that divide and create a new vision for a Left centre alliance akin to the Lib-Labs of old. In a sense we need perhaps to return to traditions further in the past than those which from 1945-1951 acted as a beacon for John Smith's Party.

Paddy Ashdown could only present it in the context of leadership of the smaller opposition party attempting to hold the balance of power while creating a new political and constitutional framework. Without that new framework it is hard indeed to visualise the leader of the larger faction with its traditionalists baying at his heels, plunging into the unknown in an attempt to bring together a coalition of interests broader than anything Britain has seen since his own Party was born. That task will be tougher than the mountains Mr. Smith has climbed following his courageous fight for fitness following his heart attack.

There will be many who will wish him well but it is doubtful whether a politician with his background will have the vision to look at the Britain of say 2005 rather than hark back to the peak of Labour's success in 1966. Perhaps if Governor Clinton and Senator Gore can demonstrate that it is possible for the Left of centre to triumph in the United States, the transatlantic shockwaves may break upon the shores of our island. If it does not succeed there then Professor Galbraith may prove to be the true prophet of a pessimism that will only be shaken by a generation whose values have yet to be formed in the context of a society that does not yet exist. Rather than Labour's marching forward while looking to its relatively recent past, it might do better by returning to a more distant past of a broader coalition in order to understand the future. After all, the creator of *The Time Machine* was a supporter of the Party, the leadership of which Mr. Smith and Mrs. Becket have now inherited.

[Paul Rose is H.M.'s Coroner for the Southern Area of Greater London and was Labour MP for Manchester Blackley from 1964-1979 before deciding to leave parliamentary politics.]

POST-COMMUNIST REFLECTIONS

by Leo Muray

WE are now, one is assured, in a 'Post-Communist World'. But are we? After all, China, the most numerous nation with 1,200 million people, is still ruled by what is now called a 'Communist Gerontocracy', by the stalwarts who invented Maoism and are only dropping it bit by bit as they are dying off and younger 'Comrades' want the luxuries of Western capitalism. There are still Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, and above all Cuba, the last citadel of European Communism, and nobody forgets that the fall of Castro in the next few months would win the election for President Bush. One should not forget either that old-style Communist parties are still alive, and sometimes kicking, in say France and Portugal. It is also worth noting that the Hungarian Foreign Minister Horn, told the recent Helsinki Conference of the CSCE: 'There is not a single country in the region where people today are not worse off, in terms of living standards, than they used to be'. He was referring, of course, to his own region, that of the late Soviet bloc.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the experts in the West worry. One indication is the 40th anniversary meeting of 37 experts reported in the 40th anniversary issue of *Problems of Communism*. It is the magazine that has reported on, and analyzed, the vast world of Communism under the auspices of Washington, and its development, based on competent use of Soviet world sources. For example, it reproduced an analysis of Soviet defence strategy, some years ago, by Marshal Akhromeyev, who committed suicide after the failed August 1991 coup which has not really been analyzed yet.

One panel discussed what it saw as the ultimate failure of Marxism as an ideology as well, in connection with the Nation State, and took a look at Islam, a rival ideology.

A fascinating feature of the meetings was the passionate criticism some participants, mostly from the former Communist countries, launched on the Western experts who had totally failed to foresee the collapse, let alone, its consequences. There was also the problem of the effects of rising nationalism. Special discussions were held on China, Africa and the 'Latin Left', that is Latin America. Naturally a whole range of views was expressed, especially on China.

The conference discussions attempted to outline the implications that 'End of Communism' now has for American policy. As Marxism-Leninism declines efforts had to be made to work out a new understanding of world affairs. Without an analysis of the political changes unfolding it will be impossible for those shaping Western policy to determine what kind of assistance to give and to whom. Again, how will relations, and conflicts, between the ex-Soviet republics affect European security and can East Europeans overcome Communist ideology, ethnic hatreds and economic stagnation? The meeting was held at the end of last year and, therefore

the flood of disastrous events in Yugoslavia had not approached their peak. But there was an undercurrent of feeling that Yugoslavia was likely to show up the essential problems of post-Communism.

Outstanding contributions were made by Vaclav Klaus, the Czech leader, and by Professor Jeanne Kirkpatrick who was for a time President Reagan's Ambassador to the UN. In a curious sense they supported each other. Dr. Klaus, the Czech leader, spelt out in powerful simplicity his policy for turning his country into an efficient free market economy but he did not once even hint at the possibility of the Czech lands and Slovakia separating. Professor Kirkpatrick came straight to the point that the collapse of Communism was a 'fantastic surprise' and that there was no greater surprise in modern history. It had been an 'ideological revision' that had led the Soviet elite to hesitate to use force. Lenin, 'the master of the science of power', had arranged for a small elite to control a superstructure of that power. But with marginal changes of values and goals in later generations of the ruling elite the structures that were left became unstable and weak. She thinks that normal social and political tendencies towards stability and preservation of the existing order simply do not, and cannot, apply in the former Soviet empire. The East Europeans will continue to want support from the West. The European Community, therefore, will be forced to accept inclusions — that, of course, is British policy — but it will be more difficult to set up the integrating institutions. American isolationism was 'impossible' and the US will have to take the leadership from time to time since the EC would be preoccupied with the East European integration. Military power, she warned, was not obsolete. The most important instrument of foreign policy, however, was information.

Vaclav Klaus started by saying that dismantling Socialism was not easy. The task was to create a normally functioning market economy and a normally functioning political system based on standard political parties. Czechoslovakia had no interest in new social experiments or 'Third Ways'. They were not interested in 'market socialist dreams' of Leftist liberal economists. Indeed, 'Western ideological infiltration' was one of the 'main obstacles' to development. His favourite politician, he said, was Margaret Thatcher. Privatization was essential and he had introduced the new 'voucher privatization'. Everyone over 18 years of age can register to buy vouchers, costing the equivalent of a week's wages, and use them to invest in shares for newly privatized firms. They now had to privatize between 2,000 and 4,000 firms a year. He listed four essential preconditions for change; a clear vision of where to go, a pragmatic, viable reform strategy, to create social and political consensus for reform, which was very difficult, and, lastly, to make a start. Again, very restrictive monetary and fiscal policies were part of the reform process. Klaus is so interesting because his measures, are bound to lead to an absorption of the Czech lands into the EC no matter what is to happen in Slovakia.

Another important speaker was Senator Lugar, of Indiana, a senior Republican member of the Foreign Affairs Committee. He went to

dramatic lengths to support last year's Polish Plan but warning, quite rightly, that there is no recorded history of moving from Socialism to a market economy. 'I would simply make the point,' he warned, 'that if the Polish Plan does not work, if the transition is not made, then the prospects for success elsewhere, for example in the Soviet republics, are much dimmer, and, as a matter of fact, may disappear'. He revealed, very significantly, that Gorbachev had said to President Bush that the Polish Plan was impossible for the Soviet Union. 'I would lose control of my country' and Lugar added that Gorbachev did not understand the economic terms Bush used in their talks.

Three ex-Soviet bloc economists, Aliev, Malia and Maltsev, produced a concentrated picture of the Soviet system that shows how hard it is, and will continue to be, to make a reliable assessment of the problems facing the present regimes as well as the West. They denounced most Soviet experts for having misread Soviet realities and charge that the West tried to prevent the disintegration of the Soviet Union and the fall of Gorbachev. The CIA's Handbook of Soviet Statistics, for instance, was wrong, expenditure on armaments was nearly double of what statistics had given.

Soviet statistics are dismissed, although Western experts accepted some of them. The West, therefore over-estimated the economic performance of the Soviets. The Soviet price system and the prices were determined politically. The system was an 'ideocratic partocracy'. Western analysts largely accepted the theory of 'modernization' in place of 'totalitarianism'. A mature Communist system, an advanced urbanized superpower, could have been reformed and liberalized but 'perestroika', Gorbachev's reform plans, killed the prospect. Everything was subordinated to maintain the political monopoly of a self-appointed Party that was to control everything. They find it difficult to go further than saying that there will be no Socialism of any kind and that the independent states will move towards varying degrees of market economies and democracy. To assess the realities was difficult. At conferences Westerners could not know the size of the economy or the actual gross national product (GNP) of former Soviet Republics.

Another interesting speaker was Giorgio Napolitano, a leading Italian ex-Communist, still active. The passage of Europe 'from Liberalism to Democracy was due to the struggle and achievements of workers movements. Marxism was a 'singular mix' of utopianism and realism, of mythology and representation of interests. That was based on the myth of historical certainty due to the emerging ability of workers to organize and defend their interests. Napolitano puts up a finely tuned defence of the Marxism of the former Italian Communist Party with its own version of Marxism and Socialism, differing from that of the Soviet Party. One now had to distinguish what is alive and what is dead in Marx's work. Marxism as a guide for action was closed forever. Napolitano's arguments suggest, as the new activities of the ex-Communist Party of the late East Germany show, that a revival of a revised Marxist movement, accepting

competition of political forces cannot be ruled out.

Vivienne Shue, an accepted expert on China, explained in a fascinating address that a quick and decisive political transition in China is not on the cards. This is explained in arresting detail with the inevitable references to Chinese history. The present situation recalls the last years of the last dynasty, the Qing, from 1898 to 1919. A dilapidated, corrupt autocracy lost all support and was toppled by accident. This may happen again but a period of unstable military dictatorship followed the Qings. The proclaimed intention to reform and the occasional dropping of official orthodoxy are signs of something. But the simple collapse of autocracy cannot guarantee that democracy will take its place.

The Latin American story is quite different. In 1990, 80 million were unemployed or under-employed, 44% of the labour force. In Mexico the job deficit reached 750,000. The collapse of the Soviet bloc and its ideology is seen as the start of the liberation of the Communist Parties and Leftist intellectuals from the limitations and constraints imposed by Moscow's foreign policy interests. The Left can now compete on its own terms. Colin Legum, the veteran Leftist writer on Africa, expects the division of power in the different African countries will from now on depend much more on the economies of these countries than on radical ideology. With a pluralist political system now in the offing in most countries political divisions between the various political groups will become sharper. He worries, like many others less friendly disposed towards Africa, about the rise of Islamic fundamentalism that has taken over in the Sudan.

Only Professor Kirkpatrick has touched upon a key question. Is there an explanation of the unexpected fact that at some time, at some unelicited moment, the elite of the Communist Party in the Soviet Republics, and then elsewhere lost the will, and therefore the capacity to continue imposing its will to rule? There is little doubt that there are still thousands who believe that they can revive that will. It may not be the end of the story.

PROTECTING THE ENVIRONMENT IN CENTRAL EUROPE

by Peter Schofield

THE recent President of Czechoslovakia, Vaclav Havel, said: 'There are no environmental borders just as there are no borders to freedom'. The 1989 'velvet revolutions' were the outcome of a social need to experience the kind of freedom we in the West take for granted but which were denied to the people in the East under Communist rule. In the Central European countries of Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland, the Central European Three (CET), the new freedom released a deluge of ideas which frustrated environmentalists had been unable to develop in a system where the State was suspicious of any form of social organisation not under its control. In several European countries, including Finland in 1986, France and Netherlands in 1990, and Britain in 1990, governments had reviewed and revised their environmental policies. Changes were taking place at the international level too. The European Commission produced its Habitats Directive in 1991, and in October of the same year the UN-sponsored 'Caring for the Earth — A strategy for sustainable living', was published. The European Community Fifth Action Programme is currently being drafted and should come into force by 1993. Concerns for the environment, for sustainable development, for bio-diversity treaties and for the reduction of pollution to 'acceptable levels' are expressed daily and reached a peak at Rio in June 1992. It is against such a background that new attitudes for the environment are being developed in CET. The Central Europeans have not been slow in their involvement in the international scheme.

There is a growing feeling in Central Europe, expressed in 1991 by Mr. Vavrosek, the Czechoslovakian Minister for the Environment, that there should be a Council of European Environment Ministers, responsible for overseeing the evaluation of environmental impacts, setting targets and priorities, building and monitoring an information system, strengthening environmental law and boosting environmental education. Mr. Vavrosek considered a second step should be to set up the European Environmental Agency as planned by the European Commission, but open for membership to countries in both central and western Europe.

The momentous events of the 'velvet revolutions' gave the people and politicians in Central Europe an opportunity to examine the complete structure and workings of their society for the first time in over forty years, and environmentalists outside the Eastern bloc wanted to see how CET would respond. Not only were internal issues and policies of interest but how would CET react to and take advantage of the wider European opportunities which presented themselves? There was a unique opportunity to design new strategies and enact legislation, which would provide an integrated approach to the future running of the country by combining the needs of society, the economy and the environment for the benefit

of all. Not since the end of the Second World War had such an opportunity presented itself to the politicians and planners of any nation, but then the concerns of society were on a different scale and the threats to the environment were not so widespread or apparent as they are today. Technological developments and increased expectations of the people during the past forty years have resulted in a new dimension of interaction between people and their environment, which cannot be ignored as they were in the 1950s. Concern for the environment and the remedial measures necessary to repair damage and degradation can no longer be considered as a luxury; environmental programmes are not the 'icing on the cake' once economic and social needs have been satisfied. It is much more costly to repair environmental damage than it is to prevent it occurring in the first instance. Despite Vaclav Havel's optimistic pronouncements reliable sources in Central Europe continue to write with dismay that the new Czech Prime Minister, Mr. Klaus, is not attuned to such environmental thinking.

After a promising start to an integrated approach, in which social, economic and environmental programmes were balanced, inevitably there was a rush to review and replace economic policies, which would be the main instruments in any changes from the Communist system to a free market economy. In any event it is taking longer for the environmentalists to re-organise and to attract outside help than it is for the financial and economic organisations within CET.

Frustrated environmental thinkers under the Communist system were now able to express new ideas, which had been developing 'underground' over the previous decades, and they were able to expand upon these and present new draft policies and plans for discussion within their own countries. Those planning for the future could examine the worst examples of environmental degradation, which had occurred under the Communist system in Central Europe and in the market economies in the West, and legislate to reduce or eliminate such practices. Legislation in the West could be, and was, consulted by those planning for the future, and where appropriate the best and most suitable solutions could be adapted for use in their own plans. International organisations, such as the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (IUCN), the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP), the World Conservation Union (WCU) and the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF), offered help or were consulted as part of the process for developing new legislation and programmes. The interactions between the environment and changes in agriculture, forestry, water management, industry, urban and infrastructure development and recreation could be examined and legislation enacted to prevent or limit damage in the future. Major mistakes, which had occurred in the past, could be avoided when preparing new policies or strategic plans, provided a balanced approach to economic, social and environmental needs could be achieved in an integrated way. Such were the hopes of the environmentalists which, initially at least, were given encouragement by the attitudes of the new post-revolutionary leaders, and in particular in

Czechoslovakia by Vaclav Havel. Such attitudes have led to imaginative contributions to international conservation thinking and to the establishment of several cross-border parks. The first of these was established, with IUCN's assistance, at Lake Ferto-Neusiedlersee on the Austrian/Hungarian border, and more are well on the way to establishment.

Such projects have been approved as one of the actions supported by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) in a package of aid to Eastern Europe (PHARE Programme). The 'Cross Border' or 'Ecological Bricks' initiative has made rapid progress with several countries already signing agreements. At a high level meeting with IUCN in October 1991 progress was made over such cross boundary parks between Austria, Slovakia and Hungary on the Danube; between the Hungarians and the Slovakians on the 'Danube corner' and between Yugoslavia and Hungary on a river basin park. However, such actions are the culmination of environmental activity; they are no substitute for sound policies which aim to manage the whole environment in a safe way ensuring sustainable development and a healthy, diverse countryside for all to enjoy and benefit from now and well into the future.

CET are not only at the crossroads between CIS and the West geographically, they are also at a cross-road in time. With the temporary collapse of the Russian economy the momentous events of December 1991 and January 1992, the Central Europeans are turning their eyes towards integration into a wider European Community. But as Mr. Jossef Antall, the Hungarian Prime Minister, said: 'If we were in the Common Market today as equal members, we would be unable to make the grade'. Even though environmental protection started in Central Europe well before it did in the West (the first National Park in Czechoslovakia was founded in the early nineteenth century), CET would also find difficulty in making the grade environmentally. Although there are still large areas of Central Europe in which the quality of the environment is exceptionally high, there are many areas outside the specially protected sites where management of the environment to maintain bio-diversity and an attractive landscape is almost non-existent. With the exception of parts of Poland, some uplands in Czechoslovakia and Hungary and parts of the great Hungarian Plain, the environmental aspects of management of agricultural lands, forests and water would not match the overall standards now being set in the West.

A major difficulty facing environmentalists in Central Europe following forty years of Communism, at a time when they need to be making a considerable input into integrated policy making and legislation, is that they are struggling to learn new political, technical, negotiating and managerial skills at the same time that they need extra resources to undertake the local demands upon their professional conservation skills. Nevertheless environmental and nature conservation legislation, policies and strategies are not being developed in isolation from broader concerns and there is no doubt that changes in environmental management are influenced by social and economic reforms in all three countries. But the extent to which

environmental needs can influence social and economic reform is not so certain.

Three factors appear to have the greatest influence upon those responsible for environmental reform:

— the existing state of natural heritage and environmental resources;
— external factors such as new legislation in other fields, devolution from central to local government, new policies and planning procedures, privatisation of land and assets, and priorities for reform generally; and
— the influence of international practices and concerns.

In the first burst of enthusiasm following the political events of 1989, the need for improvements in environmental management and for nature conservation were discussed as a priority within the broad framework of economic and social change. However, social and economic reform, with their more immediate impact on human communities, soon dominated the pattern of political change in all three countries. The democratic process and new elections imposed further hurdles for environmentalists to overcome and adjust to when preparing and 'selling' their ideas.

All three countries reorganised the structure of their environmental and conservation departments. Prior to 1989 the situation in Czechoslovakia was complicated and environmental matters were dealt with by several ministries. After 1989 attempts were made to join all environmental interests together but there were some fundamental differences of approach between the Czechs and Slovaks. The result was the establishment of a Czech Ministry for the Environment in December 1989 with the Slovaks deciding to establish a Commission. The Czech Ministry has five main departments covering secretariat, legislation, policy, practical conservation and a control inspectorate. The Slovak Commission is headed by a Minister supported by four vice chairmen with respensibilities for administration, legislation, ecology and conservation and environmental protection. A Federal Committee for the Environment was set up in June 1990 and has about 150 members. Although the functions of the Federal body are questioned by many it has a co-ordinating role and considers major matters such as the balance of research programmes, major or cross border problems such as atmospheric pollution or international affairs. It remains to be seen what will happen now that Vaclav Klaus and Vladimir Meciar, the Czech and Slovak leaders, have agreed to split into two independent countries. The resignation of President Havel is not a good sign. In all probability effort in the environmental field will suffer as once again immediate economic problems receive priority.

In Hungary the Ministry of Environmental Protection and Regional Policy has been established and taken over the roles of several former departments. There are four departments each with a director. Within the Ministry is the National Authority for Nature Protection headed by a vice-Secretary of State. The Regional Council, which operated until 1990, were disbanded and broader functions given to the departments. For example, the offices managing National Parks undertook to oversee

environmental conservation throughout the region. However, Regional Councils did perform valuable functions and they are going to be reinstated.

The combination of functions into one new Ministry also occurred in Poland. The Ministry of Environmental Protection combined with the Ministry of Forestry to form the Ministry of Environmental Protection, Natural Resources and Forestry. Within the new Ministry there are two departments; Environmental Protection and Forestry. Departments are further divided; so, for example, there are four branches in the Environmental Protection Department covering nature protection, science, environmental education and the National Parks Service.

The new environmental groupings within CET have all set about their tasks with tremendous enthusiasm but continuing uncertainties about the political future of governments make the environmental solutions to major problems less effective in the short term. The differing views in Czechoslovakia resulted in the Committee for Environment being established rather later than many other Committees, so discussion on many basic environmental issues were considered later than many other topics which were having a considerable impact on the environment.

One of the first tasks within CET was to review and establish the latest state of the environment and identify gaps in knowledge. This process was started prior to the 'revolutions' when IUCN, through its East European Programme, prepared an Environmental Status Report for the three countries. Prominant environmental scientists in each country provided much of the basic data and assessment. Further reports were produced by the individual countries. From an analysis presented in the so-called *Blue-Book of the Environment in the Czech Republic,* they consider that Czechoslovakia is the most polluted country in Europe. Following publication of the Blue-Book in 1991 strenuous efforts have been made to redress the balance and, as the basis for action, the Ministry has published a second book *Rainbow Programme—Environmental Recovery Programme in the Czech Republic.* The Slovaks wish to monitor their environment in more detail than before. They are concerned about a lack of knowledge of the ecological resource, its distribution and quality. The Slovaks particularly, but others also, are concerned about the need to develop a sound monitoring programme for protected areas. National and international standards need to be established to avoid differences in approach and interpretation of results. Some planners stress that it is not only the ecology and landscape that need to be monitored, but also the effects that designating land has upon the local economy and culture.

In Poland the Project Development Unit within the Ministry has prepared a National Environment Policy, which Parliament approved and passed in November 1990. Following this an ecological policy was accepted by Parliament in October 1991 and a national strategy for nature conservation developed, but not yet approved. Further official publications include *The State of the Environment in Poland—Damage and Remedies,* and *The National Environment Policy,* which concentrates upon five main areas:

— Sustainable development as a foundation of the national environment policy;
— Organisation of environmental protection — the system of authority and responsibility;
— Priorities for environmental protection;
— Environmental policy tools; and
— International co-operation.

The new policies depart from the narrower understanding of environmental protection to the broader goals of sustainable development or the 'attainment of a balance between social, economic, technical and environmental conditions in the process of development'. The strategy addresses particularly those sectors of society causing most damage to the environment: the power industry; industrial processes; transporation; mining; agriculture and forestry.

The government in Poland will support the implementation of the concept of an integrated system of protected areas through the establishment of new National Parks and nature reserves as well as landscape parks and areas of protected landscape. A major goal of government policy is to retain forests as the main component of ecological balance of the biosphere and to retain all other living natural resources specific to the environment in Poland.

The prospective goals at all levels of decision taking 'should be the attainment of a situation which will secure:

— permanent functioning of ecological systems through preservation of valuable natural and cultural complexes, and the full array of plant and animal species, as well as their gene pools;
— preservation of useful natural resources with the intensification of their productivity and biological and chemical purity; and
— setting up adequate natural areas on a countryside, regional, municipal and local district scale for proper mental and physical development of humans, and the effective protection of public health and recreation based upon natural resources.'

There are many aspects of the Polish policies which incorporate the latest thinking being developed in the West. It is interesting to note that the National Environment Policy sets out the duties of citizens and the role of the public, highlighting personal responsibilities for citizens' own activities and personal participation in the cost of environmental protection. The policy states that 'the interest of local community leaders to co-operate in the framework of councils, informal groups, schools and educational establishments is of fundamental importance'.

In Hungary too, the main strategies are to obtain better information about the natural resources; to identify gene pools; to encourage people's enjoyment and understanding of nature and countryside and to encourage environmentally sensitive tourism.

Such programmes in CET have been developed largely in parallel with similar initiatives in the West, some may have been influenced by those in the West, but there are many new ideas which might find much wider

application outside CET. In order to implement such strategies there needs to be appropriate legislation, sufficient financial resources, and an educational programme which prepares the ground.

New environmental legislation was passed in Hungary with specific nature conservation legislation being in an advanced stage of drafting. In Poland new environmental law embracing nature conservation has been drafted and is passing through the parliamentary process. In Czechoslovakia a proposed environmental law was prepared but rejected by the Federal Parliament even though it was recommended by the Czech National Parliament. The new proposals to split into two independent countries and the establishment of a small caretaker federal government, presumably will delay environmental reforms further. A new nature conservation Act has been in existence in Czechoslovakia since June 1990 but its status after September 1992 must remain in doubt, especially in Slovakia.

The faster pace of social and economic reform is already leading to conflicts of interest. In this respect democracy is already introducing new threats to the natural environment, which had, in many cases, enjoyed relative stability between 1946 and 1989.

The most important of these appear to be:

— the privatisation and re-privatisation of land;
— economic development, particularly that encouraged by foreign investment;
— major changes in agricultural technology and practice following the break-up of the collective farms;
— major changes in agricultural economics and marketing following discussions with and advice from the West;
— the rapid development of recreation and tourism, often backed by foreign investment;
— the release of large tracts of military land and 'no-go' areas many of which had become huge refuges for wildlife;
— the use and abuse of water; and
— changing attitudes to and practice in silviculture.

The Communist regimes in all three countries provided a combination of environmental stability in some areas whilst contributing to severe degradation in others. The lack of investment and development in National Parks and some other areas maintained natural biological and structural diversity in the environment which provides the kind of high quality landscapes so prized by man. The same lack of investment in the industrial sector has resulted in antiquated processes, using poor quality fuels, being perpetuated which have caused much of the intense pollution of the atmosphere, soils and water experienced in north-west Czechoslovakia and parts of Poland. Mineral extraction in sensitive areas, and the over exploitation of water for energy, transportation, agriculture and for effluent disposal are further areas where the lack of sound environmental policies under the Communists have lead to severe environmental degradation.

Where there is still a high quality environment, different land use practices and different approaches to central control by the Communist

regimes as much as varying underlying geology and soils, have created varying landscapes throughout CET. At the one extreme the perpetuation of the small family farm with little or no mechanisation has led to a very diverse structural landscape rich in wildlife over much of Poland. At the other extreme are the highly mechanised collective farms in parts of southern Slovakia and in some of the more fertile parts of Hungary, in which there is very little good habitat for wildlife and a monotonous landscape. The understanding of such mechanisms and processes by politicians and responsible pressure groups is essential if a high quality environment is to be produced.

As in many parts of the world there is no doubt that the lack of finance is holding back progress in positive environmental management and protection where production, landscape and nature conservation are planned as an integrated whole. Although much good theory is being developed lack of experience in operating in market economies has resulted in little attempt to link economic development, directly or indirectly with environmentally sound policies and projects. It is one thing to legislate for integrated projects, but unless there is a concerted effort by environmentalists to involve developers then there is little likelihood of the potential benefits being realised on the ground. The delegation of power from central to local communities could well lead to less environmentally sensitive developments taking place. The lack of individual management and administrative expertise in the environmental professions, after decades of centralised bureaucracy, is a further drawback to the implementation of new conservation or environmental strategies. The relative lack of an understanding of environmental need by politicians at all levels and the non-implementation of any serious form of environmental impact assessment technique are further difficulties faced by those trying to improve environmental management.

Environmental education at all levels is essential to develop a clear understanding of the situation and, although a strength under the Communist system, there are not the resources needed to sustain or develop it; hopefully this is a temporary situation. There are many excellent individual initiatives carrying on from pre-1989 origins, but they will need to be supported by dynamic central policy and guidance if they are to progress and set the standards for wider application.

The voluntary conservation movement, which is needed to interact with the official bodies and politicians, has been strong numerically throughout much of Central Europe, but the strengths of non-governmental organisations need to be developed to meet the changing needs if they are to become a powerful force complimentary to the governmental departments in the environmental field.

It is too early to tell how successful the new measures and organisation structures will be in securing a better environmental future. The application of strategies will require a combination of more resources and a more sympathetic approach from developers and politicians, and will take time to work their way through the system. Already there are many signs that

the integrated approach, recognised so early in the revolutionary process as being essential for a better future, is being forsaken for economic development. There are urgent dual requirements for environmental scientists to develop an expertise in promoting positive attitudes based upon their professional knowledge and for politicians and the public to be receptive to such ideas through a better understanding of their environment and its needs.

[Peter Schofield is a 1991 Churchill Fellow and vice-president of Eurosite, an organisation devoted to improving the professionalism of those managing natural and semi-natural areas. He was previously a Regional Officer with the Nature Conservancy Council and Director of Administration and Resources with the Countryside Council for Wales.]

'Science is an indispensable ally in our fight to save the environment' stresses Peter Hodgson in *Science, the Greens and the Environment* in the November number of *Contemporary Review*. In November 1642 Charles I, followed by many of his poets, moved his court to Oxford. Donald Bruce commemorates the 350th anniversary in *An Oxford Garrison of Poets.*

EX LIBRIS: THE DESTRUCTION OF A GREAT COMMONWEALTH TREASURE

by Molly Mortimer

BLACK Friday: December 20th, 1991. The Library of the Royal Commonwealth Society closed its doors after 123 years of continuous service. 'We Never Closed', like the Windmill Theatre in war or peace (except for a few days after a two ton bomb ripped through the building, destroying over twenty thousand volumes).

Recession has succeeded where bombs failed. The Royal Commonwealth Society, facing insolvency, has had to use its only valuable asset, the library, as security for a £3 million overdraft. Whether the administration were unlucky, stupid or culpable, is not here to discuss. But the fact is the library faces mortal danger of disappearing into the inflated maw of bricks and mortar for the rebuilding programme. It faces not only the danger of being sold, but sold in devastating bits, for the whole is much greater than the parts when it comes to books. A small fund-raising committee has now been set up under Sir Patrick Sheehy, chairman of BAT Industries to raise £3 millions and floor space may be available in Cambridge. But the monetary outlook is bleak. The dispersion of the library would be a cultural crime; but reading through a century of British struggle and muddle, one can only sadly conclude, that the library should have been independently funded years ago in the sunshine days.

Like so many august bodies, the Royal Commonwealth Society started in casual British fashion when two or three gathered together in June 1868 to discuss the question of a Colonial Society, to establish a reading room and library and to provide recent and authentic information on colonial subjects. The two or three whose flavour has remained included Viscount Bury (the first president), the Rt. Hon. Chichester Fortescue (Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies) and Sir Charles Nicholson (ex-Chancellor Sydney University). A small committee was set up and the incipient Society bumped its way through temporary homes and finally came to rest in the six storey building in Northumberland Avenue in 1885 and there remained. Only the name changed, reflecting political tides, to Royal Colonial Institute (1870), Royal Empire Society (1928), Royal Commonwealth Society (1958).

The library was recognised as the heart of the Society from the start and by the turn of the century held 75,000 books, rising to 100,000 in 1914. An early attempt to transfer it to the newly established Colonial Institute was fiercely resisted, not least by its guardians. The first librarian was appointed in 1869 and the first salaried librarian, the Australian-born Joseph O'Halloran in 1885. The Society has been magnificently served by his successors down to the present and first woman incumbent, Terry Barringer. (Women were first admitted as members in 1922.)

Evans Lewin was the Master Librarian who served for thirty-six years, 1910-1946 and was the real architect of the amazing development and

international reputation built in that period, years of optimism when the Library covered the whole first floor with its separate news and periodical section, map rooms and law library. This included a difficult two years of exile (and some twenty miles of string) in Carlton Terrace 1934-6, while rebuilding went on and led to ever increasing work loads for the Library's meagrely funded staff. The Library became and remained the centre for endless and peculiar queries, whether the style of Heligoland's flag when under British control, or pioneer work on African music. One staff, unable at a minute's notice to provide Dante's *Inferno*, was heard to mutter: 'Hell is not a British possession — yet'.

Evans Lewin saw the Library through two shattering wars. Many London libraries closed in 1939: Chatham House, the London School of Economics and the British Museum — but not the Royal Commonwealth Society. It rapidly became the vital and practically the only source of consultation for the Colonial Office, the BBC and Governments in Exile. But on the night of April 16th, 1941, 450 German bombers hit London, including St. Paul's, the Commons and the Royal Commonwealth Society, spreading flood, fire and devastation in the news and law libraries. Basic services, however, re-opened within a week. Real rehabilitation took months and final repair to war damage was not completed until 1956. But a much needed Information Bureau was established in 1946 and lasted a valuable twenty years. And Evans Lewin at last went home, long past retiring age, in 1946.

Despite the euphoria surrounding the Commonwealth in the 1950s, political tides began flowing against the Society — typically, newsroom space was taken for the fledgling Voluntary Service Overseas (1961-3), which began life under the wing of the Society. In 1956 after ten years as an assistant, Donald Simpson became Librarian and steered the Library through its most difficult peace time years until his retirement in 1987. No mean scholar himself, and well known as a local historian, he became chairman of the Standing Conference on Library Materials, chairman of the British Association for Canadian Studies, editor of the *Dictionary of East African Biography* and probably the most complete one-man information department about the Commonwealth ever known. He also wrote a pioneer study *Dark Companions*, about the African contribution to European exploration of Africa.

The Library was also well served by its own supportive and efficient committee. Perhaps its most outstanding chairman was Sir Alan Burns. Born in St. Kitts, he entered into the Colonial Service of which his father and grandfather were serving members, he also made an outstanding contribution. He ended his career as Governor of the Gold Coast and British Representative to the Trusteeship Council, on which he contributed a witty book of depressing reminiscences of the United Nations called *In Defence of Colonies*. More seriously, he wrote the standard histories of Nigeria and the West Indies and a study called *Colour Prejudice*, an early contribution to a subject which has now engendered a vast literature. The Royal Commonwealth Society never operated a colour bar and its first

Asian members were Ji ju Sanjo, son of the Japanese prime minister in 1872 and the Political Agent for Native Princes. The first African member was Samuel Bannerman from the Gold Coast in 1879. Sir Alan turned his not inconsiderable energies to supporting Library publications; he inaugurated talks by experts and developed *Library Notes*, scholarly articles attached to the invaluable monthly list of accessions. Sadly he resigned over attempts to sell off Library books to supplement the Society's general income, a dark presentiment of financial dispute to come.

A rich sideline supported by the Committee was the photographic section which held some 70,000 items, much of it now on microfiche. Prints were welcomed from early days and this unique collection includes the Queen Mary albums of the 1905 Indian tours and the Albemarle album of the South Seas including two prints of Robert Louis Stevenson. Other early pictures include the Zulu war of 1879, the Rhodesian Pioneer column marching into Mashonaland in 1890 as well as the 1898 Sudan campaign. Imagine if the Roman Empire had been thus documented how we would have treasured these scraps — or would we?

There are two special reasons for shock and dismay at the loss and dismemberment of the RCS Library. With it goes the knowledge of our imperial past and Commonwealth present. It is a turning away from the sense of history, one of the few things that distinguish man from beast, and always a danger to the dictator. Alexandria here we come.

The first reason is sad recognition of a general trend; it epitomises our descent into an illiterate and televisual society, where *Beano* equates with *King Lear* and the sweet sensuality of books is replaced by the cold abstraction of microfilm. Those great Victorians who laboured for our literacy and library system would not have believed our indifference. Gladstone, at the opening of St. Martins in the Field Public Library, thundered 'that these libraries were instruments with which a war was carried on against ignorance, against brutality'. Sadly, even some of their rightful guardians think otherwise today. Bill West in his horrifying small book: *The Strange Rise of Semi-Literate England: The Dissolution of The Libraries*, (Duckworth, 1991), arraigns the borough librarians for a mindless selling off of their books. He lists nearly 300 culprits. Brent threw out over 100,000 in the eighties. Socialist Stoke Newington disposed of a whole collection on India. Sadly the criterion for disposal seems no longer to be professional or literary, but crude racial and political censorship, currently known as 'political correctness'. It is a terrible reflection on our cultural present that libraries need protection from librarians. Quis, alas, custodiet.

The second reason for keeping this precious Library lies precisely in its unique ambience. It is the most comprehensive single source for the history of the world's greatest empire from its 16th century beginnings to its present fifty-nation Commonwealth, an empire which at its peak ruled over a quarter of the world's peoples and lands. The ambience of many libraries is both daunting and even dirty. The RCS has always been welcoming and free, set like a jewel in Commonwealth Trust House; as

part of a social and learned Society it continues to demonstrate living history. For as you study your Fijian *Hansard*, at the next table may well be a Fijian, or a Nepalese from Patna seeking references to Christianity in Tibet. These are all people making, or made by, the Commonwealth. Outside the Library but inside the building, cluster such relevant societies as the Royal Africa Society, the Round Table, Commonwealth Forestry, Corona, the Kipling Society with its own fine library and the West India Committee. Outside the Library but within the building are bedrooms and restaurants for home and overseas members coming and going from Malta to New Guinea. There is always something happening, whether an Australian wine-tasting party or the annual multi-faith commonwealth service. There is a stream of lecturers: one day Chief Buthelezi, another day Lee Kuan Yew, the next King Moshoeshoe II of Lesotho.

An off-shoot of all this multifarious knowledge is what are called the 'Library Babies'. It is hard to think of any single book about the Commonwealth which has not been researched, if not engendered in the Library, from Thomas Pakenham's *Scramble for Africa*, a seven hundred page prizewinner to Jan Morris's *Pax Britannica* trilogy. Here also, for the novelist is all the delicious imperial pulp and ephemera, so much more vivid than learned tomes, on life in Victorian Malaya or the 18th century Raj. This last tradition is upheld by June Knox Mawr, herself a hard-working member of the Library Committee, who has won the 1991 Boots Romantic Novel of the Year prize with *Sandstorm*. Here are huge sources of Commonwealth literature hardly touched, only listed in the annual bibliography which runs from Sanders of the River types to distinguished Third-World writers in English. The Library itself has put out erudite pamphlets on Shakespeare, Dickens and the Empire — from Prospero and Caliban to Mrs. Jellaby and transportation. Every English-speaking writer is touched by a vast awareness of this rich imperial background — and all of it gathered in this one endangered institution.

Just now when there is a conscious and increasing desire to study this past, the doors have closed. Only a few desperate scholars are now let in, studying with bizarre erudition, African football, and Lawrence Durrell as editor of the *Cyprus Review*. They at least know what they miss. *O si sic omnia* . . . .

[Molly Mortimer has for many years been a user of the RCS Library in her many works on Commonwealth history and affairs.]

AN IMMIGRANT IN ISRAEL

by Lee Levitt

VLADIMIR Beilis's heavy eyelids drooped as he pondered another question. When I left his bare yet clean kibbutz flat at 8.30 p.m., I asked him what time he had to go to work the next day. 'At 4 a.m..' 'And when do you finish?' '4 p.m..'

Perestroika and glasnost have dealt Vladimir Beilis a kind yet cruel blow. Just over a year ago, he was a top junior fencing coach in the Ukraine. Now he is working around 70 hours a week in a boot factory in Kibbutz Dafna in North Israel, a few miles from the Lebanese border. His average weekly wage is about 600 shekels (£150).

One of over 420,000 immigrants who have arrived in Israel from the former Soviet Union since the beginning of 1989, he is, as he acknowledges, fortunate to have a job at all. Around 40 per cent of these new immigrants are still looking for work, out of a national total of about 250,000 unemployed.

Approximately one million Jews have applied for an invitation from relatives living in Israel and half a million actually hold exit visas. However, after peaking at 35,295 a month in December, 1990, the number settling in Israel has fallen to an average of 4,500 a month in the first six months of this year.

Vladimir, 39, emigrated to Israel last March with his non-Jewish wife Tatiyana and their two sons Vladislav (14), and Alexsandr (9). One year on, they live in a three-room apartment and are among over 1,000 new Soviet immigrants temporarily living on kibbutzim. Vladimir would have preferred to live in Haifa. But despite the 21,000 shekels (£5,000) he and his family have received from the Israeli government, he could not afford a flat there, and so filled out forms enabling them to move to a kibbutz.

His attempts to find a job as a fencing coach have, so far, been fruitless. Last summer, he went to the Israeli Fencing Championships in Kfar Saba, and approached a prominent fencing official. 'He said he would see me when he had time. I waited for him the first day. At the end of the second, I again went up to him and said I must know what he thought about me. He asked me where I lived and said he would call my municipality (Kiryat Shemona) and I should call him'. Several phonecalls later, he was told that there was no money for fencing coaches in the area where he lived. Coming from a system where the State provided work and in which sport was well funded, his experience in Israel has left him disillusioned. 'I feel very bad. Fencing is very important for my life. To change my profession at 39 is not easy. I had pupils who were champions of the Ukraine and the USSR. I got good results, but it does not interest anybody'. As he spoke, his hands leant on a portable radiator and his eyes occasionally flickered towards the television—the two objects in his walk-through sitting room which he had bought himself. He wore a pair of blue tracksuit bottoms, an unmatching blue tracksuit jacket and a jaded check shirt.

'If it is possible to go to another country to work, I will go, because working in the factory for me is not interesting. I would like to prepare first class sportsmen and not to make boots. If I can't go to another country, I will have to train for another profession'.

A neighbour has given them some presents at Jewish festivals and said if there were any problems to let him know. Yet they have not been invited into any kibbutznik's flat for tea. 'I feel I am strange for a kibbutznik', he said.

Vladimir's brother Felix, a former photographer now working in a restaurant in Haifa, had written to him telling him about all the food in the shops. 'In Russia, I heard many things of Israel, but not the truth', he laments. 'Food is easier to get in Israel, but for me', he says touching his heart, 'Russia is more good'. Yet he is reluctantly coming to terms with the fact that returning to the former Soviet Union would not be a wise move. Apart from the problems involved in obtaining food and clothes and the mild antisemitism, 'after Chernobyl we had bad ecology', he says. His wife, a PE teacher now working in the kibbutz hospital, began suffering headaches and had trouble going to work.

Dafna has 40 former Soviet citizens living on it. Of the 10 who work in the factory, there is a composer, Boris Pigovat, a language teacher and a few engineers. 'Boris thinks as I think: it is not for all time. That makes it easier'. On the plus side, despite spending most of his waking hours in the factory, Vladimir spends more time with his children now than when he was in the Ukraine. 'I spent more time with my pupils there. Now I get to know my sons better, which is good. The ecology is good here. My son goes to fish sometimes. In Russia, we had a river, but there were no fish because of pollution from the factories'.

In his former home city of Simferopol, the synagogue was 'a little house', and was attended by elderly Jews. He had been there once. 'Our tradition is killed in Russia, but now it has been born again'.

Some Jewish coaches from the former Soviet Union have found fencing jobs in Israel. A colleague, Yaakov Ferdman, whose nephew has progressed from the Byelorussian junior team to the Israeli national team, works part-time as a coach. And Vladimir Beilis knows of two Russians who have found full-time jobs.

According to a survey published by the Tazpit Research Institute during the surge of immigration last year, 29 per cent of the Soviet immigrants who have arrived in Israel since September, 1989, would like to live elsewhere five years from now. The other 71 per cent wanted to remain in Israel. The survey was conducted among 809 Soviet immigrants. Meanwhile the only fencing Vladimir Beilis does is to parry the hardships that beset many a former Soviet citizen in Israel.

[Lee Levitt is a journalist on the *Jewish Chronicle*.]

TWO MODERN CHRISTIAN POETS

by Paul Mackintosh

ENGLAND, gifted more than it knows, has produced two major poets this century. Furthermore, the two bear some resemblance to each other. Geoffrey Hill and Basil Bunting are both indebted to T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound (Bunting directly so), both are steeped in time and place, and both are religious poets.

Geoffrey Hill — this year enjoying his 50th birthday — is unarguably a Christian poet, or at least a poet who writes about Christianity. From 'For the Unfallen' (1959) to 'Hymns to Our Lady of Chartres' (1984), Hill's poetry is full of explicit references to Christianity, of explorations of sanctioned Christian themes, and of opposites structured according to Christian modes of thought. But what kind of Christianity? Certainly, one porting the full panoply of traditional piety. The icons have not faded, nor the lions and the hermits disappeared, from Hill's verse. Pentecost in particular is a constant presence; from 'the spurred flame, those racing tongues' in *The Bidden Guest* to 'the hawthorn-tree/set with coagulate magnified flowers of May' in *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy*. Eliot's 'tongues of flames' sound throughout his *oeuvre*. It sometimes seems that Hill has entirely digested the programme of *Notes Towards A Definition of Culture;* his poetic character smacks so much of late Eliot that, had Eliot wished to reinvent himself *ex nihilo* after his move to England, the result might well have been a spitting image of Hill. (Indeed, Hill has now closed the circle by emigrating to Boston.)

> Crucified Lord, so naked to the world,
> you live unseen within that nakedness,
> consigned by proxy to the judas-kiss
> of our devotion, bowed beneath the gold,

captures beautifully the almost idolatorious ornateness of Hill's devotion, as well as the multiple levels of meaning that play off one another, undercutting and reconstituting its fabric. The effigy configuring the true spirit which has withdrawn from its embodiment is described through a characteristic recoining of a cliché whose tinny reek adds the tang of irony.

Geoffrey Hill's success in revitalizing Christian poetry comes from combining the immemorial portrayal of religious doubt with the far more recent, more radical uncertainty of the present century. Many Christian poets, or poets writing about Christianity, have enlarged on the interdependency of faith and doubt — Browning's Bishop Blougram is one figure perhaps highly pertinent to Hill's case. Yet *Lachrimae Amantis,* for instance, 'a free translation of a sonnet by Lope de Vega', casts the traditional mode into a new context; in both original and transposition the Christian poem has demonstrated grace under pressure, but in the latter case the form and degree of pressure has been quite transformed.

Hill is quite aware of his situation: 'If critics accuse me of evasiveness or the vice of nostalgia, or say that *I* seem incapable of grasping true

religious experience, I would answer that the grasp of true religious experience is a privilege reserved for very few, and that one is trying to make lyrical poetry out of a much more common situation — the sense of *not* being able to grasp true religious experience'.

Basil Bunting (1900-85) is quite another story. A Quaker by upbringing, he landed in prison during World War I as a conscientious objector, in circumstances highly reminiscent of figures commemorated by Hill, such as Tommaso Campanella or Dietrich Bonhoeffer. His own family disapproved of his stance as one of the tiny minority of 'Absolutes': objectors who refused to do any work whatsoever to further the war effort. His faith, or his principles, were evidently strong indeed. In 1975, years after the completion of the epic *Briggflatts*, he wrote *At Briggflatts Meetinghouse: Tercentenary*, for the Quaker meeting house there, suggesting a lifelong commitment of a kind. This commitment issued in verse utterly different from that of Hill.

Bunting called his religion 'a kind of reverence for the whole creation' which he found embodied in Quakerism. He described that sect as follows: 'what you believe is your own affair so long as you follow out the process of simply waiting quietly and emptying your mind of everything else to hear what they would call in their language the voice of God in your inside'. He also stated that, 'If Saint Francis's praise of all creation in "Altissimu omnipotente bon signore" etc. or the ideas implied for Saint Cuthbert in the three lives of him can be reconciled in any way with what is commonly called religion, no doubt I am a religious poet', and described *Briggflatts* V as 'Cuthbert in love with all creation'. The passage of *Briggflatts* which most clearly patterns this religious intuition is also the only occasion in the whole long poem when Cuthbert is explicitly mentioned:

> Aidan and Cuthbert put on daylight,
> wires of sharp western metal entangled in its soft
> web, many shuttles as midges dancing;
> not for bodily welfare or pauper theorems
> but splendour to splendour, excepting nothing that is.

followed by

> ... Can you trace shuttles thrown
> like drops from a fountain, spray, mist of spiderlines
> bearing the rainbow, quoits round the draped moon

Bunting wrote of this, 'I have been talking of the Anglo-Celtic saints who "put on daylight", represented as a brocade in which wires of "western metal" are woven... Now the brocade is woven by shuttles, woven with extreme intricacy, for indeed it is nothing less than the whole universe'. That is the kind of mystic perception enshrined in his poetry, against Hill's position of informed piety.

As to which is the truer type of religious experience, who can say? Intuitions such as Bunting enjoyed are common to nearly all religions, and to many secular philosophies, although Bunting himself was strong against out-and-out mysticism: 'The mystic purchases a moment of exhilaration with a lifetime of confusion; and the confusion is infectious

and destructive'. In orthodox Christian terms, he may have been guilty of reverencing Creation above the Creator. He would probably have cast Hill's learned credo as one of the 'pauper theorems'. Certainly, his attitude recalls what Arthur Waley, in quite another connection, termed 'the pre-moral', whereas Hill's evinces the explicitly moralistic temper of a Confucius.

Morality is at the heart of Hill's poetic concern, and in a way specifically bound up with a Christian conception of sin and redemption. He says 'It is one thing to talk of literature as a medium through which we convey our awareness, or indeed our conviction, of an inveterate human condition of guilt or anxiety; it is another to be possessed by a sense of language itself as a manifestation of empirical guilt'. This 'irredeemable error in the very substance and texture of his craft and pride' is of almost mortal weight, in dire need of redemption.

Compare these two verses; from Hill —

> There is, at times, some need to demonstrate
> Jehovah's touchy methods, that create
> The connoisseur of blood, the smitten man.
> At times it seems not common to explain.

— and Bunting —

> And all that is piteous, all that's fair,
> All that is fat and short of breath,
> Elisha's baldness, Helen's hair,
> is Death's collateral

Hill feels some need to demonstrate why 'the smitten man' (*I Kings*, XX 37) first sent a lion to slay the neighbour who would not smite him as the Lord required, then was smitten unto wounding by another, more obedient fellow. Bunting, conversely, does not call God to account for the forty-two boys who were devoured by she-bears after they had mocked Elisha's baldness (*II Kings*, ii 23). The prophet's pate is simply taken up by the poet as a bald instance.

It is the eloquence of Hill's moral wrangling that enables his verse. His words hunt up and down scales of approbation, disdain, guilt, horror, pity, that he feels called to evoke in order to fully record the play of virtues and vices. It is a process faithfully documented by Christopher Ricks, who states of Hill that 'A principled distrust of the imagination is nothing new'. And Hill himself says of 'Annunciations II', 'I want the poem to have this dubious end; because I feel dubious; and the whole business is dubious'. Once he was quoted as saying, of language, 'One thinks how it has been used and exploited in the past, politically and theologically. Its forthrightness and treachery are a drama of the honesty of man himself'. And, *à propos* the ending of one of Wordsworth's poetic dialogues, he says: 'Language here is not "the outward sign" of a moral action; it is the moral action'. Or 'When the poem "comes right with a click like a closing box" what is there effected is the atonement of aesthetics with judgement'. Such atonement might be rendered as follows:

> why do you not break

o my heart

wherein it is the want of punctuation plus the spelling of 'o' without an 'h' to elongate it into a sigh that captures the marvellous sense of a childish — or childlike — mouth rounded in an unassertive vowel without expulsion of breath. That is the tone glossed by W. S. Milne in *Agenda* as 'unpunctuated tones of innocence'.

Something of Bunting's view of morality's place in poetry can be gleaned by his response to Pound's lines of 1935 —

The poets job is to
DEFINE and yet again define till the detail of
surface is in accord with the root in justice

To which Bunting answered 'what the hell has justice got to do with it? Unless you want to string everything tight together, like a Hegel or a Tommy Aquinas, with a neat knot where the One True God should be?' And, in a similar vein, 'Some bloody awful Pharaoh built the pyramids, cannibals carved the Benin works, disgusting Byzantine tyrants built Ravenna — and Pound's Malatesta set up the Tempio, but the merit of these works lies in quite technical matters — planes, angles, contours, rhythms not in what their makers thought they meant by them'. Or, in yet another context, 'let us say you are a good Scots Presbyterian; you would find Dante's poem horrifying, a really wicked performance'. Enlarging on his description of the Anglo-Celtic saints, he said: 'Their god was no humanist. He was the god of the wolf as well as the sheep, "excepting nothing that is".' And he once referred to war as 'simply as an activity which has pleasures of its own, an exercise of certain faculties which need exercise: in which death is neither a bugbear or a consummation, but just happens... part of the fun'. Hardly a sentiment one can imagine from Hill.

This attitude dovetails neatly with Bunting's recorded pronouncements on the primacy of form — for which read sound — in verse. 'I believe the fundamental thing in poetry is the sound, so that whatever the meaning may be... if you haven't got the sound right, it isn't a poem.' Formal merits, at least by the measure of the most extreme interpretation of Bunting's position, obviate the need for any judgement about the material, which merely serves as a pretext for the deployment of sound. Hence the importance of music to Bunting, for it yielded models of patterned sound without distraction of ostensible content. And that exclusive concentration on sound lies behind some of the best moments of Bunting's verse, which star even his most haphazard and half-realized poems with beauties. For instance,

Heat and hammer
draw out a bar.
Wheel and water
grind an edge.

Even if these are the simplest lines in *Briggflatts*, the sound of 'grind an edge', the setting off and setting together of 'g' and 'd', is enough in itself to seal Bunting's claim to be a major English poet.

But . . . Deryck Cooke's *The Language of Music* has called into question the absolute pretensions of the medium which Bunting took for his paradigm of formalism. Bunting in his musico-aesthetic mode might ask why the subject should matter; but it certainly alters the *tone* of the piece, and tone is an impeccably formal virtue. For how else should emotion (or thought) imprint itself in verse but by formal means; by altering tone, rhythm, tempo, mood (a grammatical term, after all), word order, syntax, choice of sounds? 'Emotion is an organizer of form' (Pound). So Bunting's ideals and attitudes may well have helped shape his verse.

To consider the relative operations of these two poets with respect to their beliefs, take one singular feature of their poetry: the evocation of disgust. Now Hill, especially in his work preceding *Mercian Hymns*, is one of the most powerful poets of carnal disgust in the language. 'The loathy neckings and the fat shook spawn', from 'Annunciations' I, oozes detestation, squeezed out by the collision of 'f-t', 'sh-k' and 'sp-n', wrung from the 'aw' that strains the larynx. Or the lines from 'The Dead Bride':

> I writhed to conceive of him.
> I clawed to becalm him.

where passion within marriage (a sanctified estate, after all) becomes a death struggle; in which the ambiguity of 'conceive of' betrays the bride's struggle to assimilate her husband, 'the poet of a people's love', in any degree, to achieve either physical or mental contact or understanding (writhing is also to be found in *The Imaginative Life* and *Locust Songs;* claws and clawing, innumerable times). In his later work, Hill seems to have exorcised this demon, or at least bound it securely within a paradox. 'Many of the poems in *Tenebrae* are concerned with the strange likeness and ultimate unlikeness of sacred and profane love', he says, settling without demur into the topos defined between those two adjectives, into a world cloven into Flesh and Spirit. But are the two reconciled? In 'Tenebrae' we read —

> Amor carnalis is our dwelling place
> our leanness is our luxury.
> Our love is what we love to have;
> our faith is in our festivals

It is a disgust turned outwards, which could almost be read as an attack on consumerism and weight-watching. This time it has not empowered the language; it has engendered no clenched clots of consonants such as are Hill's most characteristic achievement. This poem, full of references to carnality and desire, such as 'This is the chorus of obscene consent' reads often like self-parody, as though Hill tried, and failed, to work up a valediction for the whole collection. 'This is the true marriage of self-in-self' does not make for happy reading. The same nagging doubts are inspired, in my mind at least, by this poem as by *Four Quartets;* the suspicion that the author's manner has become mannerism, that the project verges on pastiche.

And against this 'sensual abstinence and woe', one can cite 'splendour to splendour, excepting nothing that is'; 'Wheat stands in excrement/

trembling'. Bunting never tied himself up in knots over the chasm between Body and Soul — although Hill has knitted together some of his best lines from sounds twined with this tension. But see what Bunting does with sensuality:

> Rainwater from the butt
> she fetches and flannel
> to wash him inch by inch,
> kissing the pebbles.
> Shining slowworm part of the marvel.

That hushed, reverent air, the tactile quality of those three words 'kissing the pebbles'; here is verse every bit as alive as Hill's most muscularly Christian wreathings, yet there is no revulsion.

Not that Bunting is incapable of disgust. *Briggflatts III* is thick with it. Obscurely structured round an obscure legend of Alexander climbing to the edge of the world, the first part of this section describes a journey through Hell, that Hell inhabited by 'various who choose baseness, particularly "the press" (with Hastor for president)'.

> One
> plucked warm fruit from the arse
> of his companion, who
> making to beat him, he screamed:
> Hastor! Hastor! but Hastor
> raised dung thickened lashes to stare
> disdaining those who cry:
> Sweet shit! Buy!

'*Hastor:* A Cockney hero' is Bunting's private hit at Hugh Astor of *The Times*, which had treated him with some consideration after his enforced departure from Persia. Bunting sullies his Muse by combining his contempt for the worldlings and their greed with a lifetime's worth of grudges overdue for payment. And this, for me, is the weakest section of *Briggflatts*, thanks to its animating animus. Bunting unquestionably received many hurts, and his gift was never accorded its full value during his lifetime. But his thwarted arrogance, bitterness and shame combine to leave a flaw at the heart of his greatest achievement: not because the words are excremental (we have seen how powerfully, how physically Hill can write when recording visceral loathing), but because they are poorly realized, lacking the resonance, the rich sound texture of the rest of the long poem. They almost *read* like abuse instead of poetry. Hill's assertion 'Courage/ unflinchlingly declines into sour rage' might have been coined to describe just that situation.

Hill has also gone on record with comments about his situation, and about the general condition of the reception of poetry. His opinions in this regard equate with his concern for virtue and values in verse, such as once inspired Pound to write 'Feeling of utter hopelessness in struggle for values'. Speaking of Dryden, whom he takes as an exemplar of the poet attempting to do right by his art and in his life, he says 'A sense of injured merit, of what Pound would term the "intelligence at bay" is

strong in Dryden'; but, 'In these circumstances, a poet's words and rhythms are not his utterance so much as his resistance'.

As Pound confused rightness in art and life in his later career, so Hill readily eludes the two, enacting the 'atonement of aesthetics with judgement' alluded to earlier. In his schema, it seems, the poet may view his faults as the creation of the world, his virtues as entirely his own. 'The stubbornness of one's dogmatism, the force of one's hubris, are themselves factors in the world's general arbitrariness'. Of Dryden, 'like Pound in *The Pisan Cantos,* he seems able to view his own *amour propre* as one among other competing forces in the mundane business'. And in the face of declarations like this, one wonders exactly what Hill's standards of virtue are: a question concordant with one objection made to his work, that he has never made clear his grounds of belief. John Henry Newman married technical and moral scruple to delineate the progress of his soul with the greatest possible fidelity. We have yet to receive such work from Hill's pen.

For instance, how does he square his insistence on 'the integrity of utterance' with his practice in *The Pentecost Castle,* where he compounds several disparate Spanish ballads, plus poems by Juan del Encina and Gil Vicente — different poets with differing styles — into one continuous cycle, with one dominant tone and what amounts to a single voice? Surely this making free with materials is proof that poetry has as much to do with prestidigitation and charlatanism as it does with sanctity and truth; for the poet may be seer and prophet, but is just as often mountebank and illusionist. Yeats is but one of the many poets who were, effectively, both at once.

Hill talks of 'virtue's struggles to clear and maintain its own meaning amid the commonplace approximation, the common practice of men', but what does he mean by virtue, which stands in so perilous a case; where others might see it as but a resolution of the 'competing forces in the mundane business'? That meaning is one he seems in no hurry to define, faced with 'the difficulty of clearing the terms of judgement amid the mass of circumstance, the pressure of contingency'. ' "Meaning" itself either strives to accommodate, or strives to free itself from an accommodation which it feels as curb and compromise upon the integrity of utterance', writes Hill, not pausing to reflect on the phenomenon of meaning as a *creation* of the process by which mind accommodates the world, as the agent of accommodation. So is Hill a Neo-Platonist? Does he see ideas as transcendent, ineffable absolutes, approached but not compromised by the fumbling approximations possible in 'this sublunary world', where 'even the most unequivocal utterance is affected by the circumstantial and contingent matter implicated in our discourse'? ('Follow up any abstraction a little way and it will commit suicide', wrote Bunting.) His own utterances are seldom unequivocal and often gloriously circumstantial and contingent. It is hard to imagine more richly realized particular circumstances than Hill's 'meadow scabbed with cow-dung' or 'brushes in aspic, clay pots, twisted nails'. This is not a Mallarméan language, angling into the

Empyrean in pursuit of the 'flower absent from all bouquets', rather it is a speech using every resource to gain purchase on the contingent physical world of minute particulars.

Hill, as so often, is aware of the paradox between stance and procedure writhing at the centre of his work. 'The world's obtuseness, imperviousness, its active or passive hostility to valour and vision, is not only the object of his [Pound's] denunciation. It is also the necessary circumstance, the context in which and against which valour and vision define themselves.' Thus we have the retroactive operation of the world and the spirit; the exalted soul whose eminence is based on the lowness of those beneath him; the poet whose talent and acuity can only be made meaningful against the sloth and obtuseness of the common ruck. Self-awareness once again redeems Hill, this time from something like paranoia. And his longest single poem, *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy* is an enquiry into, and an attempt to redeem, a poet who may have let art and virtue slide too far apart:

> Did Péguy kill Jaurès? Did he incite
> The assassin? Must men stand by what they write

(And it is significant that no-one could envisage Jaurès calling for Péguy's blood, metaphorically or otherwise.) Hill's knowledge of his hero's evils tempers his regard for him; renders it deeper, more complex, contradictory; complex enough to work itself into really finely wrought verse. And Hill's own practice sometimes recalls Péguy's atavistic attempts to reunite the secular world with the spiritual, to return to a primitive unity of society and creed, to make the Christian God and one's native land into one flesh. Hill's conscientious verse, always aware, sees where its own trend is leading, and in countless refutations and qualifications, mitigates its own dangerous tendencies, often through irony — not a faculty one associates with Péguy.

Hill leaves the final judgement to others:

> Connoisseurs of obligation, history
> stands, a blank instant, awaiting your reply:

And the judgement is to be made by connoisseurs, 'as Clio shall decide'; to be reserved for a realm made aesthetic. One hopes that this is because the poet realizes that, however much one would like to believe otherwise, aesthetics and morals are different spheres. They may come together fortuitously, but they are not Siamese twins. Poetic facility never palliated the pernicious attitudes of Neruda, Mayakovsky, Pound or Céline; rather, it empowered them.

To write well and to act well are never synonymous, and when good verse serves a just cause it might just as well be serving tyranny, prejudice or dogma. Mao, too, was a poet. 'My Word is My Bond', insists Hill, in line with the latest thinking on the word as act. For, true, words are deeds: the 'I do' in church or registry office is an act, an accomplishment; to insist otherwise is folly. But words in poetry *are* poetry alone; their circumstance falls away like a mould upon their completion as the poem, which is treasured for its own sake, not for the sake of its founding purposes,

whether those of Shakespeare flattering his patron, Milton building the New Jerusalem, or Pound winding battle hymns against Usuria and 'kikes'. Hill may wish poetry to be a Ciceronian probity in itself, a scrupulous attendant on right thinking. But the action of the poetic imagination resembles more Sade's endless bloodfeasts — which took place entirely on the page.

The poetry of Yeats, Shelley or Victor Hugo — to name but a few — bears out the oft-repeated contention that a poet may entertain any odd notion so long as the result is good verse. Hill's work, for all its power and granitic integrity, bears on this more than one might think; whereas Bunting's work reveals more substance than his formalist stance might give one to expect. Whatever, two men have written greatly, and the language is the better for them.

SOURCES

My special thanks to Peter Makin for the quotations from and insights into Basil Bunting contained in his definitive *Basil Bunting: The Shaping of His Verse*, Oxford, 1992.

Basil Bunting, *Collected Poems*, Oxford, 1977. *Uncollected Poems*, Oxford, 1991.

Geoffrey Hill, *Collected Poems*, Penguin, 1985. *The Enemy's Country: Words, Contexture and the Circumstances of Language*, Oxford, 1991.

Victoria Forde, *The Poetry of Basil Bunting*, Bloodaxe, 1991.

Christopher Ricks, *The Truth of Poetry*, Oxford, 1984.

A GREAT DIRECTOR: GLEN BYAM SHAW 1904-1986

by Dulcie Gray

REALLY good British actors are two a penny, but really good play directors are thin on the ground. Probably that is true all over the world. In Australia when I went there a very long time ago (1956) they were almost non-existent, and playing for a top-class management in a top-class theatre in *Tea and Sympathy* I was given an amateur director! Things have changed a good deal since then.

A director (who used to be called a producer in the theatre until about the '50s) is now responsible for shaping a production whether of a new play or a classic, to his own way of thinking. He gives the overall picture, and oversees and hopefully inspires, the cast, the set and costume designers, the lighting expert, and the interpretation of the text. On him depends the flavour of the evening, and for several years he has been a very powerful figure indeed, surpassing in some cases the names of playwrights and star performers on the bills, if not necessarily in the minds and hearts of the public. In this age of the director there are many virtuoso talents. Among them — in no order of billing! — are Peter Hall, Peter Brooke, Trevor Nunn, Richard Eyre, Frank Hauser, Toby Robertson, Terry Hands, Alan Ayckbourn and many others. But for me, in a class by himself, was a man who never aspired to be a virtuoso — one who saw himself as an interpreter of his playwrights, but brought to that more modest rôle a level of research, taste, intuition and authority which put him on the level of the virtuosi at their best. His name was Glen Byam Shaw.

He had been a distinguished actor before he was a director, and though he came to dislike acting, he loved and respected actors, and they him. He was beautiful to look at in youth and old age — tall, slim, and blue-eyed — fair-haired as a young man, and with thick silky white hair when he was old. When still at the height of his powers he became convinced of his great antiquity — or was it only a part he enjoyed playing? For instance when he answered the phone, the voice quavered from a thousand miles away, until the caller was identified when normal service was resumed. He had a good speaking voice, great charm, and a quick smile. He was very gentle, extremely polite, and completely in command. He did his homework, and came to the first rehearsal with a clear picture of what he wanted, but he was flexible too, and encouraged good ideas. He never attempted to reduce actors to tears, was never sarcastic at their expense, and never humiliated them, but he expected from his casts a determination as single-minded as his own to interpret the playwright's intentions. As he worked mostly in the classics he could afford to trust his authors, and — quite as important — because of his preparation work, could explain obscurities of language and emotion.

Peter Hall once said that actors need arrogance. Few have it, even the greatest. They can be conceited and egotistical, but that is not quite the same thing. They need encouragement to be self-confident and command-

ing in their playing. A director who can be a 'father figure' to his cast, however young he is, and old they are, can give them certainty and trust in their ability.

My husband, Michael Denison, was in the first play Glen directed in the thirties *(Richard II)* and we were together in his last production *(The Wild Duck)* in the seventies. Much experience and many triumphs for him lay in between, but the qualities that made him a great director remained. Working with him was such a joy that one never wanted rehearsals to end; one dreaded the invasion by press and public of the ideal private kingdom so lovingly created.

Glen had an immensely distinguished career but just as he had little or no public exposure during his life, he is an almost forgotten man now. It is strange how anoymous he was, and is. His wife Angela Baddeley, a splendid actress, was far better known than he and gained great and deserved fame from her portrayal of the cook, Mrs Bridges in the television series 'Upstairs - Downstairs'. He was appointed CBE in 1954 but was never knighted, although his co-director at Stratford (Anthony Quayle) was eventually given a knighthood. Glen had no memorial service, yet his range of achievement was important to the British theatre. In 1947 he was appointed Director of the Old Vic School, and also Director of the Old Vic Theatre Centre. In 1954 he became co-director at Stratford with Anthony Quayle. Then, when Tony resigned, he took over himself, but still continued to direct many of the productions. The two of them revolutionized Stratford and turned it into one of the foremost companies of the world, though ironically it did not become 'Royal' until after his departure. He resigned in 1959, handing over to Peter Hall, and for three years was a freelance director, then in 1962 he was appointed Director of Productions at Sadlers Wells, although tone deaf by his own admission. In 1968 he embarked on a highly successful new career as a director of the English National Opera.

When we realized that he was to have no memorial service when he died in 1986, Michael and I invited Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, Lady (Muriel) Richardson (Ralph's widow), Lady (Rachel) Redgrave, Michael's widow, Eddie Kulukundis (the impresario), Nan Munro (the actress), Marius Goring, and some of Glen's close family to lunch. Glen would have been pleased to know that the absentees, Lord Harewood, Emlyn Williams, Tony Quayle, Wendy Hiller and John Mills were all working. Only Larry sadly was unwell.

We raised a glass to a man of absolute integrity, someone totally admirable, someone to look up to. A man not to be forgotten. If I have jogged even one memory of a great director, I am delighted.

[Dulcie Gray has been an ornament of the British theatre for more than fifty years. Her account of her life in films, radio and television as well as on the stage has recently appeared in her autobiography *Looking Forward, Looking Back*. Throughout this half-century, she has been married to the distinguished actor, Michael Denison. She is also a well known novelist.]

Literary Supplement

WARTIME SECRETS

The Story of SOE, Britain's Wartime Sabotage Organisation. Nigel West. Hodder and Stoughton. £20.00.

If Dr. Johnson was right in his conviction that 'no man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money', one wonders in which of the two categories Nigel West should be placed. His book — *Secret War, The Story of SOE Britain's Wartime Sabotage Organisation* is not history because it is neither objective nor accurate. Neither can it fairly be described as fiction, for his subject matter is real people and his frame of reference actual events, however inaccurately he deals with them. Nigel West is the pseudonym of Rupert Allason MP, well known as the author of many books on espionage, a subject in which he seems to take an almost perverse interest. At least this is true of *Secret War*, a disappointing and depressingly inadequate book.

At this point it is necessary for me to declare an interest. Having joined the FANY's in 1942 and been trained as a WT operator by SOE. I served for the greater part of the rest of the war in North Africa and Italy 'working' the South of France, including Corsica, and later Italy and the Balkans. My opinion of SOE's security differs from that of Nigel West as does my attitude to the overall effectiveness of the organisation, (known informally and affectionately as 'The Racket' or 'The Firm'), as well as to its singleness of purpose. Clearly it was not in the interest of anyone that SOE's training — methods, skills, techniques and intentions — should be known by more people than were directly involved in any given operation. This was axiomatic. Nigel West expresses surprise, even dismay, that agents and serving officers selected to work for SOE often had no previous experience of clandestine operations and those to be dropped in occupied Europe had not, for example, until being trained by SOE, had parachute experience. Who but someone born several years after the war ended would have for one moment expected that they should? A great many, even the majority, of those who served in the Second World War were amateur to that degree, and this was nothing to be ashamed of. It certainly applied to SOE as much as to any of the other services.

Inaccuracies, however, abound in *Secret War*, though many of them are trivial. M. R. D. Foot found at least one error on every page of the book, and it is likely that the higher the reaches one attained in SOE the more one would be struck by Nigel West's mis-statements and mis-judgements, of which a few examples will be sufficient. In the North African section a good deal is written about Algiers. I was stationed at Massingham, otherwise known as ISSU6 for fifteen months beginning in 1943, and know that it was neither 'a comfortable villa' nor 'a training camp alone', but indeed 'a 100-acre beach resort about fifteen miles from Algiers' where there was a Signals Office which was operational 24 hours of the day, an American parachute-packing unit, a holding-station for 'students', waiting for the next moon, to be dropped in Occupied France, and a not inconsiderable branch of SOE's French Section. Again, as a WT operator who was poor at geography, I was surprised to read in the Italian section that the RAF had airfields 'at Apulia and Brindisi' — for Apulia is a region of Southern Italy, neither an airfield nor a city.

Fairly insignificant these points may be, but what of the claim that Sir

Fitzroy Maclean was sent by Churchill to Mihaelovic and the Cetniks (p.68), rather than to Tito and his Partisans as is described on various other pages? One gets a strong impression of shoddy research pursued by various Assistants who could hardly be expected to know how accurate or the reverse were their findings about, for example, H.Q. SOM (Special Operations Mediterranean) on p.137, which is located in *Secret War* under the wrong leadership in the wrong places at the wrong times. It is not a good idea to use a hammer to crack a nut, and none of the inaccuracies so far mentioned would matter as much as they do were the 'tone' of Nigel West's work different. His approach to his subject matter is offensive and negative, so much so that one wonders what could have been his interest or purpose in trying to recount the story of SOE at all. One wonders, did he write the book as friend or as foe?

It would be time wasted to search for further evidence of factual errors from a book which covers the spectrum of SOE's wartime activities world-wide. Its strengths, but mostly its alleged weaknesses, in Europe, India or Southeast Asia, are surveyed, but always with what seems a relentless determination to find the organisation wanting. Why? Can it be Nigel West's viewpoint that SOE should never have been created, that there was no scope for sabotage and actively clandestine resistance in a wartime world that also contained SIS whose terms of reference were very different? Does Nigel West believe that the Germans should have been allowed a free-run through the occupied countries without let or hindrance from within their borders or from outside? He writes a great deal about waste, inefficiency, treachery, graft and double-dealing. He has much less to say about gallantry, patriotism and a willingness to serve that was not just concerned with political expediency and communism. SOE achieved remarkable successes in sabotage, harassment and the inflicting of material damage, as well as in the cutting of lines of communication. It caused maximum confusion to an enemy who at the very least was stretched, inconvenienced, misled and at times demoralized by the resistance met from those working within it.

It is a commonplace that SOE was brought into existence in 1940 to 'set Europe ablaze' (Churchill) and though it may not have succeeded in quite doing that, ignorance and prejudice must not be allowed to tarnish its reputation or its record. There was much gallantry, indeed heroism, within 'The Firm'. The work of SOE in supporting a Resistance which brought hope and an army that brought liberation to the peoples of occupied Europe need not in the long run fear the uninformed and spurious criticism of books like *Secret War*.

ANN BONSOR

BALANCING EUROPEAN INTEGRATION

Securing Europe. Richard H. Ullman. Twentieth Century Fund, Adamantine International Studies No. 8. £13.50.

Now that we are no longer afraid of a 'hot war', what should be the security arrangements for the New Europe of the 1990s? Whatever emerges from today's turmoil in Yugoslavia, or along Russia's own boundary lines with its neighbours, there seems to be no serious likelihood of war between or among Europe's major states. The post-World War II era, the Cold War, is over. It is so, partly because of the strength of the NATO military alliance, still more because of the remarkable success — thus far — of the West's economic system; but due also — to a greater degree than Professor Ullman appears to recognise — to the ruin of the Soviet economy by excessive military and tech-

nological expenditures. So: what now? he asks. Against what kind of threats do we now need protection? What role will be played by the United States, and what role by the Soviet Union, given the enormous political upheaval engulfing its republics, and its own bureaucracy's still reluctant acceptance of its new regime? What place will nuclear weapons occupy — not only those of the now single superpower, but also those of the two European Middle Powers, the UK and France — and what action will be taken to avert any new would-be nuclear power (Iraq?) joining the league? And how will the arrival of a more closely-integrated European Community affect European security?

Professor Ullman is fully aware of the range of his subject, and attempts to narrow the focus of his book. He concentrates on possible military threats to security and thus brings good news: Europe is likely to be at peace for our generation. But he is aware — who cannot be? — of many factors, not obviously military, that will threaten any such optimism: waves of migrants fleeing from the East, many of them Moslems, poverty and unemployment (itself a by-product of peace, since munitions are no longer needed), urban violence, the impact of the economic policy of the OPEC, the host of 'side-shows' that threaten any balance of power in Europe (Israel, poverty, famine and unrest in and across Africa)... the list is endless.

To many of these problems, notably the consequences of Gorbachev's agenda for change within Russia itself, and USSR's ethnic conflicts now spilling across international boundaries, Professor Ullman brings a penetrating analysis. The value of his book rests in these sections of topical analysis. It is easy for him to conclude by the statement that Europe's new security system depends on the evolution of NATO, into European Security Organisation, with the side-result that the Warsaw Pact will become an alliance of constitutional democracies. He recognises — for his footnotes are a mass of references to daily newspapers — that each day brings unexpected and often unwelcome changes that could not be foreseen when he was writing: the disintegration of Yugoslavia, the turmoil in Russia's Moslem world, the continuing bloodshed in South Africa, where the black struggle still invokes communist salutes, and a communist strategy. This is an optimistic analysis for any European to read if he does not read between the lines. But below the surface, as Professor Ullman recognises, it is a grim, restless and violent world that he is describing, and any analyst, however optimistic, cannot avoid being also a Cassandra.

ESMOND WRIGHT

POLITICAL WOMEN

Who's Who of Women in World Politics. Yolanda Dolling (ed.). Bowker-Saur/Reed International Books. Distributed in the UK by Butterworths. 311pp.

Bowker-Saur have made a name for themselves by the wide range of their reference works which are mainly intended for public and university libraries. Previous publications include 'Who's Who' in European, Asian, Chinese, South African, Arab, American and Australian politics. There is also a guide to international organisations. This present guide is the latest addition, therefore, to a wide range. The aim of the book, according to the Managing Editor, Yolanda Dolling, is to provide 'biographical and statistical information of women active on the global arena with contact addresses'. Future editions are promised. The book covers 156 territories, from the United Kingdom to the co-operative Republic of Guyana, and 1,500 women, from Ann Richards,

Governor of Texas to Mrs. Thatcher. The information contained in the biographical entries is dated as from 31 July 1991.

The book is divided into three parts. The first contains biographical entries resembling those in the more famous *Who's Who* volumes. The second part provides statistical evidence about the number and location of women in political life while the third contains a 'biographical index' arranged by nation. Whom to include in such a guide is always a problem and the editor, unlike many, has given her criteria: those to be included must be a head of state, a member of a government or national legislature, a leader of a political party or trade union, or, finally, a 'regional leader'.

The 'Statistical Survey of Women in World Politics', which makes up the second section, is perhaps the most interesting. There are seven female heads of state and four prime ministers. Women have a better chance of getting elected to national parliaments if they live in the 'developed' world, that is, Europe, North America and what used to be called the 'White Dominions'. In Asia, Africa, South America and the Middle East there are very few women in government. The Scandinavian countries are the best performers, especially Norway where there is 'positive discrimination' in favour of women in Government. The number of women in parliaments has actually fallen after the collapse of the old puppet regimes in Communist controlled Eastern Europe.

This will prove a valuable reference work for the future and is a welcome addition to the Bowker-Saur lists.

RICHARD MULLEN

A NARRATIVE OF HARD TIMES

The Crucified Jew. Dan Cohn-Sherbok. HarperCollins. £17.95.

Dr. Cohn-Sherbok is a rabbi who teaches Jewish theology at the University of Kent. His book is sub-titled 'Twenty Centuries of Christian Anti-Semitism'; and his sub-title, set beside a concentration camp photograph on the jacket, provokes questions which are by no means resolved when he reaches his concluding echo of the Psalmist's reflection: 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity'.

Why did the followers who venerated a Jewish teacher, who held him to be the Jewish Messiah, both execrate and persecute his nation so long? They know him still through biographies attributed to Jewish disciples and have their theology shaped by a Jewish intellectual from Tarsus. What is the link between this traditional, if now abandoned, Christian antipathy and the persecution by anti-Christian Nazi and Communist ideologies? And why is it possible for anti-Semitism to linger in a Western secular environment and apparently to revive after the collapse of Communism, even in countries which now have only tiny Jewish minorities?

The book is a narrative of hard times for Jews in the nations that are or were 'Christendom'. Dr. Cohn-Sherbok tells the story of hostility — and often of cruelty — with a restraint that sometimes seems at odds with the horror of the detail, but from the conviction that 'anti-Jewish attitudes in the history of the Church were not accidental'. They were the direct consequences of 'Christian teaching about Judaism and the Jewish nation', and the basis for later secular anti-Semitism.

It is a powerful indictment, even though there are many places where Dr. Cohn-Sherbok runs into difficulties in generalising about the history of twenty centuries and two religions, both of them affected by a good deal of theological and ethnic variation.

He does not probe deeply into the profound differences between theological antipathy to Judaism (sometimes held by people of Jewish descent) and pseudo-racial anti-Semitism. He is sketchy about Protestantism, and therefore adequately explores neither the different Calvinist and Lutheran traditions, nor the marked differences among Lutheran countries, and he is weaker on the English-speaking world than on Continental Europe. He says little about Christian sympathy for Zionism, often linked to the now unfashionable notion of 'Jewish missions' and sometimes to the idea of Jewish nationality with a national Jewish-Christian Church. When he writes of Jewish conversions to Christianity he tends to the assumption, often but by no means always true, that these are conversions of convenience reflecting social factors rather than spiritual convictions.

But Christian-Jewish relations also involve the Inquisition, the dark side of the Crusades, and the shrug of the shoulders or nod of the head with which Christian authorities in Church and State responded to popular anti-Semitism, sometimes half-heartedly restrained, sometimes encouraged. That history explains only too well the modern situations, a half-century after the most murderous of all anti-Jewish persecutions, in which Christians may think Jews too sensitive and Jews may think Christians dangerously complacent.

Christians may distinguish, in a way Dr. Cohn-Sherbok declines to do, between what the New Testament Jewish writers say and the mood in which their words were later used in a Church detached from its Jewish origins. They may also argue that Nazism and Communism were inherently anti-Christian. But they have to recognise the shame of the past and the anxieties about the future which, though kept in perspective, mingle with Dr. Cohn-Sherbok's concluding summaries of good intentions and reconciliatory statements.

R. D. KERNOHAN

YEATS AND THE SPIRIT OF IRELAND

Always Your Friend: the Gonne-Yeats Letters 1893-1938. Edited by Anna White and A. Norman Jeffares. Hutchinson. £25.00.

Reading letters, we are intruding into personal lives. By what right do we dare say these — or any other private papers — should be in the public domain? We have the poetry of Yeats and all else he made public. With the passing of more than half a century since his death he is history, but is that enough to warrant our intrusion?

It is true that Yeats made his love for Maud Gonne a matter of general interest through his poetry. She was his muse from early manhood into middle age. Added to this, we have the close relation each had to the 1916 Easter Rising, an event of universal significance. Yeats made literature of the first order from the Rising. One of the names transcribed in verse was John MacBride, husband by this time of Maud Gonne.

Yeats also made great literature from Maud Gonne. She inspired, then acted on the stage (and in her political life re-enacted) Cathleen ni Houlihan, the spirit of Ireland personified. Whether she was a good actress is beside the point. She assisted the poet in sublimating his intense desire and so producing the poetry of the century. In one sense at least, they needed one another.

Of course, the relationship depended on the tension of unfulfilment. When it was consummated at last (something I had not known before) it was over. The love was a young man's fancy — Yeats was 23 when they first met. Indeed, Maud may have been named after Tennyson's heroine. She was as beautiful as he was handsome, made for one another it amused him to think.

Both, too, were members of the Ascendancy. Maud was the daughter of an English army officer without Celtic antecedents, who was posted to Ireland. Yeats was brought up mainly in London. They had a choice of loyalties. By choosing as they did they created the voice of modern Ireland on the international scene. A revelation of these letters is how much a child of the Ascendancy Yeats was, for all his nationalism. Emotion may have induced prejudice, but he advised Maud against marrying contrary to her Protestant, landed class.

The Ireland of Yeats's dreams was an enchanted isle of generous aristocrats and grateful peasants. There are times when one wonders how deeply Yeats understood the Irish temperament? On the other hand, he was an idealist; and there is no deeper (or sometimes nobler) dreamer than an Irish nationalist. Added to which, Yeats's romantic love reads well in a century of the wrong sort of visionary intensities.

That Yeats was a great poet is beyond question. His genius for making universal significance out of the local, personal, even trite events and feelings is unlike any other. Inspired by a pretty face, he gave the new Ireland its soul and its voice, and ensured this was heard throughout the world.

It is the circumstance of this particular genius which may allow us our intrusion, if we approach respectfully. A reading of these letters may enable us to remember that the noble ideal of Yeats must be set alongside earthier realities — those of, say, Kavanagh, Behan and several O'Briens. They inherited what remained of the enchantment after the terror which only the impossibly romantic would find beautiful.

GEOFFREY HEPTONSTALL

MURDER BY NUMBERS

The Encyclopedia of Serial Killers. Brian Lane and Wilfred Gregg. Headline. £16.99.

Concerning itself exclusively with the emergently fashionable category of the lamb-silencing serial killer, this timely volume stands eminently suitable to take its place beside Gaute and Odell's *Murderers' Who's Who*, Wilson and Pitman's *Encyclopaedia of Murder*, and Wilson and Seaman's *Encyclopaedia of Modern Murder*, on the shelf of standard criminous reference books. Here, from all quarters — and quarterers — of the globe, are anatomised, from A to Z, 212 cases. Geographically, the United States contributes the largest number, 99. Britain follows with 39. Then Germany with 16, and France and Australia with nine apiece. South Africa comes a poor sixth with five cases, and Italy is way down the league table with only three.

The value of the book's carefully limned profiles of serial killers is greatly enhanced by the authors having appended the key works relating to each individual case. Happily, there is absolutely no question of Lane & Gregg's *Encyclopedia* conflicting with or supplanting previously published treatises on the subject. Rather does it supplement such notable predecessors as Jack Levin and James Alan Fox's *Mass Murder* (1985), Michael Cartel's *Serial Mass Murder* (1985), Elliott Leyton's *Compulsive Killers* (1986), Ronald M. Holmes and James DeBurger's *Serial Murder* (1988), Michael Newton's *Mass Murder: An Annotated Bibliography* (1988), and Colin Wilson's *The Serial Killers* (1990).

The Introduction, the work of Mr. Lane, is a concise, well put together and clearly exhibited synoptical review of the physical and psychological mechanics of multicide. Strict classification is — perhaps because of its inherent artificiality — almost always a prime begetter of problems and headaches, and the

defining line between mass murder and serial killing does seem occasionally blurred. Such practically motivated forays into the killing fields as those of Burke and Hare, Belle Gunness, George Joseph Smith, John George Haigh, Donald Neilson, and Drs. Palmer and Petiot must surely count as mass murder rather than as the pure pleasure and sex spree slayings of the true serial killer. Albeit there are cases of genuine serial killings in which, just to make clear-cut taxonomy that bit more complicated, incidental extraneous benefits may adventitiously ensue.

Among the missing — that is to say those who, in my view, are, by reason of their random, repeat, joyful homicides entitled to their niche in the Pantheon of these pages — are Leonard Lake and Charles Chitag Ng (pronounced 'Ing'), Bobby Joe Long, Richard Speck, Chris Wilder and Patrick Kearney (who gets only a brief mention) perpetrator of the so-called Trash Bag Murders.

Like the poor, the serial killer, it seems, is always with us. Mr. Dahmer, of Milwaukee, only just made it in time for inclusion. Mr. Donald Leroy Evans, from Galveston, Texas, may prove a mere pretender, to be expunged from future editions, wherein, incidentally, the boastful Mr, Henry Lee Lucas may also find himself cut back and down to size.

As I write this review, a bespectacled, 56-year-old Russian teacher, Andrei Chikatilo, (aka the 'Beast of Rostov'), married with children, has just staked his claim with a scare-card of 53 killings of children and young women. Like the categories of negligence, the serial killer files are never closed, so we may confidently expect serial updates of this most welcome casebook . . . seriatim editions in serried rows to rival Archbold!

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THE DETECTIVES DETECTED

The Scotland Yard Files. Paul Begg and Keith Skinner. Headline. £16.99.

This year Scotland Yard's CID — The Detective as it used to be called — chalks up a century and a half of preponderantly successful thief-catching — even when the operation involved quite serious self-mutilation. Taking up and progressing skilfully over the tale first spun by Chief Inspector John Prothero's barrister daughter, Margaret, in her *History of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard* (1931), and subsequently elaborated by Belton Cobb (1956-7), and updated by Norman Lucas (1967), Messrs. Begg and Skinner bring things up to the present time. The somewhat glum emergent lesson is *plus ça change.* There were the Fenians and 'infernal machines' (i.e. bombs) in 1883; there is the IRA and bombs in 1992. There was the Great Train Robbery of 1855, in which gold bullion worth £20,000 was stolen; there was the Great Train Robbery of 1963, in which £2,631,634 was stolen. There was the historic trial of the detectives for corruption in 1876; there was the Commander Kenneth Drury scandal in 1972. The authors have not disguised the existence of bad apples, but it is upon the many, many more tons of good apples in the Metropolitan barrel that they have rightly concentrated their attention in the main.

The book presents an extremely interesting sociological conspectus, identifying the changing pattern of the policing problem over the decades. The post-1914-18 war period saw massive changes. It was the General Strike of 1926 that cast the police in the role of tools of the Establishment instead of servants of the public. The 1920s saw the introduction of nightclubs, the growth of drug abuse and the beginnings of organised crime. But now a total change

in the character of urban crime has been wrought by the phenomenal growth of the drug culture. The impending menace is exports of Triads — Wo Sing Wo, Sui Fong and 14K — from post-1997 Hong Kong to major British cities.

One or two very minor 'offences' — to be 'spent' in a future edition — need to be taken into consideration. The butcher of Regent Square was Voisin not Voison, and it was Vaquier *aka* Monsieur J. Wanker, not Vacquier, who dispensed health salts of strychnine for mine host at the Blue Anchor. The author of *The Trial of the Detectives* is George Dilnot, not Belton Cobb. In a different category of possible error is the unsatisfactory repetition of the hoary legend, for which I have failed to find any evidential justification, that what George Joseph 'Brides-in-the-Bath' Smith was playing on the sitting-room harmonium that evening in December 1914 as the *ci-devant* Margaret Lofty was wilting away in the bath aloft, was 'Nearer My God to Thee'. I suspect that post-mortem refinement of being a journalistic canard of the bright farthings of Jack the Ripper ilk.

But, mitigating these trivial misdemeanours, must be the acknowledged fact that this book sets the record straight on a number of disputed points. For instance: that Commissioner Sir Charles Warren resigned not because of his failure to catch the Ripper, but because of a Home Office reprimand for writing a magazine article defending the police without first submitting it to Home Secretary Matthews; that an error of police judgement in all likelihood cost Doreen Marshall her life at the hands of Neville Heath when Sir Harold Scott, persuaded by Assistant Commissioner Ronald Howe, prevented the press from publishing Heath's photograph; that Mr. Justice Brabin's report did *not* exonerate Timothy Evans in the Christie case. It concluded that Evans had been executed for the wrong murder, that of baby Geraldine. But he *had* murdered his wife.

The book is peppered with telling vignettes of significant landmark cases, some rewardingly embellished with nuggets of new information. Especial *bonnes bouches* are the extraordinarily revelatory hitherto unpublished photographs of the Victorian fratricide, Constance Kent, and that of a prime Jack the Ripper suspect, Michael Ostrog.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

FETISH, FISH, FANTASY AND MARY KINGSLEY

Mary Kingsley Imperial Adventuress. Dea Birkett. Macmillan. 1992, p213. £25.00.

Biographers, alas, aften tell more about themselves than about their subject. This is nowhere more obvious than in Dea Birkett's new story of Mary Kingsley. It is hard to believe she speaks of the same person as Kathleen Frank did in her 1987 biography. Even the same photograph seems to depict a different person. Birkett says in her preface: 'I have created not revealed Mary Kingsley'. This is evident from the superfluity of psychological assumptions in what seems to be a rather hostile approach. Even the title conveys a pejorative undertone. She seems to have sifted letters, papers and lectures with the one aim of proving Mary, if not a liar, at least an imaginative and inaccurate chronicler. Incidentally, there are more textual errors in this book than one might be led to expect from Macmillan.

Even so, a level-headed and humorous character emerges. After a long stint of dutiful parental nursing Mary expressed her feelings (what is heroism if not one's duty?). She took off for Africa in 1893, revelling in the freedom it gave her, obviously loving the country and all its beasts. Her description

of a concourse of hippos thundering through the village as being like a furniture van with hysterics, is hilarious. One night she went down to the river alone, stripped off all her Victorian impedimenta and swam naked under the stars. This was a pinnacle of joy.

In the meantime, to justify her existence, no problem for the male traveller, she collected strange fish (two were later named after her) and studied ethnology first hand in the Bush. Here she met a fellow worker, Mary Slessor, the Scottish ex-weaver who had devoted her life to African children and had become Vice-Consul of Okoyong. Their rapport was oddly like that of Livingstone and Stanley — the latter became a friend to Mary Kingsley in England. She returned after her second journey in 1895, to a great deal of work, fame and blame as she unwaveringly supported the right of Africans to their own way of life, against missionary and tax man. Why did she never go back to West Africa? Was it work, health, her ineffectual brother, unrequited passion for the cold-hearted Matthew Nathan or loneliness? She never had support from her family, and must have wryly wished her Uncle Charles's famous maxims in *The Waterbabies* had applied more generously to her. Dea Birkett says bluntly and unkindly that she revelled in the limelight, and preferred Africa as a dream.

Duty and desire continued to conflict. But in 1900 she seems to have found a solution. She sailed to South Africa, on the one hand to nurse Boer prisoners of war and on the other to write for the *Observer*. Later, she hoped to cross the Orange River and reach the wilds again. But she died of typhoid among her patients. She was accorded full military and naval honours, extraordinary homage to one who had been less than ten weeks in the country. Mary would have agreed that the darkest thing about Africa is our ignorance of it. She did her best to lessen that darkness; she herself remains a delightful enigma.

MOLLY MORTIMER

THE CREATION OF ACADEMIC SUBURBIA

North Oxford. Tanis Hinchcliffe. Yale University Press. 261pp. £25.00.

Suburbs were not a Victorian creation as cities had been spreading beyond their walls for centuries. What the Victorians did create was the idea that suburban developments did not have to be exactly like the city within the walls. A suburb could combine rural and urban: drains could co-exist with shrubberies, street lamps with irregular streets.

North Oxford was not the only Victorian suburb: there was Hampstead, Bedford Park, Clifton and Edgbaston. All have been discussed in varying degrees while North Oxford, one of the most famous suburban developments, has never received serious investigation until now. While a feature in the biographies of numerous academics and eccentrics, North Oxford had never been the subject of a book on its own. This is the task which Miss Hinchcliffe set herself and the task which she has so notably performed. Anyone interested in the creation of modern English life would enjoy this book for though well researched it is written in a pleasant and relaxed style.

The author shows that the term 'planned' must not be taken too seriously: the development was extended over many decades, was haphazard in arrangements and eclectic in styles chosen. She destroys that great myth that suburban North Oxford was due to dons' receiving the freedom to marry: it was created for the affluent tradesmen of Oxford. She devotes a great deal of time in showing how the expansion affected academic, social, economic and religious

life, how the landowners, St. John's College, 'cared for the environment' and finally, how the suburb fared at the hands of twentieth century philistines. Altogether this is a most worthwhile and enjoyable book.

RICHARD MULLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Churchill, a Life. (Mandarin Paperbacks, 1992. £9.99.) Within a year of its hardcover edition, Minerva Books have produced a paperback, enriched by many illustrations, and designed to serve as the legacy of the BBC series which Martin Gilbert presented in Britain in January (and repeated in the US in April). It has, of course, been preceded by the six-volume wartime autobiography and an eight-volume official biography. In its packed one thousand pages of text, this book manages to tell a familiar, yet also an unfamiliar tale, of one who is clearly now one of History's true heroes. He was to bestride his world as a Colossus, but there were feet of clay (the Dardanelles, India, the Abdication, Norway). The study is the stronger because of Martin Gilbert's own reticence, despite his thirty years with the documents, first as research assistant to Randolph Churchill, then as biographer himself. It is enriched by the interviews with Churchill's friends and enemies, family and friends, and by the revealing, if rare examples of hesitation, as when, a few days before the 'D'-Day landings in Normandy, Churchill suddenly proposed launching the invasion of Europe through neutral Portugal. Like the plans eighteen months before for a drive into Turkey from Syria, which would have saved the long haul through Italy, the Portuguese plan was as suddenly and as wisely abandoned. It is a reminder of the day-by-day uncertainties of war (what would have happened in Yugoslavia if we had gone in at Adana in 1943, crossed Anatolia and used the Varder Valley, as in the old adage, 'Whoever controls the Vardar Valley controls the Balkans'). It is a reminder also of his fear of the human cost of the invasion, win or lose, and of the parallels with Gallipoli in World War I, for which he was blamed.

G. K. Chesterton **Autobiography** (Fisher Press, £6.99) and Bernard Holland **Memoir of Kenelm Digby** (Fisher Press, £4.99). The reprint of Chesterton's famous autobiography is most welcome, especially as it has an introduction by Dr. William Oddie, who is emerging as a leading expert on Chesterton. Chesterton is mainly remembered as the creator of the Fr. Brown stories but in his day he was a famous man of letters, poet, novelist, debater and figure in the literary world. His *Autobiography* remains the best introduction to the man himself and an invaluable source for literary, social and political history from the 1890s to the 1930s. Bernard Holland's biography of Kenelm Digby has been out of print for many years. Digby was one of the leading proponents of the revival of mediaevalism.

Amongst our reviewers are Ann Bonsor, author of a Radio 4 documentary on C. S. Lewis, and a serving member of SOE in World War II; and Richard Whittington-Egan, author of the recently published *William Roughead's Chronicles of Murder* (Lochar) and an acknowledged expert on Jack the Ripper.

Contemporary Review

126th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER 1992

SCIENCE, THE GREENS AND THE ENVIRONMENT
Peter Hodgson

REWRITING VICHY AFTER FIFTY YEARS
Peter Carrier

THE DEMOCRATIC FUTURE FOR YEMEN
Habeeb Salloum

AN OXFORD GARRISON OF POETS IN 1642
Donald Bruce

and other articles together with a ten-page Literary Supplement.

£2.20

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

November 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1522 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
Science, the Greens and the Environment	Peter Hodgson	**225**
The Foreign Relations and Foreign Policy of Spain: a Survey for 1992. Part Five: Spain, Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, and Conclusion	Anthony Gooch	**229**
Rewriting Vichy after Fifty Years	Peter Carrier	**232**
The Democratic Future for Yemen	Habeeb Salloum	**236**
Who Won the War? Greed, Schism and the Party Faithful in Vietnam	Charles Foster	**240**
Edinburgh International Festival	Laurence Green	**242**
Tennyson Remembered	Bernard Tomlinson	**248**
An Oxford Garrison of Poets in 1642	Donald Bruce	**250**
The Man Who Bought the Dead Sea Scrolls	Marty Isaacs	**257**
Poem: Invocation	R. L. Cook	**260**
A Visit to the Auvers-sur-Oise of Vincent van Gogh	Philip Vickers	**261**
The Sea in Liverpool's History	Eric Glasgow	**266**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		**271**
Paul B. Rose, A. L. Rowse, Esmond Wright, Leo Muray, Michael L. Nash, Maryanne Traylen, Nonie Beerbohm.		
Shorter Reviews		**279**

Editor:
DR. RICHARD MULLEN

Associate Editor:
ANSELMA BRUCE

Literary Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

Editorial Advisors:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

© 1992. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW (ISSN/0010/7565) is published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ.
U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Inc , 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001. Annual subscription price (including postage). U.K. £29.00, U S.A. and Canada $130 00. Second Class Postage is PAID at Rahway NJ Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request.
U S POSTMASTER. Please send all address corrections to Contemporary Review, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

November 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1522

SCIENCE, THE GREENS AND THE ENVIRONMENT

by Peter Hodgson

THE leaflets distributed by the Green Party during the recent election have drawn attention once more to a set of beliefs about the present dangers to our environment and the policies needed to avert them. Essentially the same policies are advocated by many bodies concerned with environmental matters. In a sense we are all green now. Few would dispute that we should preserve the beauties of the countryside and ensure clean, unpolluted air. The difficulties begin when we start to think what we can do about it. Immediately there arise conflicts of interests: we do not like motorways and traffic fumes, but we want to keep our own cars. We do not like power stations and power lines, but we want electricity. Unfortunately, unspoilt countryside and clean air cost money, and how much are we prepared to pay?

The environmental organisations have no doubts about what has to be done. We must improve energy efficiency and reduce energy demand. We must develop the renewable energy sources such as wind and solar power and reduce our dependence on the polluting fossil fuels. Since this will not happen of its own accord, there must be subsidies for the one and carbon taxes for the other. Finally, all nuclear power stations must be shut down. This mixture has great emotional appeal, and indeed contains much that is sensible and desirable. It hides, however, a series of complex problems that need to be seriously studied and debated. Its unthinking application would certainly lead to disaster.

The basic trouble is that it is all on the level of hopes and desires, with no detailed figures of costs to separate what is practicable from what is not. The unwary reader might assume that this has all been done behind the scenes, and that we are just given the essentials of the needed policies. Unfortunately, as far as I have been able to discover, this has not been done. If the advocates of these policies are questioned it rapidly becomes clear that they have not done their sums. It is worse than this: they seem not even to know what it means to study these questions scientifically. At best, they have consulted some sociologists specialising in energy matters, yet they are markedly reluctant to seek genuine scientific advice. Not only do they not know, they seem not to want to know, or even to know what knowing actually means. This is an alarming situation. These matters are extremely important for our health and even for our survival. If we do

not make at least roughly the right decisions we and our children will suffer severely. Presumably the environmental organisations also want the right decisions to be made, but they seem unable to understand that careful scientific analysis must precede decision-making.

What does this mean? Consider energy efficiency. Obviously it is good to increase efficiency. But what does efficiency mean, and how much does it cost? For example, we could replace an old machine by a new one that makes more things per hour and emits less smoke. However it costs money to do this, and will the expenditure ever be repaid by increased production? If not, the cost of the product will have to be increased, and this might put the factory out of business, and throw people out of work.

It is obviously desirable that we must reduce energy demand. For years now the total world consumption of energy has been rising rapidly, doubling about every fourteen years. Clearly this cannot go on forever. Even if we could build the power stations to meet the growing demand, we would ultimately be choked by the pollution, if we keep to fossil fuels. So how can we reduce energy demand? Exhortation is no good. The only obviously practicable way is to increase the cost. This will not stop the waste of energy on luxury sports like powerboat racing but it will reduce the amount of winter heating that old people can afford. Just increasing the cost will reduce demand, but it is far too crude. Some form of differential tariffs might do the trick, but they need to be very carefully thought out.

Power stations are huge ugly buildings that often belch out black smoke, cause acid rain and contribute to the greenhouse effect. We would be better off without them. Unfortunately, unless we are willing to do without electricity and all the associated benefits, we must have energy. So why not get the energy we need from clean, safe windmills and solar panels? This is a very attractive argument, but alas, it collapses in the face of hard facts. The wind does not always blow, the sun does not always shine. So where do we get our energy on cold, cloudy windless days? Unfortunately there is no economic way to store large quantities of energy; it must be produced when it is needed. We must have reliable energy sources that will produce energy continually, whatever the weather or time of day.

Windmills and solar panels are useful sources of energy in certain rather limited circumstances. Windmills can pump water for farms and grind corn. Solar panels can warm up our domestic water. But these two sources cannot, by their very nature, provide the huge quantities of energy required by modern industries and cities. In addition, the energy they produce is substantially more costly than that produced in large power stations, and they are appreciably more dangerous. This means that statistically more people are killed and injured per unit of energy generated. Finally, windmills and solar panels are a monstrous blot on the landscape. Some six thousand windmills, spread over two hundred square miles, are needed to produce the same amount of energy as a single conventional power station. The environmental organisations glibly talk about 'sensitive siting', but a windmill will not operate if tucked away in a dell; it must be on high, exposed ground, where it can be seen for miles. Solar panels also

occupy a large area and cannot be hidden away. Windmills and solar panels are thus unable to provide the energy we need while they hideously disfigure the countryside. Why they are so fervently supported by environmental organisations is a complete mystery.

We must reduce our dependence on fossil fuels. This is absolutely true and cannot be emphasised too often. They are all, in varying degrees, seriously polluting, and this is one of the most serious threats not only to the countryside but to our very quality of life. Oil and gas are fast running out, and will become increasingly scarce over the next few decades. Quite apart from this, they form the basis of our petrochemical industries, and it is grossly wasteful just to burn these highly valuable and complex chemicals. The days of the North Sea oilfields are unfortunately numbered, and it is politically unwise to rely for our lifeblood on oil and gas shipments from regions that are not only far away, but often notoriously unstable politically, such as the Middle East.

So what about coal? There is enough coal to last several hundred years, and coal power stations have supplied most of our energy for many decades, and this will continue into the future. Unfortunately they are polluting, depending on the amount of sulphur and other impurities in the coal. Most of these impurities can be removed by installing scrubbers in the smoke stacks, but this is very costly. It is relatively easy to remove most of the pollutants, but increasingly difficult to remove the remainder. If they were nearly all removed, the price of electricity from coal would be increased by probably as much as four times. Are we willing to pay this price for clean air? This plan only refers to the impurities in the coal, responsible for emission of sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxides, as well as smaller amounts of other impurities, that together contribute to acid rain. What is not removed is the carbon dioxide that comes from the burning of the coal itself, and which contributes to the greenhouse effect. It is never seriously suggested that this could be removed, so it is always produced by coal power stations. So we arrive at the conclusion that the only practicable large-scale power source is seriously polluting and therefore harmful to the environment.

If that were the case, our situation would truly be desperate. Are there no other alternatives? What about hydropower? This is certainly a very important source in mountainous countries like Norway and Switzerland, and in Europe is now exploited more or less to the limit. There are unexploited possibilities in other countries, but globally speaking it cannot provide more than about ten per cent of the world's energy needs. The situation is rather similar for tidal power, although the potential is much smaller. Other energy sources such as wave and geothermal are either unproven, uneconomic or inevitably small-scale.

So do we not have a very serious problem? Nuclear power, of course, is out, according to the environmentalists. The very word evokes a howl of execration. Nuclear reactors are liable at any moment to blow up like Chernobyl and spread deadly radioactivity over the countryside. If this is true, we are done for anyway, because there are enough nuclear reactors

in France, Belgium and Germany, to name only the countries nearest to Britain, to pose a serious threat.

But what are the facts, if one can gain a moment's hearing? Nuclear reactors certainly have the capacity to meet our energy needs; they supply 75 per cent of the electricity of France, and around half of those of many other countries. They are not liable to blow up at any moment. The Chernobyl reactor was badly built according to an unsafe design that would never be accepted in the West, and on the night of the disaster the operators ignored the safety instructions. Radioactivity can be easily detected, and emissions from power stations are very carefully controlled so that they are far less than the background radiation that we all receive all the time. *Indeed, nuclear power stations emit less radioactivity than coal power stations.* Their power generating costs are broadly comparable to those of coal, and will certainly improve if polluting emissions from coal power stations are controlled. Finally, the hazards to workers in the nuclear power industry are lower than for other energy sources, apart from gas. And what about the effects on the environment? Nuclear power stations, although large, can to some extent be sensitively sited. They take up less land than any other power source. Most important of all, in normal operation they emit essentially no pollutants. Environmentally they are the most benign of all power sources. And yet these, we are told, should be shut down.

So why are they not enthusiastically supported by environmental organisations? That also is a mystery. These organisations are full of well-meaning people, who in many other ways are doing sterling work to preserve the environment. But in energy matters they support policies that are nothing less than a recipe for disaster, not only for the environment but for society. They have not thought through the consequences of these policies, and do not even seem to be aware that their policies have to be argued and justified, and cannot just be asserted. Without scientific examination, without numerical studies, no wise policies can be formulated. It is a complex task that has only been sketched here. Science is an indispensable ally in our fight to save the environment, and the sooner this is recognised the better it will be for us all.

[Dr. Peter Hodgson is Head of the Nuclear Physics Theoretical Group, Nuclear Physics Laboratory, in the University of Oxford, and a Senior Research Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.]

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS AND FOREIGN POLICY OF SPAIN: A SURVEY FOR 1992. PART FIVE: SPAIN, EASTERN EUROPE AND THE SOVIET UNION, AND CONCLUSION

by Anthony Gooch

IN view of the extreme positions and savage hatreds engendered with fearful inevitability by the Spanish Civil War and the Second World War, the story of the development of relations between Spain and the Eastern bloc is, at first sight, little short of miraculous, at least in certain of its aspects.

From 1939 to 1947 Franco Spain was seen both by the Western Powers and the Soviet Union as more or less Hitlerite, while, in turn, Franco looked upon the Soviet Union as the seat of Antichrist and the Western Democracies as hostile degenerates: the USSR was an evil empire, and Britain and the United States constituted an equally evil imperialist or colonial web.

The decade of 1948 to 1958 saw the continuation of mutual verbal attacks between the Franco and Soviet Governments. Yet, at the same time, secret commercial and cultural links were gradually forged; little by little, pragmatic, economic considerations took precedence over ideology. As Spanish has it, *poderoso caballero es don Dinero* — Mr. Moneybags packs a hefty punch.

Not surprisingly, the 1953 Spanish-US Accords spread alarm in Moscow, where it was felt necessary to engage in some countervailing wooing of Spain. The upshot was an agreement between Molotov and Dulles to the effect that Spain should become a member of the United Nations Organization, which she did in 1955.

Between 1960 and 1976 diplomatic relations with all the Eastern bloc countries, except the Soviet Union and Albania, were resumed, and numerous trade and cultural missions visited Spain from Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Hungary. However, the Soviet Union, too, continued unobtrusively to draw nearer and nearer to a diplomatic accommodation with the Franco State; the days of crude *falangista* anti-communism and vociferous Soviet detestation of Francoism were passed. Meanwhile, paradoxically, the Spanish Communist Party, having denounced Russian intervention in Czechoslovakia, embraced Eurocommunism and was at loggerheads with Moscow.

In 1972 regular air services came into operation between Madrid and the Soviet capital, and in 1973 diplomatic relations were set up between Spain and East Germany, to be followed by the same full formal link between Spain and the Soviet Union itself in 1977.

Spain, the Soviet Union, the EEC, NATO and oil

The Soviet Union was anxious to persuade Spain to stay out of the EEC and NATO, but, as the seventies rolled by, the Russians became

resigned to something that was increasingly inevitable, consoling themselves with the hope that there might be advantages for them in Spanish membership of the organizations in question: as she became more European and so more sure of herself, Spain might well develop a greater tendency to assert her independence vis-à-vis the United States. It must, therefore, have given Moscow some satisfaction that, in the seventies and eighties, Spain sought Russian and Latin-American oil supplies in order to gain independence from both the US and the Arabs — considering Spain's special relationship with the Arab countries, the latter were not always as obliging in the matter of oil and its price as might have been expected.

King Juan Carlos, Spanish models and the Eastern bloc

In 1984 King Juan Carlos paid an epoch-making visit to the Soviet Union, and President Chernenko praised Spain for its ban on nuclear weapons.

At one time the Shah of Iran looked to the model of Don Juan Carlos and the Spanish 'Transition' as a possible cure for his ills and those of his country. In Latin America, as we have seen, democratic movements everywhere have drawn encouragement from that model, and, recently, delegations from Eastern Europe have come to Madrid to see what lessons they, too, may glean from it. In this connexion the French scholar Guy Hermet gave a significant title to an article published in *Revue Commentaire* in 1990: *La démocratisation à l'amiable: de l'Espagne à la Pologne*/Democratisation by (more or less amicable) agreement — from Spain to Poland. In short, Spain has turned her smooth or 'velvet' *transición* into an invisible export of incalculable influence. It might almost be said that, having successfully done it her way, it was, in fact, Spain that invented the 'Sinatra Doctrine'.

Parallels have been drawn, also, between the two failed coups of February 1981, in Spain, and August 1991, in Russia — between what Spaniards know as the 23F or *tejerazo,* designed to end the Spanish democracy, on the one hand, and the 19A, intended to topple Gorbachev, on the other. It is interesting to observe that the Spanish government was the first to consider the events of 19th August as an attempted coup and officially to denounce them as such. It is also worthy of note that, as long ago as 1967, the renowned Spanish intellectual Salvador de Madariaga, speaking in Oxford, declared that the road to peace in Europe would have to be paved with stones torn from the Berlin Wall, and that the terms *apertura* and *aperturismo*/'opening up', 'liberalisation' were Spanish forerunners of the Russian *glasnost.*

Conclusion

Since the advent of democracy the King and Queen of Spain and Spanish ministers have travelled the length and breadth of the globe, visiting superpowers, middle powers and nations of the Third World. The faces of Don Juan Carlos and Queen Sofía, Adolfo Suárez and Felipe González have become almost as well known internationally as those of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, Chancellor Kohl and President Mitterrand. Where Douglas Hurd went Francisco Fernández Ordóñez was never far behind.

Spain is at the United Nations, in the EC, in NATO, in the WEU. She has held the Presidency of the Community and of the Council of Europe.

Not long before his recent premature death Fernández Ordóñez said *'Veo donde está España, y la veo donde siempre quise que estuviera'*/'I see where Spain stands today, and I see her where I always wanted her to be', while his predecessor as Foreign Minister, Fernando Morán, says in a recent book *'España está en su sitio'*/'Spain is in her rightful place among the nations' — Spain has returned to the fold; she has come in from the cold.

NOTE: The author wishes to express his debt to Ms. Karin von Hippel for the application, in the first of these articles, of the concept of 'sunk cost-effect' to the issue of Gibraltar and Ceuta/Melilla.

[Anthony Gooch is Director of Spanish Studies at the London School of Economics. In 1986 King Juan Carlos conferred on him *La Encomienda de la Orden del Mérito Civil.*]

The December number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Libyan Terrorism: The Case Against Gaddafi* by Ronald Bruce St John, author of *Gaddafi's World Design: Libyan Foreign Policy, 1969-1978* (1987), and *What Price Trade Union Reform?* by Nigel M. Healey, lecturer in economics at the University of Leicester and author of *Britain's Economic 'Miracle': Myth or Reality?* (1992) and *Supply Side Economics* (1992).

REWRITING VICHY AFTER FIFTY YEARS

by Peter Carrier

INTERPRETING the past is a task often reserved for professional historians. Major national anniversaries, however, allow the past to reappear in the present, unbalance accepted interpretations of the past, and put public opinion towards these interpretations on ice, often to the dismay of officialdom. Such is the case in 1992, as France attempts to come to terms with crimes committed under the Vichy government, and in particular with the wave of xenophobia, ensuing in round-ups and deportations of Jews fifty years ago in 1942.

The grounds for the present controversy were laid in April this year when the case of Paul Touvier, head of the Vichy militia in Lyon, was dismissed for apparent lack of evidence, much to the stupefaction of the French intellectual community. Other important Vichy officials, notably René Bousquet (Minister of Police) and Jean Leguay (co-organiser of the Vel' d'Hiv' round-up in 1942) have benefited from similar judicial laxity.

The latest event to trigger an explosion of opinions, regarding the present-day official moral stance to be taken towards the Vichy regime, occurred on 14th July, when President Mitterrand gave his ritual televised interview to the nation. Mitterrand denied as invalid the duty of the present French government to recognise officially the antisemitic persecutions carried out under Pétain, despite the fact that no Jews in France have yet been compensated for the events of 1942. 'The Republic has always offered a helping hand to avoid segregations, especially racial segregations. Therefore, let us not ask the Republic for an explanation! In 1940, however, there was a French State, the regime of Vichy, which was not the Republic. So, naturally, I admit that we must ask for an explanation from the French State, and how could I not admit this?... This matter is still present in people's memories, but as far as the law is concerned, I can say that the Republic has done what it had to do'.

One cannot underestimate the importance of republican continuity for France's political stability, as the President's evocation of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens of 1789 confirms, but the uncompromising dissociation of the 'Republic' from the 'French State' of Vichy, as if the latter were a mere interlude without relation to preceding and successive governments, is, according to French historians, an act of expedient rhetoric overlooking historical truth. Mitterrand's declaration not only repudiates the fact that the republican government autonomously elected the new Vichy government in 1940, but also that legislation concerning business administration and economic planning established under Pétain continued unchecked after 1944 in the IVth Republic, and is still effective today. The Vichy government also 'collaborated' zealously with racial and political exclusion laws well before receiving instructions from Germany. Arthur Koestler's autobiographical novel, *Scum of the Earth* (1941), for example, gives an eyewitness account of the first round-ups of political 'indésirables' in France, as early as October 1940. Extensive

documentation of autonomous action in France, prior to collaboration with the National Socialists, can be seen at an exhibition currently open at the Centre for Contemporary Jewish Documentation (CDJC) in Paris.

The desire to remove unpalatable periods of history, suggested in Mitterrand's speech, also serves to undervalue the memory of surviving victims and their families. It is for this reason that a number of these people and historians recently made an appeal to the French government for the official recognition of, and possible compensation for, Vichy crimes. As a consequence, the 'Vel' d'Hiv' Committee '42' was set up to pursue this cause. They name themselves after the famous cycle velodrome, the Vélodrome d'Hiver (destroyed in 1959) in Paris where, on 16th and 17th July 1942, 12,884 Jews, including 4,051 children, were rounded up and subsequently deported to internment camps at Drancy, Pithiviers, and Beaune-la-Rolande, then to Auschwitz. An operation which was then cheerfully coined 'Opération Vent Printanier' (Operation Spring Breeze), characteristically twisting the truth. The indignation of the Vel' d'Hiv' Committee '42 was fuelled for a second time when President Mitterrand performed another brief symbolic gesture at the wreath-laying ceremony to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Vel' d'Hiv' round-up.

Public opinion towards this event is, however, divided, even in Jewish circles. Jean Kahn, president of the Jewish Institutes of France, defends the purely symbolic nature of Mitterrand's gestures of sympathy as sufficient. Also Claude Lanzmann, author of the film *Shoah*, rejects the appeal of the Vel' d'Hiv' Committee '42 for the Republic's recognition of moral responsibility towards the acts of the 'French State' as a 'falsification of history'. A confession of direct accountability of the Republic for Vichy crimes would, indeed, undermine the role of the Resistance and the numerous retributive trials and executions of French collaborators undertaken in the aftermath of the Second World War. To interpret Vichy on the basis of present-day judicial laxity as displayed towards Touvier and Leguay alone would, of course, paint as partial and condemning a picture of France's responsibility towards its past, as the picture propounded by de Gaulle in 1944, prevalent until 1971 at the start of the Touvier affair, was partial in its unquestioning disregard of any collaboration with Nazi Germany whatsoever.

Mitterrand's speech in July echoes de Gaulle's position in 1944 by dismissing the shadow of Vichy as an illegitimate historical digression, as 'nul and void'. In turn, both Kahn and Lanzmann agree with the President's refusal to recognise Vichy crimes officially on the grounds that, according to the President, 'the Resistance, the de Gaulle government and the IVth Republic were founded on the rejection of the French State'. Mitterrand, like de Gaulle, denies any moral connection between past and present, therefore, because the present 'post-Liberation' society identifies itself in *opposition* to the Vichy predecessor, much as the former German Democratic Republic termed itself an 'anti-fascist state' in order to obliterate distasteful remnants of the former society.

In the light of recent events in Eastern Europe, where previously unknown

truths about the past are revealed, for example, in Stasi or KGB files, memories of past atrocities are surfacing, memories of the sort Mitterrand understandably intends to keep *un*official in France. Official recognition of Vichy crimes would be tantamount to over-riding the judiciary, for which Mitterrand reserves complete autonomy. 'My function forbids me to express myself as freely as if I were in your place regarding certain decisions of this kind, because I must see to it that governmental powers are stable, and that the judiciary remains independent'. Stability, or 'civil peace', as formulated by Georges Kiejman, Undersecretary of State Justice, is uppermost in the minds of representatives of the Republic.

One may ask, however, how long will the present civil peace persist? Mitterrand's silence at the wreath-laying ceremony on 16th July at the site of the Vélodrome d'Hiver, following his defiant speech of the 14th, was an act of diplomacy which only partially placated his public, as certain protesters, from the right-wing Zionist movement 'Bétar' and the anti-National Front group 'Appel des 250 contre le Front national' had to be removed by the police.

At the heart of the debate which erupted in July over the Vel' d'Hiv' affair, which has continued throughout 1992 as successive incidents of 1942 were commemorated and mourned, lies France's legal system. The judiciary benefits from extensive autonomy, and has suffered dwindling credibility in recent years. The application of the clause of 'imprescriptibility' (introduced into French law in 1964) to crimes against humanity, for example, effectively deems such criminals liable to prosecution as long as they are still alive, and explains in part why the German Klaus Barbie was convicted at such a late date in 1987. This clause does not, however, excuse the courts from apparently playing for time before sentencing similar French leaders also charged with crimes against humanity. The case of Touvier was opened in 1981, and dismissed on lack of evidence in 1992. The case of Leguay was opened in 1979 and drawn out inconclusively until Leguay's timely death in 1989. The case of Bousquet, opened in April 1991, also for his role in the Vel' d'Hiv' round-up, continues to date. Even less plausible to French historians is the fact that no French leader at Vichy has yet been found guilty of crimes against humanity — perhaps, some say, because France has the unique task of putting *itself* on trial, unlike Germany, where crimes against humanity were first tried by the Allied military tribunal set up at Nuremberg in 1945.

It is unlikely that France will witness its own Nuremberg at this late date, or a 'historians' debate' of the sort waged in West Germany in 1986, but Germany could certainly serve as a model for interpreting France's role in the Second World War. Tentative official political intervention in the legacy of Vichy, as demanded by the Vel' d'Hiv' Committee '42, would go beyond symbolic gesture and, perhaps, accelerate as yet unresolved legal cases, obtain compensation for Jewish victims, and acknowledge the pertinence of the past, today, and in the future.

Particularly significant for the present debate in France is the new attention accorded to the antisemitic laws of the French State. This

explains in part the sensitivity of the Republic today towards this issue, and its reluctance to take sides in the interpretation of the past, for fear of jeopardising civil peace. Indeed, the topic of racial persecution, now surfacing for the first time publicly on a major scale (see special edition of *l'Express*, 9th July), has naturally unearthed memories, and illustrated the vulnerability of the past to fluctuating historical interpretations, proposed retrospectively to edify ideological standpoints in the present.

Today's controversy, however, which aims in part to establish historical truth, in part to settle moral standpoints towards Vichy history, is falling victim to the very forms of commemoration commonly performed. Mitterrand's televised declaration, followed by the indignation of the Vel' d'Hiv' Committee '42, then the ceremony at the site of the Winter Velodrome itself, were public media events all bound to open wounds. Exhibitions currently open in Paris and at the sites of internment camps at Pithiviers and Beaune-la-Rolande, on the other hand, provide no source for spectacle. Likewise, round-ups in the unoccupied zone throughout August and September 1942 are providing no monumental occasion for commemoration or provoking speeches in 1992. The historical subject matter opened for investigation on the anniversary of the major round-up of 26th August, therefore, has been the *policy* of the French State and its architects, Pétain and Laval. This policy was applied differently according to circumstances, and necessarily requires a pluralistic interpretation of events, as recent research by Serge Klarsfeld and Henri Rousso shows that deportations carried out under Pétain were less acts of gratuitous anti-semitism than a means of securing good relations with the National Socialists, and thus buying sovereignty for the unoccupied zone. Racial laws which, in 1940, had decreed Jews as a disruptive element in the nation state, were no longer applied as such in 1942, but exploited in order to barter with Germany for freedom from increased military intervention. According to Klarsfeld and Rousso, such diplomatic bargaining did lead to the deportation of thirty-three thousand (mostly foreign) Jews between July and September 1942, but also significantly contributed to the protection of the remaining three quarters of French Jews. On 2nd September, for example, Laval, under pressure from church authorities, refused to comply with Nazi demands for further mass deportations. In return, Himmler recognised the benefits of an internally stable Vichy government for continuing collaboration, and complied.

It is an irony of history that Pétain, hero of the armistice of 1918, should also have instigated the Franco-German armistice of 1940 leading to collaboration. An irony too that, after all the speech-making and exhibiting in France this summer, President Mitterrand will commemorate Remembrance Day by *not* laying the traditional wreath at Pétain's tomb, for the first time since 1987. Perhaps such non-action is a first step towards an official rewriting of the history of Vichy.

[Peter Carrier is a lecturer in the Department of Comparative Studies at the University of Paris.]

THE DEMOCRATIC FUTURE FOR YEMEN

by Habeeb Salloum

ABD al-Aziz Abd al-Ghani, deputy head of the Mu'tamer Party (General Popular Congress), the largest political organization in the country, was firm when he asserted that democracy was in the Yemen to stay. 'The problems are enormous but we are convinced that a new society is in the making.' In the mind of this young leader of a party which was the main force in uniting North and South Yemen, the democratisation of his country was on a path of no return.

No one would have ever thought in the early 1960s, when Imam Ahmad ruled North Yemen in a ruthless fashion, that less than a few decades later his country would be the leading democratic land in the Arab world. A cruel tyrant, he kept the masses illiterate: many believed that Yemen was the whole world and that when the sun disappeared over the Red Sea it had reached the ends of the earth. The Imam had hoodwinked some of his people so thoroughly that even after the Imamite was overthrown in 1962, it took near a decade of civil war for the country's revolution to survive.

Today, when one visits the newly unified Republic it is almost impossible to think that in the 1950s the despotic ruler of the North governed a country which had virtually no modern industry, roads, schools or medical facilities, and little trade with the outside world. At that time, no one in their wildest dreams could have predicted that barely 30 years after his demise and the subsequent years of civil war, Yemen would be well on the way to becoming a progressive modern state. Yet, amazingly, this is what has happened. North and South Yemens have merged — an unexpected event according to most observers — and in all areas, today's united country is progressing at a break-neck speed.

After foreign intervention was halted in the early 1970s, the North Yemen military government began to organise the country to fit into the twentieth century. Yet, even with the fast progress rapidly achieved, there was something missing. Most of the inhabitants felt that the country was not complete. The vast majority of people, in or out of power, wanted unity with the South, once a British colony. In the meantime, South Yemen, occupied by the British for many years, fought a war of independence, then a series of civil wars — the last very bloody — but there was no stability. Its inhabitants, in spite of being indoctrinated for almost two decades with communist ideology, passionately desired union with the North.

After a number of border skirmishes and years of discussions, on May 22, 1990, the longing for unity was achieved. The president of the North, Ali Abdullah Saleh, and Ali Salem al-Beidh, the leader of the South, signed an agreement of unity. In the subsequent days, integration in the economic, educational, legal and military fields, quickly began to be implemented. However, it was not the merger of the two countries, but the achievement

of a democratic system which surprised both Arab and foreign observers alike.

Immediately after unification, political parties were legalised and in the following months, freedom of expression and press became more widespread than in any Arab or Third World country. Today, in the unified Yemen, there are 46 political parties, ranging from the far right to the extreme left. Freedom for journalists expressing their opinions in the 106 newspapers and magazines which proliferate the newstands is almost without limit. All this, it must be remembered, when under the Imam, only two small weekly newspapers were published in the whole of North Yemen.

According to Sa'id Na'aman, a member of the General Popular Congress which, in coalition with the Yemen Socialist Party (the transformed former ruling party in the South), govern the country, Yemen is a citadel of democracy in the Arab world. He stressed that after the November 1992 election, the democratic system will be firmly established and there will be no turning back. Nevertheless, in spite of the optimism in all strata of society, there are dark spots on the horizon. Yahya Shamie, a member of the politburo of the Socialist Party indicated that locally, forces working to divide Yemen again are of some concern and, on the outside, there are countries wary of Yemeni unity and the democratisation of the country. He went on to say that tribal society, for thousands of years the backbone of government, is also impeding the evolvement of Yemen into the modern age.

On the other hand, traditionalists like Abdullah al-Ahmar, head of the Islah, the chief Islamic and third largest party, wants the tribes to be the basis of an Arab-Muslim type of democracy. However, this vague method of a political system is not in the cards as far as the General Popular Congress and Socialist Parties are concerned, and they call the shots. Combined, they have an overwhelming majority in the 301 seat parliament. Both have decided to overcome peacefully the chaos of tribal society. Outwardly, all political parties have chosen democracy as the way for the future. The Popular Congress, the ruling party of North Yemen before unification, is a centrist organisation and the main political power in the country. It has a grass root power base, leaving local decisions to local organisations. The Socialist Party, the next largest, has discarded the belief in one party rule, and chosen the democratic path. Like social democratic parties in other countries, it is striving to turn Yemen into a modern state where there is freedom, justice and equality for all.

The platform of the party does not appear to be all political propaganda. During its term of power in South Yemen, its central committee had a number of women. Laws were passed prohibiting polygamy — repealed after unification — and giving women equality with men. In addition, women were appointed as judges and some were elected to parliament. When the two Yemens merged, they became members of the united parliament. Today these women, and those elected from the former North, constitute about four per cent of the members of parliament, and include

one deputy minister. There is little doubt that women in united Yemen have come a long way since the time when a woman had to get permission from the all powerful Imam even to give birth in a hospital.

Throughout the country, in all areas of life, there have been tremendous advancements. During the rule of the Imam there were no government schools and only about 5,000 students in the whole North and, in the South, a British possession, it was not much different. All modern education in the North began after the Yemeni revolution in 1962 and, in the South, the few students in schools during the British occupation were gradually increased after the communist takeover of the country. As the years went by, the student population, in both Yemens, has swelled to the present 2,500,000.

In the field of higher education, at the beginning of the 1970s some colleges were established in Sana'a, beginning with 100 students, as a basis of a university. Faculties were added year after year until today there are about 40,000 students and if one takes into account the University of Sana'a's branches in Taiz, Hodeidah, Ibb and Dhamar, the number increases to 55,000. In addition, Aden University has 4,000 students and plans are underway to build a branch in Mukalla. The staff for all these centres of higher learning, which once was almost all from other countries, is at present two-thirds Yemeni. The University of Sana'a has advanced to such a stage that it is offering PhDs in a number of subjects.

In the field of medicine, students were first sent to other countries until, in 1982, a Faculty of Medicine and Health Science was established with twenty-five students. The Kuwaiti government donated a splendid Yemeni style building to house the facility. Student enrolment increased continually until, at present, there are over 3,000 medical students. There are plans for post-graduate studies and it is intended that new doctors must serve two years in outlying areas — a much needed service for the rural population. In the 1950s, there were only a few, mostly foreign doctors serving the whole country. Today, according to Dr. Fouad Mohamed al-Khalli, physiologist in the Faculty of Medicine and Health Science, there is one doctor for every 700 — a respectable figure when compared to most countries in the world.

The road system in the last two decades has improved tremendously. At the time of the revolution in North Yemen, there was only one paved road connecting Hodeidah and Sana'a. Travelling throughout the unified Yemen a short time ago, I was surprised to find excellent highways connecting all major cities. From Sana'a to Taiz, Aden and beyond, the roadways can match the best of any non-industrial nation, and this it must be remembered, in a country which is very mountainous. The road system is being extended constantly. A new 310-mile highway connecting the ancient town of Ma'rib to the famous skyscraper city of Seyoun in the Hadramout, is in the works. There are also plans for expanding the miniscule tourist industry. The monumental ruins of ancient civilisations, fantastic historic cities, majestic terraced mountains, long sandy coastlines and friendly, honest people make the country an ideal mecca for visitors,

especially those seeking the exotic. Plans are underway to build a series of hotels and tourist oriented companies are gradually being established. However, much more is needed. The litter-strewn streets in almost all the cities and towns must be cleaned up and tourist information offices with literature are a necessity in the large urban centres.

Officials know what has to be done, but they have problems. The top priority is the absorption of the over 1,000,000 Yemenis expelled after the Gulf War from Saudi Arabia. A great many have come back to work the land in their villages but, in the main, their return has caused a tremendous strain on the country — the *rial* has lost about two-thirds of its value. Absorbing the returnees and improving the economy needs money, and Yemen could just possibly find it. At present, 220,000 barrels of oil per day are produced and, due to the recent oil and gas finds, production is expected to rise to 500,000 near the end of 1993. This figure could even go higher. Canadian, US and other foreign companies are discovering new oil fields almost monthly. Officials hope that the expected petro dollars will solve their pressing financial problems and help in the industrialisation of the country.

In addition, Yemen has other cats in the bag. Government officials are hoping the nation's Red Sea location will make it a major trade and manufacturing centre serving East Africa and the Arab world. Reforms are in progress to facilitate free transfer of hard currency, joint ventures, arrangement for foreign loans, exemption from custom duties and the elimination of frustrating bureaucracy. Aden has already been declared the country's economic capital and a huge free zone is in the process of being established. With these future plans, the expected increase in oil production, and a hard working labour force which did much of the construction in Saudi Arabia, it is expected that Yemen, especially if it receives some technical assistance, will solve its pressing problems and industrialise quickly. All signs point to a bright future for a land which has leaped in just a few decades from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century.

In the political field, it is just possible that Yahya Shamie is right when he says that Yemen, one of the four poorest countries in the Arab world, could emerge as a leader in the democratisation of the Arab lands. Amazingly, most Yemenis think this is possible. A people, who in the 1950s were living in a medieval world, have taken on the free parliamentary system with a passion. Despite the fact that a few tribes and individuals are trying to push the country back to the Ottoman era, if not before, it is hoped that the country which has committed itself to democracy will stand fast — becoming the beacon for the Arab world.

[Habeeb Salloum is a Canadian freelance writer specialising in travel.]

WHO WON THE WAR? GREED, SCHISM AND THE PARTY FAITHFUL IN VIETNAM

by Charles Foster

THE Hanoi regime could soon be in serious trouble. The danger is of a nation split along the old north-south divide, with hedonistic Saigon as the capital of the south, or one split into a thousand petty feudal baronies.

Vietnam is one of the poorest nations on earth. That was true even before its principal benefactor, the Soviet Union, disintegrated. Because of Hanoi's tight fiscal grip of the whole country, that poverty is fairly evenly distributed. It is genuinely difficult to be rich in Vietnam at the expense of your neighbour. But the potential to be rich is not evenly spread. It is concentrated in the south. The south gives to the north a good proportion of its rice (used both as the staple diet and to pay off Vietnam's colossal foreign debt), the hope of income from oil and gas deposits currently being prospected for in the Mekong Delta by western multi-nationals and the state oil company, and a rapidly growing revenue from tourism. The north gives to the south a bit of coal, big bills and a lot of oppressive legislation. In Vietnam, he who pays the piper gets told what tune to play.

Since 1975 there has been a growing self confidence in the south, and a corresponding resentment of the constraints imposed on its potential for economic (and, later, cultural) self-fulfilment. When the Americans left and a unified state was proclaimed, the South Vietnamese were too busy and too relieved to compare with envious eyes the rice production figures of north and south. But as there was peace, of a sort, for a while, and the Vietnamese began to ask more than simply not to be napalmed, whispers began in Saigon. People wondered, increasingly aloud, whether the horrific price which South Vietnam had paid between 1964-75 had had a sufficient return. It had not been Hanoi which had been defoliated. North Vietnamese babies were not born limbless because of the Agent Orange in their mothers' diets. And the reporters and tourists who tip-toed nervously back to Vietnam told the Saigonese that Saigon was better than Hanoi, and that they would tell their friends to come south, not north. The tourists said that they preferred the coloured silks of the smiling Saigon hostesses to the dowdy dark overalls of the stone faced party functionaries in Hanoi. The Saigonese know well that their potential for generating wealth is greater than that of Hanoi. Moscow's collapse means that the north will be demanding that the south subsidises it more than ever, and the increasing feeling in Saigon is: 'Why should we? We can manage by ourselves. We want our northern borders to be at Danang'.

Hanoi could do one of two things. It could declare that there will be a free market, with taxes to match. There have been moves towards economic liberalisation, but for doctrinal reasons which will not evaporate

for a generation, they stopped far short of what the south will be demanding. Cultural liberalisation was rejected. Saigon is likely to want that too. Hanoi, anyway, would be likely to conclude, rightly, that the free market would only bring quick and significant benefits to the south, where the material and human infrastructure for economic success is already in place, and that it would ultimately widen the north-south divide, perhaps delaying but making inevitable an eventual breach.

Secondly, Hanoi could do nothing for the moment, but rely on its ability to crush the southern separatist counter-revolutionaries when they raise their heads out of the bunker. At the moment it has reason to have confidence in its ability to do this. There are unmistakable tendencies in Saigon. There are no private armies. It is unlikely that a coherent force representing a single capitalist South Vietnamese government in waiting could ever be raised to resist Hanoi. For one thing, such a force would be uncomfortably similar to the army which the Americans did such nasty things to crush. The south Vietnamese feel solidarity with the north in one important respect: solidarity in past suffering. Despite the disparity between their agonies, north and south grieved together. And so the atrocities of My Lai are the best weapons in the hands of the north Vietnamese. 'This,' they say, talking to the south and pointing to the face of the woman charred by a US phosphorus bomb which stares at visitors to the Ho Chi Minh City museum of American War Crimes, 'is the price which *you* paid to resist that which you are now inviting into your houses'. That solidarity, however, is unlikely to withstand the power of the free market dream.

Present greed and future riches speak louder than past pain. Particularly when past pain seems to have brought only present poverty. The south Vietnamese will, psychologically, be well able to rise against the north. But not together. An uneasy coalition of private factional armies is much more likely. South Vietnam has seen this before in French days. The divisions between the loosely affiliated armies could be functional (drug or farming cartels), ethnic, religious or political. Things would be very confused. The alliance would hold until Hanoi is ousted. Then there would be a lot of internecine bloodshed, and the likely result is the establishment of a number of little, semi-autonomous empires under an incongruous national flag.

The 1990s are good years for small, chauvinistic nation states. The United States has, officially, rejoiced to see a number of new flags unfurled in the old Soviet Union. The USA spent $352 billion on its Vietnamese adventure. If it had dropped it as $10 bills over South Vietnam it might have seen by 1975, rather than 2000, a similar number of similarly vibrant young states in Indo-China. And it would all have been a lot less messy.

[Charles Foster, who is writing a book on Northern India, has just returned from a trip to Vietnam.]

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

by Laurence Green

THE appearance of street musicians, jugglers, and comedians, dressed in colourful costumes, the sound of bagpipes blending with the noise of traffic and human voices, can only mean one thing — it is time for the Edinburgh International Festival once again. This annual event, the largest arts festival in the world, remarkably manages to go from strength to strength, despite the recession. This year marked the first under the directorship of Brian McMaster, whose background with the Welsh National Opera pointed to a shake-up in the opera and music sections and these proved to be the strongest in the festival. McMaster produced a tantalising programme of goodies — from the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra performing Weber, Tchaikovsky and Shostakovich to Schoenberg's epic opera oratorio *Moses and Aaron*. One of the main themes running through the 1992 festival was a celebration of the work of Tchaikovsky and this managed to tap a rich vein in exploring some of his less known works such as the *Cantata Moscow* and his opera *The Oprichnik*, a melodrama of love and conspiracy in which the crucial role is played by the Oprichniks, the notorious bodyguard of Ivan the Terrible.

Among the main international visitors the National Theatre of Bucharest, Romania, brought their four-hour production of *An Ancient Trilogy: Medea, The Trojan Women* and *Elektra* but this was generally considered a disappointment, lacking the naturalism, power and restraint so vital to these works. More successful was Els Joglars from Spain with *Yo Tengo Un Tio En America (I Have an Uncle in America)*, a celebration of Spanish culture and a satirical look at its history and traditions. In a kaleidoscope of images of Spain through the ages to the present day the play reflects its humour and life spirit, whilst acutely observing and mocking its faults. Flamenco, drums and music help keep the action moving at a vibrant pace. But the main drama offering at the festival provided a reassessment of the work of Harley Granville Barker (1877-1946), a contemporary of George Bernard Shaw and often described as the most unjustly neglected playwright of the 20th century.

A wry look at monarchy is provided in Harley Granville Barker's *His Majesty* (directed by Sam Walters) which, although published in 1928, has never before been staged. Following bloody revolution and war, resulting in the 'carve up' of their country, the king and queen of Carpathia are in exile in Switzerland. Urged by the queen, the king decides he must return to try and prevent further civil war. Once there he meets with Dr. Madrassy, an opportunist and slippery politician and the present head of the Carpathian government, who also wants to avoid civil war. However, unknown to the king, Cernyak, his firebrand supporter, is personally leading a party to capture Madrassy. Madrassy escapes, but the king's position is now much more difficult — should he side with Cernyak or leave Carpathia to its fate? The king's forces and the government sign an

armistice. It is, however, almost immediately broken by elements of both sides. Disgusted, the king offers to abdicate but can find no one to accept. Meanwhile, without the king's knowledge, the queen attempts to influence events by bribery. Despite the topicality of the subject matter — anarchy in Europe and royalty in crisis — this verbose drama lacks punch and a sense of urgency. On one level it is an intricate study of political and moral realities adrift from individual ideals, on another it is about public morality and private ethics. The play manages to build up a certain level of interest and involvement after a dull start but I can't help thinking the characters exist merely as cyphers for Barker's pessimistic, post-World War I views on democracy and monarchy. I was glad, though, to have had the opportunity to see this 64-year-old premiere.

The idea of women as sexual objects or targets for capitalism is explored in Barker's witty and worldly comedy *The Madras House*, which was first performed in 1910. The play virtually dispenses with narrative plot and centres on the sale of an expensive family fashion house so that the young owner can become a social reformer on the London County Council. Lacking dramatic bite, the play nevertheless presents a revealing insight into the economic, social and sexual status of women in Edwardian England — there is an interesting contrast between the six unmarried, unemployed Huxtable sisters, prisoners of their class and domesticity, and their father's female employees sweating away in the Peckham factory with a mouthful of pins.

Eyebrows are raised when one of the female employees is found to be pregnant — we later discover the father is the philandering Madras Senior who has separated from his wife and become a convert to Islam. The cast are all in fine fettle, particularly Roger Allam as Philip Madras, the head of the company, John Hallam as his free spirited father, Constantine Madras, Helen Ryan as his mother, Amelia, Eve Matheson as his wife, Jessica, and Suzanna Hamilton as Miss Yates, the girl at the centre of the scandal. The last act is rather prolonged and the play ends with a whimper rather than a bang but the production is staged with imagination and style. I was particularly impressed by the marvellous opening, a vision of shop-window mannequins, all of whom suddenly come to life and turn out to be the Huxtable sisters, and the eye opening fashion show that provides the highspot of the second half.

The third and best of the Barker trio was *The Voysey Inheritance*. This remarkably assured play — with a strong contemporary relevance — was written when Harley Granville Barker was only 28 and is his best known work, as well as being his most ironic and morally complex. When Edward Voysey is admitted as a partner in the family law firm, his father confesses that he and his father before him have used the trust funds in their care for personal speculation. The family home in Chislehurst and their considerable social prestige and luxurious lifestyle are built entirely upon fraud. After his father dies suddenly the son is faced with the prospect of bankruptcy, scandal and imprisonment. Edward's response to his inheritance becomes the central theme of a drama about betrayal

and love, the ethics of business and, in particular, how the lure of money entails moral and intellectual degradation. Although the play ends on an inconclusive note, this is a fascinating work, beautifully staged and splendidly acted, particularly by Peter Lindford as Edward Voysey, Tenniel Evans as his father, Gillian Martell as his mother and Katharine Rogers as his cousin cum fiancee. A piece of theatre that seems as topical today as it did when first staged 87 years ago and marks a triumph for director William Gaskill.

One of the most exciting and unusual events in the festival was a programme of music inspired by Shakespeare's great tragedy *Hamlet*, performed by the Royal Scottish Orchestra under the leadership of the charismatic Russian conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky. The evening — a world premiere — comprised works by Shostakovich, Prokofiev and Tchaikovsky.

Musical Shakespeariana can trace its evolution to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the bard's plays established themselves on the Russian stage. Tchaikovsky's *Fantasy-Overture Hamlet* was written in 1888, immediately following his Fifth Symphony, and it is dedicated to Edvard Grieg. It was first performed under the composer's baton on 12 November that year in St. Petersburg at the Russian Musical Society. This striking work has suffered undeserved neglect, despite the power of its romantic passions, and its contrasts of elegaic lyricism and tragic desolation. Under Rozhdestvensky's magnificent conducting, the piece achieved a resonance all its own.

The tortured, split personality of the Prince of Denmark, his continual introspection and his uncompromising 'to be or not to be' is brilliantly expressed in Prokofiev's *Incidental Music to Hamlet, Op. 77*, in particular the transition from a superficial gaiety to a hidden tragedy.

Shakespeare, with the force of his universality and his profound understanding of human passions, represented the ideal creative artist to Shostakovich. 'It's hard to write music to Shakespeare's plays', the composer said. 'When speaking of Shakespeare's immense scope, I refer to his inner grasp and breadth of vision, and not to the exterior grandeur and pomp. Shakespeare's tragedies are in themselves extraordinarily musical — music is born out of the dynamic and poetry of these works'. Of all Shakespeare's works it was *Hamlet* that most fired Shostakovich's imagination: the usurping of power; the moral right to vengeance; the right to kill; the theme of crime and punishment, and the interpretation of punishment as a crime; the discrepancy between ideas and their realisation; the conflicts that exist in one's own mind and, furthermore, the conflict that exists between an awareness of inner conscience and a sense of duty. The stimulating *Hamlet Concert Scenario* perfectly blended together fragments of the incredibly powerful, sombre and tragic. In short then this memorable concert of music from *Hamlet* painted portraits dark and delicate and was suffused with the potent, brooding atmosphere of Elsinore.

The highlight of a crowded and diverse Fringe programme — with

productions by 540 companies spanning 23 different nations — was undoubtedly Communicado's barnstorming production of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, in a new translation by Edwin Morgan and directed by Gerry Mulgrew, which received its world premiere at the Traverse Theatre. This classic heroic comedy of unrequited love, sword and word play, is presented as a toast to poets in an age of accountancy. With a complete disregard for the conventions of French costume drama, this wild, irreverent version is performed in vibrant Scottish verse, with the army cadets transformed into Glaswegian gangs dressed in zip-up bomber jackets, nuns read *The Sporting Life*, and characters appear on stage smoking *gauloises*. Yet, surprisingly, these anachronisms work well in the context of the production — a fat, glorious romp. The eloquent poetry sounds better than ever, and the imaginative use of puppets, a wandering accordionist, whose jaunty music has a distinctly French flavour, and bold, inventive groupings that convey the sweep of battle or a risible theatrical production of the time, serve to enhance the text and convey a strong sense of atmosphere and conviction.

But ultimately the play rests or falls with the central performances and here it really comes up trumps. Forget Gerard Depardieu, here is a sharply drawn Cyrano, marvellously played by Tom Mannion, who is one minute a swaggering braggart, the next a sensitive poet hurt by the endless remarks about his tumulous nose, while the love of his life, his cousin Roxane, whose heart is set on the Baron Christian de Neuvillette, is portrayed with a mixture of compassion and wilfulness by Sandy McDade as a crop-haired *gamine*. Indeed the scene in which Cyrano acts as a surrogate poet for the baron so that he can woo Roxane under her balcony with the fine words that elude him, is both amusing and sad at the same time. Here is a show to savour — and certainly one of the best of the year.

If conspiracy theories are to your liking then *Slatzer's Bouquet* by Jeff Merrifield, performed by Playback Theatre, may appeal to you. This takes as its theme the mysterious death of Marilyn Monroe and is based on Slatzer's thirty-year investigation to prove that the blonde bombshell did not commit suicide but was murdered in a joint CIA-Mafia plot. What could have been a punchy, 'no holds barred' drama loses its impact due to the ramshackle treatment — the show takes the form of a photocall cum illustrated lecture, interspersed with brief biographical details and bursts of song, performed by stunning Marilyn look-a-like, Pauline Bailey.

Controversy raged over Red Shift Theatre Company's Fringe production of *Orlando*, a new play by Robin Brooks based on a novel by Virginia Woolf. Inspired by her passion for Vita Sackville-West, *Orlando* is a biography of her lover and friend, combining the novel with the no less exotic events surrounding the composition. Orlando ages only 35 years over four centuries. He is seen as page to Elizabeth I, a beau at the court of James I, ambassador to Constantinople (where he mysteriously changes sex), gossiping away the eighteenth century in salons with Pope and Dryden, feeling her way through the fog of the nineteenth century and finally shopping in 1928 Oxford Street before driving to the country. Woolf

uses this exotic canvas to lampoon our literary heritage, attack blinkered sexual attitudes and celebrate her fascination for Vita, poet and philanderer. A multitude of wry caricatures are played by Vita, her husband, Harold Nicolson, her passionate and dangerous lover, Violet Trefusis, and Virginia Woolf herself, in a production which combines live percussion, powerful theatricality and lush storytelling.

The most eagerly awaited event of the official festival — Tchaikovsky's *Yolanta* and *The Nutcracker*, performed by Opera North and the modern dance company, Adventures in Motion Pictures, respectively, certainly lived up to expectations. This marked the composer's last opera and his last ballet, designed specifically for performance in a double bill in 1892, and they emerge as fresh and moving today one hundred years later.

Yolanta tells the touching story of a blind princess kept in ignorance of her affliction by her father, but who is eventually cured by the love of a young knight who unwittingly reveals to her what she is missing. This slim, but charming tale achieves much of its appeal from the attractive music score, excellent singing, particularly by Joan Rodgers in the title role, delightful setting and absence of sentimentality. The director/choreographer is Martin Duncan.

Innovation is the keynote of *The Nutcracker*. This version is set in a sombre Victorian orphanage run by the grim Dr. Dross and his stern sidekick, Matron. It is Christmas time but this is a parsimonious occasion with a tree devoid of leaves and meagre toys for the children. The orphaned Clara — protagonist in the story — dreams, and acquires a sailor Nutcracker, on whom she lavishes her love. The orphans rebel against Dr. Dross and his family, with the aid of the Nutcracker who is transformed into a tall, dashing young man. Clara is then led into the Kingdom of Snow which takes the form of a skating rink, where Sugar, the smug daughter of the orphan master, turns into Princess Sugar-Plum and attempts to steal the Nutcracker for herself. The disconsolate Clara is powerless to prevent their betrothal in the Kingdom of Sweets. However her love for the Nutcracker remains undiminished and, as in all good fairytales, there is a happy ending, when Clara awakens she finds the Nutcracker in her bed. They escape down a ladder of sheets to a much happier future.

Forget the purists' conception of this famous ballet, here is a production for the 90s that is witty, imaginative and totally captivating, complete with a gigantic, three-tiered wedding cake adorned with fairies and candles, and characters wearing baseball hats. The post-modern troupe, Adventures in Motion Pictures, choreographed by Matthew Bourne, is dazzlingly vivacious and their dancing first rate, while Etta Murfitt makes a winning Clara. This spirited, tongue-in-cheek production manages to breathe new life into Tchaikovsky's enchanting score, and provides a feast for the ears and the eyes.

Art, as always, was very much to the fore and, although not officially part of the festival, still draws as big, if not bigger, crowds than many of the theatrical offerings. This year's three major exhibitions comprised

sculptures by the Spanish artist *Joan Miró* (1893-1983), portraits by the Edinburgh born artist and court painter to George III, *Allan Ramsay* (1713-1784) and *Dutch Art and Scotland: A Reflection of Taste*, featuring outstanding works by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Koninck, Cuyp and Hals. The show at the Royal Scottish Academy brought together some seventy of Miró's 'monsters' — birds, women, heads and other archetypes conceived with a surrealist's witty eye for the affinities between things and a refreshing disregard for the normal conventions of sculpture. Several of the bronzes were painted in bright and shining colours; almost all were cast from a variety of found objects and scrap materials picked up in the countryside of Miró's native Catalonia or in Majorca where he also had a studio.

As the leading portrait painter of the Enlightenment, Allan Ramsay painted the great, the rich and the beautiful of two capital cities — Edinburgh and London. A total of seventy oil paintings and more than thirty drawings from collections throughout the world were on view. Among the most impressive were *Jean Nisbet, afterwards Lady Banff*, a portrait full of vitality and charm, *Dr. Richard Mead*, the eminent physician and classical scholar (who befriended the young Ramsay), sitting imposingly in a high chair, *Sir Edward Turner and his wife*, a sensitive expression of conjugal affection, and the painter's second wife, *Margaret Lindsay*, pictured in a moment of tranquillity, arranging flowers in a vase. This exhibition can now be seen at the National Portrait Gallery in London until January 17, 1993.

Scotland and the Netherlands formed close links, both cultural and commercial, more than 500 years ago. Since then, the Scots have been keen collectors of Dutch art, with a particular love of seventeenth century paintings. The magnificent exhibition at the National Gallery of Scotland brought together more than seventy of the most important Dutch paintings to have entered Scottish collections over the years. It is ironic that Rembrandt's vivid, masterly *Self-portrait aged 51 1657* is dated the year after the artist was forced to seek a *cessio honorum*, a declaration of legal insolvency, whereby all his property was required to be sold to raise money for his creditors. My own favourite work on display, again a Rembrandt, was the luminous *Titus at his desk 1655*, depicting the painter's son, Titus, holding a pen and ink in his left hand with a collection of papers in front of him. The boy's pensive expression communicates itself fully with the onlooker. Titus was the only one of Rembrandt's four children to survive, the others died in early infancy.

A festival, then, of many surprises and delights.

TENNYSON REMEMBERED

by Bernard Tomlinson

THE exhibition, Tennyson (1809-1892), which has been running at The Wordsworth Centre, Dove Cottage, Grasmere, and latterly at The Usher Gallery, Lincoln, was a celebration of the life and achievements of a poet who produced some of the most famous and popular poems in the English language, from the thundering cadences of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' — that futile heroic gesture which highlighted the Crimean Campaign, to the erotic 'Maud' which Tennyson described as 'a little Hamlet, the history of a morbid poetic soul, under the blighting influence of a restlessly speculative age'. During the lifetime of the poet, the inventive Victorian mind had devised the means to record the human voice and the camera had been developed. The Crimean Campaign had started in an atmosphere of public enthusiasm and patriotism but blunders in the field led to charges of incompetent command under Lord Raglan, who is said to have died of a broken heart. Conditions at the front were hard and cholera was rampant. The public mood changed to doubt and despair.

It was against this backcloth that the celebrated photographer, Roger Fenton, went to the Crimea in 1855, leaving after six months with cholera and 360 unique war photographs. The exhibition displayed a collection of these photographs, several on loan from the Queen. Accompanying these prints was the voice of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, reading his epic lines.

The exhibition unfolded the life of the poet from a violent childhood, over-shadowed by poverty and the black bile of the Tennyson family. His father, epileptic and paranoid — often drunk — was nevertheless able to supervise Alfred's education at home. Two of his brothers became insane and the shadow haunted him all his life. In 1827 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met the ill-fated Arthur Hallam who died at the age of twenty-two, becoming the inspiration for Tennyson's great poem, 'In Memoriam'. At Cambridge he became a friend of the talented portrait painter, James Spedding, who lived on the shores of Bassenthwaite. Spedding introduced Tennyson to Wordsworth, then living at Rydal Mount. The two poets became friends and when Wordsworth became Poet Laureate, he declared Tennyson, 'decidedly the first of our living poets'.

April, 1827, saw Tennyson's first appearance in print. *Poems by Two Brothers* was published by Jacksons, booksellers at Louth. 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical' (1830) received an unfavourable review from John Wilson (Christopher North) in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Tennyson's reaction was bitter and for the rest of his life he remained sensitive to adverse criticism. In spite of this, the collection together with the publication of *Poems* (1833) and *Poems* (1842), established his reputation. 1850 proved a memorable year with his marriage to Emily Sellwood after an engagement of

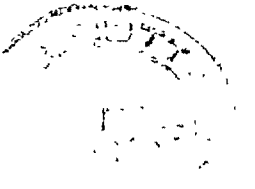
fourteen years, the success of 'In Memoriam' and his appointment as Poet Laureate, partly due to the admiration of Prince Albert.

Tennyson took his duties seriously but he disliked writing to order: 'writing to order is what I hate. They think a poet can write poems to order as a bootmaker makes boots'. Nevertheless Tennyson enjoyed a friendly relationship with the Royal Family, and he was to become a favourite member of the Court, close to the Queen and her children, who were encouraged to draw scenes from the Arthurian poems.

In later life Tennyson turned to drama. His greatest stage success was 'Becket'. The distinguished cast included Ellen Terry with Henry Irving in the title role. In old age Tennyson, living at Farringford, formed a late friendship with Edward Lear who revered the poet's work to such a degree that he developed an obsessive desire to produce a complete edition of Tennyson's poems, illustrated by himself, a work which not only paid tribute to the poetry but complemented Tennyson's poetic images with his imaginative landscapes.

On 6th October, 1892, Westminster Abbey was packed with leading public figures. Huge crowds paid tribute to their dead hero outside. Tennyson had come to enjoy extraordinary popularity. Some say that as his popularity had grown — as the great public figure emerged — the great poetry had become scarcer. On that theatrical occasion in Westminster Abbey, Henry James had noted, 'a lovely day, the Abbey looked beautiful, but something — I don't know what — of real impressiveness — was wanting'.

The exhibition's success owes much to the inspired and devoted direction of Robert Woof, Director of The Wordsworth Trust, Dove Cottage, Grasmere. The accompanying, beautifully-produced catalogue is a desirable addition to the body of Tennyson bibliography. It is available from The Wordsworth Trust, Grasmere.



AN OXFORD GARRISON OF POETS IN 1642

by Donald Bruce

IN November, 1642, after King Charles the First's stray victory at Edgehill, the city of Oxford was fortified in expectation of his arrival. The undergraduates, except those ready to bear arms in his cause, were turned out of their colleges and lodgings. At the end of the month the King's coach rolled over Magdalen Bridge. With him were the Prince of Wales, recently recovered from the measles, and Charles's nephew, Prince Rupert. The King and his boy-heir established their headquarters at Christ Church College, although Prince Rupert was less splendidly billeted with the Town Clerk. In preparation for the King's resettlement, some zealous troopers had, on a foray into Buckingham, driven a herd of fat cattle into Oxford and impounded them in the wide quadrangle of Christ Church. Unfortunately, they were not Parliamentary cattle. Most of them belonged to the King's supporter, the Earl of Caernarvon, whose servants removed them during the following night, although some went astray in the dark of the cobbled streets. A few days later the troopers, now more discriminating, brought in a drove, this time of undoubtedly rebel cattle, and about three hundred sheep.[1] By the necessity of war, the royal ears were troubled by a brute concourse under his windows.

From the start a siege had been anticipated. Already nearly thirty cannons had been assembled, silent for the moment, in the gardens of Magdalen College. The tower of the college was loaded with boulders to be dropped upon any unwarily approaching malcontents. Loyally the university sent its plate to be melted down at the Mint in New College Hall for coinage to pay the King's soldiers. The walls of the city were strengthened, trenches were dug, and huge earthworks were raised in the north.[2]

To the King flew many of his poets not already safely in the city: some followers on his march; some glad to escape from Cambridge, which was by then in the hands of the rebels; others, such as the wry, hard-drinking attorney Alexander Brome, who held public office in threatened London. William Cartwright, already noted for his 'florid and seraphical sermons', preached on his return with the King from Edgehill.[3] William Strode, another priest, was waiting, in his capacity as University Orator, to answer with a 'gratulatory Replication' the King's speech to the City and the University upon his arrival. Crashaw and Cowley came briefly to Oxford after their retreat from Cambridge. Cleveland, poet, lawyer and physician, likewise cast out of Cambridge, stayed longer before being sent as Judge Advocate to the royalist outpost in Newark. Fanshawe came to Oxford to marry the delectable Ann Harrison with her monther's wedding ring. The King's windswept reign was hedged around with poets.

Sir John Denham was already in Oxford. The first edition of his *Cooper's Hill* was published there in 1643, on brown wrapping paper for want of better. *Cooper's Hill*, professedly a description of Denham's estate and

nearby Windsor Castle ('where Mars with Venus dwells,/Beauty with strength') contains scarcely an image not misappropriated from the classical poets. The meekly sloping hill becomes an 'airy mountain' which hides its proud head 'among the Clouds'.[4] At least Denham uses his poem to reprove, perhaps hintingly, the despotism of earlier monarchs. Denham was better at writing sallies in pre-Hudibrastic verse, as when he made Sir John Pooley explain how he came to be poxed:

> Destitute of my wonted Gravity.
> I perpetuated Acts of Depravity
> In a contagious Concavity.
> Making efforts with all my Puissance,
> For some Venereal Rejouissance,
> I got (as one might say) a nuysance (*Poetical Works*, 103).

Rightly appalled by Davenant's epic poem, *Gondibert*, Denham regrets:

> After so many sad mishaps
> Of drinking, riming and of claps,
> I pitty most thy last relaps (*Poetical Works*, 317).

Charles the First's disdain for the productions of his own poets is evident from his advice to Denham five years after the publication of *Cooper's Hill:* 'Although he liked them well, he would have me write no more. Alleging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way, but when they were thought fit for more serious Employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better' (*Poetical Works*, 59). No doubt the King excluded the poems of George Herbert, which he read incessantly during his captivity.

Oxford had become a toy London. The members of a surrogate Parliament orated in the paved amplitude of the nearly empty Divinity Schools. Shakespeare's plays were defiantly performed in the college halls. The many green patches of the stony Gothic city echoed with the sound of lutes and viols. Waller, for the time being a royalist, listened as Lady Isabella Thynne, grand-daughter of Sidney's Stella, frequented Trinity Grove 'with a lute or theorbo played before her', as John Aubrey, then an undergraduate of Trinity College, witnessed. 'I have heard her play in the grove myself', Aubrey recollected, 'for which Mr. Edmund Waller hath in his *Poems* for ever made her famous'. The Queen soon joined her husband in Oxford. The daughter of Henry of Navarre, at the head of the army of three thousand she had gathered, rode south to Edgehill, where the King struck a medal to honour the occasion.

She was lodged at Merton College, where the chapel was given up to the Catholic rite. The King at nearby Christ Church could visit her, like a homing bee, along a track of intervening gardens scented with pinks and lavender in the hot summer of 1643. Retreating from the aromatic college gardens gaudy with plays and masques, Henrietta Maria became pregnant for the ninth time. Her ladies, meanwhile, took to attending matins at Trinity College in their shifts: an angelic demi-nudity which would have pleased Crashaw. During the following April, Henrietta said goodbye to the King for the last time; departed swooning from her husband in the Vale of the White Horse, to which he gallantly accompanied her on her

journey into the west.[5]

Life at Oxford was not all a *fête champêtre*. Even during the heyday of the King's residence there in 1643, the plague which circled England almost every summer broke out in the city under the name of camp-fever, and claimed Cartwright as a victim. In the poignant words of his *Valediction*, Cartwright went 'where neither suns nor show'rs/Do make or cherish Flow'rs'. The King wore mourning for his poet and gentle favourite. A young man of the utmost diligence, who studied eighteen hours every day, Cartwright, the son of an inn-keeper, became famous as a preacher and an author, and had a seat on the King's Council of War. 'Tis not to be forgott', John Aubrey wrote, 'that King Charles 1st dropt a tear at the newes of his death'. Cartwright's heroic tragedy, *The Royal Slave* had been produced at Hampton Court by royal command in 1636. This play about the sacrifice of a king was greatly applauded by Charles I, who declared it the best ever acted: a dramatic irony outside the performance. The hearts of monarch and subject momentarily beat in unison.[6]

Cartwright can, at intervals, intrigue or at least surprise the reader of his adroit and well-turned poems. Cleveland writes of 'a learned sigh' and Cartwright of the sophistry of kisses. Learned sighs and sophistical kisses abound in their poetry. Cartwright was undoubtedly a scholar-poet, but sometimes flags for a want, surprising in a follower of Donne, of intricacy and enterprise. He is an unequal poet, although at his best capable of Donne's insolent aplomb:

> Give me a girl (if one I must needs meet)
> Or in her Nuptiall, or her winding sheet:
> I know but two good Houres that women have,
> One in the Bed, another in the Grave.
> Thus of the whole Sex all I would desire
> Is to enjoy their Ashes or their Fire (*Poems*, 39).

The misogyny of this squib is belied by his poem, *Beautie and Demiall*. There, in delicate verse, Cartwright refurbishes the old images of roses and lilies to the point where they become novel:

> Roses ne'er chide my boldness when I go
> To crop their Blush; why should your Cheeke do so?
> The Lillies ne'er deny their Silk to men;
> Why should your Hands push off, and draw back then?

In terms remarkable in a clergyman he proposes a wrestling match:

> But if there must be reall Lists of Love,
> And our Embracing a true wrestling prove,
> Bare and Anoint you then: for if you'll do
> As wrestlers use, you must be naked too (*Poems*, 38-9).

Despite his occasional impudence to women, Cartwright, this bachelor Priest of Isis, is notable for erotic tenderness:

> Seal up her eyes, O Sleep, but flow
> Mild as her Manners, to and fro:
> Slide soft into her, yet that shee
> May receive no wound from thee (*Poems*, 174).

In his bitter-sweetness tinged with morbidity, Cartwright is akin to the young Heine:

> The bittern on a Reed I hear
> Pipes my Elegy,
> And warns me to die;
> Whilst from yond' Graves

My young Love craves
My sad Company (*Poems*, 65).

It is unlikely that Heine ever read Cartwright, but Cartwright's graceful poem, *Falshood*, anticipates the diction and even the cadence of the third song of Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo:*

Still do the Stars impart their Light
To those that travell in the Night;
Still Time runs on, nor does the Hand
Or Shadow on the Diall stand;
The Streams still glide and constant are.
Only thy Mind
Untrue I find,
Which neglects to be
Like Streame, or Shadow, Hand or Star (*Poems*, 35-6).

Strode died a few months after Cartwright, possibly of the same pestilence. Strode is characteristically unarresting but, like Cartwright, could transfigure a platitude, as in his poem on Chloris in the snow:

I saw faire Chloris walke alone
Where feathered rayne came softly downe,
And Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a *silver* shower;
The wanton snowe flewe to her breast
Like little birds into their nest.[7]

He can frame a Herbert-like apothegm:

Whoever the girdle doth undoe
He quite undoes the owner too (*Poetical Works*, 46).

Curiously, there is little of the preacher in the poetry of the two clerics, Cartwright and Strode; far less than in that of William Habington, a lethargic country gentleman of antiquarian tastes and Catholic affiliations, who paused in Oxford on his way to fortify his manor near Worcester against the Parliamentarians. Habington celebrates women's chastity; particularly, with a boastfulness not quite seemly, the chastity of his future wife, a distant kinswoman of George Herbert called Lucy Herbert, whom Habington celebrates under the name of Castara. In his *Description of Castara* he presents her engagingly:

She obeyes with speedy will
Her grave Parents wise commands,
And so innocent, that ill
She neither acts, nor understands.[8]

Her 'wise parents' were William Herbert, 1st Baron Powis, and his wife Eleanor Percy, who was directly descended from the Dukes of Brabant and, through them, from Charlemagne: a wondrous descent which enchanted the antiquary Habington. In one poem of genealogical devotion, he speaks of himself as kissing Castara's hand and wondering which vein throbbed with Charlemagne's blood (*Poems*, 42). His poems about Lucy Herbert are tinged with the oddly salacious taste for innocence which he shared with Crashaw and expresses in his poem to roses in her bosom. He relishes her inexperience:

Yee blushing Virgins happie are
In the chaste Nunn'ry of her Breasts (*Poems*, 12).

Although John Cleveland's illusions about Charles I dispersed on the King's flight to the Scots, he registers a measured but vivid dismay at the event:

Courageous Eagles, who have whet

Your eyes upon Majestic Light . . .
What are you since the King's Goodnight?[9]

The most popular writer of his time, and neglected ever since, Cleveland was the most individualistic of the poets who surrounded Charles I at Oxford. His departure from Oxford in May 1645, after two years in the royal presence, brought about the slow disaster of his subsequent life. The garrison at Newark, to which the King had consigned him, surrendered to General Lesley exactly a year later. After that, Cleveland wandered for nine years, unnoticed but renowned, since during those nine years fourteen editions of his poems were published. Cromwell's spies caught up with him in 1655, when he was arrested at Norwich for associating with 'papists and delinquents'. He was imprisoned in Yarmouth for three months, then released, only to die two years later at the age of forty-five from the effects of the gaol-fever he had caught at Yarmouth.

In his poetry Cleveland is knottily witty. He was endowed, as one of the most intelligent poets of his generation and cause, with vigour, fertility of invention and imagery, and aptness of comparison, but too often chose to write on ephemeral topics. He belongs to the noble but unsatisfactory company in which Petronius, Saint-Simon and Beerbohm are also enrolled: writers who trifled away transcendent gifts. He sought an adamantine brilliance from which natural feeling was often lacking, as one of his followers complained:

Crystals and gems grow here instead of flowers;
Instead of roses, beds of rubies sweat
And emeralds recompense the violet.

With supreme artfulness, in his elegy on Archbishop Laud, Cleveland praises artlessness:

He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chymically weeps; that pious raine,
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o' th' braine.
Whoever sob'd in Numbers?

He likewise condemns contrivance in his poem in memory of Charles I:

I like not tears in tune, nor will I prise
His artificiall grief, that scannes his eyes (*Poems*, 1).

Yet this is what Cleveland, one of the most contriving of poets, himself does. In his elegy on Laud he describes the liturgy as no more than a footnote on the Archbishop:

The Lyturgie, whose doome was voted next,
Died as a Comment on him, the Text.
There's nothing lives; Life is since he's gone
But a Nocturnal Lucubration (*Poems*, 39).

This is mental juggling, but not senselessly so. The elegy is a terse, shrewd statement about the collapse, represented by the executions of Strafford and Laud, of an order which the King was too weak to maintain: 'The state in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*'. In his epitaph for Strafford, Cleveland says that Strafford's blood must not cry out, lest it should accuse his betrayer and causative murderer, the King himself:

Riddles lie here; or in a word,

Here lies Blood; and let it lie
Speechless still, and never crie (*Poems*, 66).

Cleveland is the only Royalist poet wholly sceptical about the King. He venerated kingship but not Charles I. When the King, disguised as a servant, fled from Oxford to the Scottish camp in 1646, Cleveland's indignation openly broke out:

Oh for a State-distinction to arraigne
Charles of high treason 'gainst my Soveraigne (*Poems*, 6).

Remembering how the Parliamentarians had contemptuously stabled their horses in cathedrals and college chapels, Cleveland compares the King in his menial garb to 'a Colledge by the changeling rabble... transform'd into a Stable'. Charles has, by renouncing his inherited responsibility as a steward, failed his people:

Oh the accursed Stenographie of Fate!
The princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat (*Poems*, 7).

Outside his political poems, Cleveland is deep in strange lore. He ponders the life of an hermaphrodite:

How many melting kisses skip
Between thy Male and Female lip?

He comments on the self-sufficiency of the hermaphrodite, although Sir Thomas Browne held it a vulgar error to believe that hermaphrodites can impregnate themselves:

For man and wife make but one right
Canonical Hermaphrodite (*Poems*, 10-11).

The hermaphrodite's independence is akin to that of the poet, seen as intrinsic to his poem. Cleveland compares the poet's achievement to that of the spider:

As Spiders travel by their bowels spun
Into a thread, and when their race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clue (*Poems*, 50).

Like Lovelace, Cleveland is fascinated by the small life of Nature, such as may be observed in a garden rather than a landscape. Lovelace celebrates the grasshopper, the ant and the snail; Cleveland the marigold and the bee:

The Mary-gold whose courtiers face
Echo's the sunne, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop (*Poems*, 14).

In *Fuscara* he praises an errant bee:

Natures confectioner, the Bee
Whose suckers are moyst Alchimie,
The Still of his refining mould
Minting the Garden into Gold.

The bee settled on Fuscara's wrist, 'till her coy Pulse had beat him off'; then on her hand:

The ayrie Free-booter distrains
First on the Violets of her Veins...
He tipples Palmestry and dines
On all her fortune telling lines (*Poems*, 58).

In spite of his affectionate observation of insects, the only other living creatures Cleveland interests himself much in are women susceptible to his advances, whom he regards as equally light and mobile. Around him he view 'whole Orchards in Virginitie' (*Poems*, 18). To harvest them he has followed the 'curriculum of love':

Mysticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses, the Phisicke of Love.

The tresses of his rustic mistress are:

Gawdier than *Juno* wears, when she blesses
Jove with embraces more stately than warm (*Poems*, 41).

He is utterly in favour of women. They are not only adorable, but benevolent too:

Pious Julia (Angel-wise)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the spital-world of maladies (*Poems*, 62).

His mistress, whose 'quick pants' are his 'trembling sphere', is such a feast to the sight that 'You may break Lent with looking on her' (*Poems*, 47). Since she is Cleveland's little world, he clasps her with an ardour which is at once amorous and astrological:

I hoop the Firmament, and make
This my Embrace the Zodiac (*Poems*, 48).

The other poets who had gathered in Oxford were less scornful than Cleveland of their monarch, although in their verses they did what they could to dissuade Charles I from his stubborn quest for disaster. It is unlikely that he read them. Denham, who had already written an epitaph in commendation of a judge who had declared the Ship Money Tax illegal, declared, towards the end of *Cooper's Hill:*

Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of King and Subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same Center move,
When Kings give Liberty and Subjects love (*Poetical Works*, 85).

The toping balladeer, Alexander Brome, was more specific in his *Serious Ballad* of 1645:

I love the *King* and the *Parliament*
But I love them both together;
And when they are asunder rent
I know 'tis good for neither.[10]

In his *Phaedrus*, Plato suggests that poets often intuitively and instantaneously grasp the essentials of a situation. Three and a half centuries ago King Charles I received excellent advice from his poets, little skilled though they were in statecraft. He did not heed it.

NOTES

1. Anthony Wood. *Life and Times*, ed. Clark and Powys, Oxford, 1961, pp.36-7.
2. Carola Oman. *Henrietta Maria*, London, 1936, p.152.
3. M. B. Pickel. *Charles I as Patron of Poetry and Drama*, London, 1936, p.76.
4. John Denham. *Poetical Works*, ed. Banks, New Haven, 1928, p.79; Ann, Lady Fanshawe. *Memoirs*, London, 1907, pp.13-14.
5. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars*, Oxford, 1849, III p.106: Edmund Waller. *Poems*, ed. Thorn Drury, London, 1893, I p.90; Oman. op. cit., pp.150, 157 and 191.
6. William Cartwright. *Poems*, ed. Goffin, Cambridge, 1918, p.65; Anthony Wood. *Athenae Oxoniensis*, ed. Bliss, London, 1813-20, III p.69; John Aubrey. *Brief Lives*, ed. Clark, Oxford, 1898, I p.148; John Evelyn. *Diary and Correspondence*, ed. Bray, London, 1854, I p.421.
7. William Strode. *Poetical Works*, ed. Dobell, London, 1907, p.41.
8. William Habington. *Poems*, ed. Allott, London, 1948, p.51.
9. John Cleveland. *Poems*, ed. Morris and Wittington, Oxford, 1967, p.69.
10. Aubrey. op. cit., I p.174: George Saintsbury (ed.). *Caroline Poets*, Oxford, 1905-21, III p.92; Alexander Brome. *Songs and Other Poems*, Chambers' English Poets, London, 1810, VI p.675.

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

by Marty Isaacs

ABRAHAM G. Levin's claim to fame is due to the fact that he looks more Irish than Jewish. Levin is a big, robust looking man with a beefy, pink complexion, who, as a young lawyer had just won his first major case and was sitting in his New York office at 30 Rockefeller Plaza savouring the sweet taste of victory when the jangling of the telephone interrupted his thoughts. Levin switched his gaze from the gaily-coloured scarves of the ice-skaters, twenty-one stories below, to the black instrument on his desk. As he lifted the receiver he had no way of knowing that he was about to be asked to become a player in a clandestine operation on behalf of the State of Israel.

The voice on the other end was that of Leo Guzik, the opposing attorney in the just completed case. Expecting to be drawn into a discussion about some fine point of law, Levin, who having had no previous connection with the fledgling Jewish State, was taken completely by surprise when he heard Guzik say: 'Certain people at the Israeli Embassy are anxious to speak with you'.

The events leading up to Guzik's phone call to Levin began in November 1947, when Elazar L. Sukenik, Professor of Archaeology at the Hebrew University, received a message from Feide Salahi, an antiquities dealer in Bethlehem. Salahi advised Sukenik that a Bedouin had brought him several rolled parchments which contained Hebrew writing. The man claimed that he had found them in a cave along the shore of the Dead Sea, not far from Jericho. Was the professor interested?

Sukenik was more than interested. Being an archaeologist he was excited at the prospect of examining any remains with writing. The high point of any excavation was when a jar handle bearing an inscription was unearthed. If the parchments turned out to be genuine it would be like discovering an ancient library. But first things first. Before he could meet the Arab antiquities dealer, Sukenik had to figure out a way to get to Bethlehem.

The problem was that only a few days before, the United Nations had voted to partition Palestine, and according to the terms of the mandate, Bethlehem had been placed 'off limits' to Jews.

Despite the danger, the archaeologist in him couldn't resist; so Sukenik, in spite of protestations by his wife and son, Yigal Yadin, at the time military commander of the Hagana (Jewish self-defence forces) and the future excavator of Massada, the professor donned a jabalyia (traditional Arab dress) and, disguised as a Moslem, boarded an Arab bus for Bethlehem.

When he arrived, the dealer produced two clay jars, the same ones he claimed the parchments had been found in. In addition to being an archaeologist, Sukenik was also a biblical scholar, and after carefully unrolling the edge of the first of the four scrolls the blood drained from

his face as he read the first sentence. It was written in beautiful Biblical Hebrew, the language of the Psalms, the written language of his people two-thousand years ago.

Despite his inner excitement the historical significance of the moment was not lost on the professor. The finding of these ancient books of his ancestors came on the eve of Independence. After two thousand years of being forced to live in the diaspora, modern-day Israel was once again about to declare its Statehood. If the scrolls proved to be authentic it would turn out to be the highlight of Sukenik's long and distinguished career.

Hurrying back to Jerusalem with a scrap of parchment hidden under his jabalyia, the first thing Sukenik did was submit the sample to chemical tests, which dated them to the first century AD, give or take a hundred years. Armed with the test results he immediately contacted Teddy Kolleck, who at the time was Director General of the Prime Minister's Office, and got the immediate and enthusiastic backing of the Prime Minister, David Ben-Gurion, who pledged to provide the necessary funds to purchase the priceless scrolls, whatever the asking price.

However, to his great dismay, when Sukenik returned to Bethlehem the following day to negotiate their purchase, he discovered that word of the discovery had leaked out and that the dealer, coming under mounting pressure from Arab nationalists, who were strictly opposed to selling them to Jews, had sold the scrolls to Archbishop Athanasius Samuel, a Syrian prelate from the Old City.

Just when it seemed that all was lost, the President of the Hebrew University, Dr. Magnes, received a letter from Archbishop Samuel asking if he was interested in acquiring the scrolls on behalf of the University. The asking price was a quarter of a million dollars. Magnes called in Professor Sukenik and asked him to examine each scroll. They both nearly fell off their stools when Sukenik began to read from the first scroll. The opening lines were from *The Book of Isaiah.* The second scroll was entitled *The Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness* and the other two have since become known as *The Thanksgiving Scroll* and *Psalms.*

When word got out that the Archbishop was contemplating selling the scrolls to the Jews, his life was likewise threatened and he fled to the United States, taking the scrolls with him. They remained hidden until 1954 when the following advertisement appeared on page 14 of *The Wall Street Journal:*

> *'The Four Dead Sea Scrolls'*
> Biblical Manuscripts dating back to at least 200 BC are for sale. This would be an ideal gift to an educational or religious institution by an individual or group. Box F. 206 *The Wall Street Journal*

Unfortunately Professor Sukenik died in 1953 and did not live to see the scrolls returned to their rightful owner. However, at the time the advertisement appeared, his son, Yigal Yadin, was on a lecture tour of the United States and the advertisement was brought to his attention. It

was at this time that the plan to purchase the Dead Sea Scrolls on behalf of Israel was conceived and set in motion.

Several weeks after the first phone call, Levin was contacted again. At a meeting with an agent from the Mossad (Israeli secret service), at a restaurant in mid-town Manhattan, Levin was sworn to secrecy and given specific instructions and advised that he would be contacted shortly by phone. During the meeting it was emphasized over and over that under no circumstances was he ever to disclose the fact that he was Jewish.

On June 30th Levin received a third phone call instructing him to go to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel at nine o'clock the following morning to meet with Archbishop Samuel and his attorney. As he entered the Prelate's suite Levin was greeted by a tall, distinguished looking church father, dressed in flowing black robes, sporting a neatly trimmed black beard. He introduced himself as S. Estridge, an attorney, who had been hired to negotiate the purchase of the scrolls which had been advertised in *The Wall Street Journal*. When asked who his client was, the man replied that because of the nature of the merchandise the man wished to remain anonymous.

When the Archbishop's lawyer asked what the purchaser planned to do with the scrolls, Levin replied that being a businessman his client intended to put the scrolls on exhibition at the great universities throughout the world and charge an entrance fee.

Levin, alias S. Estridge, had been instructed to stall for time until he received further instructions by phone. The first phone call told him to ask to examine a sample of the scrolls. The Syrians agreed and the three men left the suite, took the elevator down to the lobby of the Waldorf and entered a bank. In the silence of the vault, several stories below the streets of Manhattan, even though the young attorney didn't have a clue as to what he was looking at, he went through the motions of carefully examining the brittle, six-inch square scrap of sheep skin, turning it over and over in his hands.

After returning to the suite, Levin advised the sellers that he had to report the results to his client. He dialled the number of a public phone in the lobby of the Waldorf. Unknown to Levin the person who answered was none other than the son of Professor Sukenik, Yigdal Yadin. Yadin told him to tell the Syrians that his client was not satisfied with the size of the sample he had been given to examine and insisted on seeing the actual scrolls before completing the deal. When he relayed the information to the Syrians, although not happy at yet a further delay, they had little choice but to concede as Levin's was the only response they had received. They agreed and furnished him with the name and address of a warehouse in Queens where the scrolls were being stored, which information he immediately passed on to Yadin.

Today, 37 years later, Levin still recalls that he was so nervous waiting for the final phone call telling him to conclude the deal that he smoked two whole packs of Pall Mall cigarettes.

When the call finally came, thanks to the generosity of a New York

industrialist named Samuel Gottesman, Levin handed the Syrians a bank cheque for the agreed upon price of $250,000 (equivalent to approximately three million dollars today). After two thousand years the 'sacred books' of 'the people of the book' were finally returned to their rightful owner.

Abraham Levin, who bears the name of the *Father of the Jewish people,* turned out to be the right man, at the right time, in the right place.

[Marty Isaacs is an Israeli writer in Jerusalem.]

POEM

INVOCATION

Speak to the world; publish and blazon forth
  The truth again: remove
False barriers; send down like April on
  Bare boughs bright shoots of love.

Scale from corroded minds the rust of thought;
  Instil simplicity:
Impel back to the fountain-head,
  Source of the mystery

All that is twisted, tired, lost in a maze
  Or caught in treadmill cages;
Unravel, guide, refresh, release;
  Unfold unwritten pages.

Sing of the wound in the heart of the world;
  Expose it — but to heal;
Bridge all the gulfs that split our lives
  And make us whole.

R. L. Cook

A VISIT TO THE AUVERS-SUR-OISE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

by Philip Vickers

AUVERS-SUR-OISE, the last home of Vincent van Gogh and scene of some of his most renowned work: what is it like today? Can the motifs which inspired him still be seen there? Such questions as these led me to visit Auvers recently, just as I had been attracted to the Forest of Fontainbleau to visit Barbizon and Chailly-en-Bière and to the Brittany coast to follow in the footsteps of Gauguin. And, does it not deepen our appreciation of art to be in the milieu in which it was created? So, come with me now to Auvers, a small town on the banks of the River Oise, some thirty kilometres north-west of Paris.

Auvers has changed remarkably little during the one hundred years since Vincent van Gogh died there, in the Ravoux Inn (still to be seen) on 29th July, 1890. It is a friendly town, it is not over-modernised, and although it has grown from a population of 2,256 in 1892 to some 6,500 it is still a comfortable, even cozy place. It was friendly in Vincent's day: Dr. Gachet was a true friend and we know that in the month of his death Vincent was planning to leave the Ravoux Inn and to find a more permanent apartment. It has been said, 'many people there loved him for his goodness and humanity'. In this statement alone we get a preliminary insight into one of the reasons for his staggering world-wide reputation.

I visited Auvers in early spring. The first sign you see, on the L'Isle-Adam to Pontoise Road, reads 'Auvers, village des peintres'. Its main street is a long, straggling one squeezed in between the river bank to the east and the steeply mounting hillside to the plain above to the west. Just below the road runs the railway. As you drive into the town you can see little which reminds you of his work, for the roadway is narrow and the buildings climbing up the hill present no view of the church tower. It was the church at Auvers I wanted to see first of all. I had difficulty in finding it. When I did so, I came across it exactly as you see it in his painting of the church (1) and I came to a halt at almost the exact spot where he would have set up his easel. There was no one about; it was a moment when one loses one's breath.

At last I think I understand what he was doing in this extraordinary painting: he portrays the church as a living thing, pulsating with spiritual life. No where else in Auvers does he distort the configuration of a building as he does here. Van Gogh was very aware of God and somewhere writes, 'Try to understand the last word the serious masters say in their masterpieces: there is God in it'. This important and illuminating statement is displayed on a panel near the church. The church here, the central heart and core of life in Auvers, is energised in the painting: the stones cry out.

Just opposite is a sign with an arrow: 'Tombeau de Vincent van Gogh', leading you up the hill. I walked up the hill. As soon as you crest the hill you are on familiar ground, you are on the rolling fields of the Vexin

Plain, scene of perhaps his last and certainly one of his most renowned canvases *Wheat Field with Crows* (2). There are the dividing tracks, one to the left, one twisting ahead, one off to the right. It was March, so the wheat was only a few inches high but, most remarkable of all, the black, black crows swooped low over the field just as they do in the painting.

One can reflect for a long time here: the wide expanse of the sky, the rolling plain mounting gradually before you; behind you the village lies hidden by the crest of the hill; the silence broken only by the sound of the wind in the grass and the occasional *caw* of the crows. Even without van Gogh one would be brought to reflection here or has one fallen totally within the magic of his vision? I picked up a stone from beside the path, just where he would have stood, and put it in my pocket. I have it in my studio now.

He painted several canvases hereabouts, *Wheat Fields Under Clouded Sky* (3) is one. 'They are infinitely vast wheat fields beneath a dismal sky', he wrote, (Letter 649). But there are also joyous paintings from the same location and the same month, July: *Plain Near Auvers* (4) and *Bank of the Oise* (5). As I stood there I had a strong feeling that it was up here that the fatal shot rang out and that it was down that straggling path he had stumbled, back down the hill, past the church, down the rue Daubigny to the Ravoux Inn. We are not to know.

Crossing over to the north I entered the cemetery. Vincent's and Theo's tombs are covered with symbolic ivy which was brought from Dr. Gachet's garden by his son, Paul Gachet, in 1946. A notice nearby, in many languages, is informative but, unfortunately, incorrect in one respect in that it attributes the ivy to Theo's widow. Visitors from all over the world come here to pay their respects.

Turning back down the hill you immediately come across *Landscape at Auvers in the Rain* (6). It was not raining when I came on the scene. Very little has changed here over the past one hundred years. The noticeable evergreen trees are still there, as are the buildings on the left although the more varied crops in the picture had been replaced by green wheat only. The same crows flew low over the field *(sic)*.

From here I began to wander, down along the rue Daubigny where you pass little cottages with elderly ladies reading peacefully in the windows, pots of geraniums, tiny gardens with grass grown walls and sleeping cats. A moment later and you are at *Village Street and Steps in Auvers with Figures* (7). I think Vincent particularly loved this scene. He did two versions of it, a not infrequent habit. It is well to consider what he was doing in this picture. Compositionally it is superb with compensating, rolling diagonals bringing your eye always back to that potential meeting point at the foot of the steps. At this point the road twists off to the left out of sight. The buttress of the wall on the left is balanced by the guttering and down pipe on the right; the houses provide a homely backdrop; the street is animated by walking couples: in fact this is Vincent's most populated landscape in Auvers. It is a picture which radiates contentment.

The door in the wall on the left in the painting leads to the Colombiér mansion. I pushed it open and went in to discover the Art Museum and Syndicate d'Initiative. Both are full of interest and the multi-language staff, charming and helpful. An excellent short film on the history of Auvers can be seen. But now, I decided, it was time to drop down to the Ravoux Inn and to think about lunch.

The Ravoux Inn: what an extraordinary image arises in one's mind at the mention of this place. And, as so often at Auvers it is still there, virtually unchanged. The Inn, now named Café de la Marie, was in the course of reconstruction, festooned with scaffolding. A tiler was at work on the roof. A traffic light flashed red, amber, green to the left of the Inn. There is a memorial plaque to Vincent. The windows and shutters on the upstairs floor were in a rickety state and certainly original. Peering in the ground floor windows you can see the original wooden floor and some of the old beams. A van Gogh Centre is planned and the quality of the restoration work seems to be of a very high order.

Having by now realised how much there was to see in Auvers I took the car and explored. Driving west I parked on a corner of the rue de Gré and walked up to *Thatched Cottages in Chaporval* (8). I stood where the two little figures on the left are standing. The cottages are unchanged to this day but, instead of being thatched, are now tiled. Even the doorway and guttering are the same. It was an incredible experience, one hundred years on.

Then you come to *Houses in Auvers* (9). In some ways this is the least changed view of all. This house is quite unchanged, the angle of the roof (already tiled in Vincent's day), the window on the gable, the chimney, the sloping roof and the long wall, even the shutters are the same colour. The houses beyond are also the same, the trees even very little different. Here particularly I felt in his presence. As in the painting there was no one about, birdsong filled the air, nothing else.

From there I set out to find Dr. Gachet's house. I had been advised at the Museum that a high wall had been built which prevented one from getting much of a view but, nevertheless, you can see the house and the steps up which Vincent and so many of the greatest painters of his age have mounted: Cézanne, Pissaro, Sisley, Guillaumin, Renoir. *Dr. Gachet's Garden in Auvers* (10) was painted in May 1890 and was, I suspect, one of his first Auvers paintings, if not indeed the first. It is the only one with the writhing, cypress tree motif of the Saint-Rémy period of some five to six months earlier. By May, even at Saint-Rémy, this theme had begun to disappear but in this painting we have not only the twisted tree motif but the emotion mounts into the sky. Significantly this is the only picture painted from inside a house, from one of the upstairs windows. It is as though he was looking out, as though he needed the confidence of Dr. Gachet's sheltering roof in the early days.

From one garden to another, we move to Daubigny's garden via the *Town Hall* (11) which is, essentially, unchanged. Van Gogh's distorted bollards are today straight and regular, the square is ashphalt, not grass,

the pavé remains, as do the chains. Cars are parked here today. The trees have grown. There are buildings behind the Town Hall where, in 1890, only trees were to be seen. Some critics have suggested he painted this picture from a window of the Ravoux Inn but the angle is too low.

And so to *Daubigny's Garden* (12 & 13). Who does not know Daubigny's garden from Vincent's lovely paintings? And who has not perhaps been puzzled, as I have been, by that amazingly long, severe roof of blue or green? I peered through the iron railings and rose trellis: there is the curving drive to the right, the garden has lost its island bed, no cat crept across the roughly mown grass. The church is now obscured by more recent buildings.

Nearby is another delight, the former Café Partois, the earliest haunt of Daubigny and his friend Corot. Was it not here he welcomed his friends from the railway station opposite? The railway station, later painted by Vlaminck, on the platform of which Vincent arrived on 20th May 1890, is well worth a visit: little has been altered. However, if you take the train to Paris from L'Isle-Adam, the very line shown so sympathetically in *Landscape with Carriage and Train in the Background* (14), you will find all the other stations have been modernised. Here an enlightened hand has preserved the old structure and, for anyone who has seen Maurice Pilat's film *van Gogh* it is easy to reconstruct the scene of his arrival here. From here I returned to the centre of Auvers. *Chestnut Trees with Pink Blossom* (15) shows us three women walking past and opposite the Ravoux Inn. And might that not be Vincent himself walking towards us on the left?

I went on to see the 17th century Léry Château, now undergoing total restoration. Close up it has none of the softness lent it by distance in *Landscape with the Château of Auvers at Sunset* (16) and one can understand why Vincent took this distant, sunset view which reduces all its expensive ornamental architecture to a mere blurr. I know of no other work of his dealing with the same subject. But the real subject, of course, is not the château but the setting sun, the darkly massed trees and the verdant, work-free fields. Where he painted this picture is now the rue van Gogh, close to the railway, and new buildings obscure the view he had in his time.

Finally, join me in a stroll up the rue Rayon to the *View of the Oise with Bridge* (17). Here, although the bridge is new and modern buildings clutter-up the far bank of the river, you can make out the same line of fencing which separates one patch from the next: no women at work, nor cows grazing, just one man tending some plants.

So much to see: some seventy to eighty paintings in sixty-eight working days between 20 May and 27 July. And there is so much else: the Daubigny Museum, the van Gogh Park, the island of Vaux, Cordeville — one could go on. One final sight I will describe.

The day ended with a final visit to the Vexin Plain to see, across the fields, the site of *Wheat Field with Crows.* On the very corner of the cemetery we looked back and, could it be possible? Away to the north

stretched the Plain, ending in a clump of trees which formed, as it seemed, a copse. In the foreground was an ancient, abandoned hay wagon and, what else, a plough? The crows were flighting, it was becoming dusk. It was Millet's *Plough and Harrow* come to life, and Vincent had interpreted Millet's 1866 theme at Saint-Rémy in 1890. Time stood still.

So much to see. But what a satisfying visit. Vincent had, once again, given us so much.

Just after visiting Auvers I had the opportunity of going to see the 'van Gogh in England Exhibition' at the Barbizon Gallery in London. Amongst its many revelations was the discovery of such persistent a theme as the tree lined path usually with a solitary figure. One of Vincent's very first drawings from his earliest Dutch period shows a twisting road with some bleak trees and swirling crows. I was immediately struck by its thematic similarity to *Wheat Field with Crows:* the bleak foreboding, the alternative routes ahead, the sweeping black of the crows: a Dutch landscape had been transformed into a French wheat field, but the images were the same.

But one cannot leave Auvers on such a sombre note. For the most part the Auvers canvases are joyous ones and it is this sense of joy you carry away with you, joy and a profound gratefulness to Vincent van Gogh for all the pleasure, understanding and hope he has given to people all over the world for more than one hundred years. In his work he has brought us 'the consoling permanence of art'.

LIST OF PICTURES REFERRED TO IN TEXT

1. The Church at Auvers, Paris, Musée d'Orsay.
2. Wheat Field with Crows, Amsterdam, Vincent van Gogh Foundation.
3. Wheat Fields under Clouded Sky, Pittsburg, Museum of Art.
4. Plain near Auvers, Munich, Bayerische Staatsgemälde-sammlungen.
5. Bank of the Oise, Detroit, Institute of Arts.
6. Landscape at Auvers in the Rain, Cardiff, National Museum of Wales.
7. Village Street and Steps in Auvers with Figures, St. Louis, St. Louis Art Museum.
8. Thatched Cottages in Chaporval, Zurich, Kunsthaus.
9. Houses in Auvers, Toledo, Museum of Art.
10. Dr. Gachet's Garden in Auvers, Paris, Musée d'Orsay.
11. Auvers Town Hall, Spain, private collection.
12. Daubigny's Garden, Basel, Kuntsmuseum.
13. Daubigny's Garden, Hiroshima, Museum of Art.
14. Landscape with Carriage and Train in the Background, Moscow, Puskin Museum.
15. Chestnut Trees with Pink Blossom, South America, private collection.
16. Landscape with the Château of Auvers at Sunset, Amsterdam, Vincent van Gogh Foundation.
17. View of the Oise with Bridge, London, private collection.

THE SEA IN LIVERPOOL'S HISTORY

by Eric Glasgow

THE story of Liverpool is bound up with the sea, without the enduring influences of which its whole destiny would have been different. When the traveller, Richard Blome, visited Liverpool in 1673, he noticed that it contained 'divers eminent merchants, whose trade and traffic, especially with the West Indies, made it famous'. The growth in Liverpool's trade naturally also caused a rapid growth in its population, amounting to about 5,000 people at the beginning of the eighteenth century. A merchant like Sir Thomas Johnson, for example, MP for Liverpool between 1701 and 1723, laid the basis of the trans-Atlantic traffic in tobacco. The tobacco trade in Liverpool obsessed him, even to the exclusion of the military campaigns of the great Duke of Marlborough. His extant correspondence, especially with Richard Norris, of Speke, abundantly indicates how wearisome he found London and how much and often he longed to be back in the Northern emporium. It was an era of commercial speculation, leading up to the notorious 'South Sea Bubble', of 1720. Sir Thomas seems then to have been involved in many highly risky business ventures, most of them reaching out across Liverpool's inviting sea. It cost him a small fortune: about £8,000 by the year 1719. Depleted in his resources, in 1723, he finally left England for the lucrative post of 'Collector of Customs' in distant Virginia: yet another reminder of the role of the sea for Liverpool, linking the Old World with the New.

During the eighteenth century Liverpool fostered many privateers, of whom William Hutchinson is the outstanding example. He fitted out many ships from Liverpool, during the Seven Years' War (1756-63). He seized many French ships in the Mediterranean, bringing them back as prizes to Liverpool. He acquired much Liverpool pride, despite his origins in the northeast. It was said, 'he might have been born within the sound of St. Nicholas's bells', on the Liverpool waterfront. But his roving years ended when, in 1759, he was appointed Liverpool's first 'dock-master'. He played a big part in developing Liverpool's docks, especially King's Dock (1788) and Queen's Dock (1796). He wrote a famous and influential book, *Practical Seamanship* (1777). Its hints on the conduct of naval warfare were subsequently of much use during the French Wars, well after Hutchinson's own lifetime. This book is surprisingly pragmatic about the nature of successful privateering:

> Safety as well as success, in my opinion, depends greatly on the manner these ships are fitted out. Trading ships, designed more for defence than offence, I would recommend to be made to look as big, powerful and warlike as possible, in order to intimidate. But privateers, on the contrary, should look as little and defenceless and conceal their power as much as possible, till there is a real occasion for it, and then as suddenly as possible to make it known to give the greater surprise, which I can say from experience often gives great advantages. The ship should be able to support the size of its guns without being too crank for a sailing and fighting ship. The ship should not be overcrowded or overburdened with the heavy cannon. A round iron cannon ball is to be preferred. A crew of about 160 is to be expected.

In 1789, Hutchinson was the founder of the Liverpool Marine Society, for the relief of widows and children of seamen lost at sea. He was, it was said, 'a thorough master of his profession, and observant of the minutest details'. He devoted the final years of his life to highly useful studies of the meteorology and tides of the Mersey Estuary and died at the age of eighty-four on 11 February, 1801. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Thomas', Liverpool, almost within sight and sound of the docks, where so much of his life and work had been spent.

Another illuminating example of the role of the sea in the history of Liverpool was Bryan Blundell (1674-1756). He made great personal wealth, plying the trade routes between Liverpool and the West Indies. In 1708 he was one of the founders of Liverpool's famous 'Blue Coat School' for the education of poor boys and girls. He, too, was buried after his death in the waterfront church of St. Nicholas.

Commercial ventures, virtually on a global range and scale, effectively created the wealth, whether individual or communal, of Liverpool, up to and including the crucial Victorian era. Sir John Gladstone (1764-1851) became a 'merchant prince', distinguishing by his acumen and foresight Liverpool from any other place in the land. He also gave Liverpool an enhanced fame, an enduring role in history, as the birthplace of his famous son, W. E. Gladstone, the Victorian Prime Minister. Even in 1875, 'W.E.G.' had not forgotten his great, indomitable father: Sir John Gladstone had 'done honour to the commerce of England. The more I think of him the more I respect his name and his memory'. Incidentally, it is historically inaccurate to suggest that the Gladstone fortune owed a lot to the institution of slavery. Sir John opposed the abolition of slavery in the interests of the slaves as well as the planters, arguing that 'paternalism' would be lost. In the summer of 1833 he refused to allow 'W.E.G.' to visit the family properties in Demerara, in order to see things for himself. In 1837, after the final British abolition of slavery, Sir John gladly received in compensation the large sum of £85,600. But a few years after that the family plantations in Demerara were all sold so that somewhat dubious episode in the history of the Gladstone fortunes was finally closed. By 1849, he had liquidated his sugar plantations among the islands of the British West Indies. That was the end of Sir John Gladstone's sugar adventures, of which far too much has generally been made.

Another very interesting example of successful mercantile enterprise, emanating from Victorian Liverpool, was Sir William Brown (1784-1864), later to be a benefactor of the 'Brown Library' in the City. Belfast born, in his youth he served as a shipping agent in Baltimore, Maryland. His first contact with Liverpool came in 1810, when he moved out of linen and into cotton. The hazards of the trans-Atlantic trade, particularly during the War of 1812 with the USA, induced him gradually to relinquish his commercial links with the family firm in Baltimore. These did not entirely cease, but after 1815 Liverpool became his effective base, where the sea took up less and less of his time and his attention, until he had ploughed much of his maritime profits into land-based merchant banking,

at which he was very successful. Much of that business, however, was generated from or by America. It was very severely hit by the American Civil War, but that came at the end of Brown's life. For many years he was accepted as an unofficial envoy and adviser about Anglo-American relations, even at Cabinet level and his advice was often sought about life and conditions in America. He was the founder of the 'Brown Library' in 1860. The commemorative brochure for that occasion, still preserved in Liverpool, was decorated with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes.

The role of the sea in the earlier chapters of Liverpool's history lay in generating commercial gain and wealth, but its role changed as a result of new conditions of the late Victorian period. It became one of communications in particular the passenger traffic to North America. People rather than commodities became the basis of Liverpool's enduring links with the sea. The City, guided by the famous Samuel Cunard, pioneered the first regular steamship services between England and North America. Thus it became the home of the passenger-liner. The Cunard Line, out of Liverpool, was by no means confined to North America. In 1852, it opened a new service to Gibraltar, Malta and Istanbul. The popular range was extended when, in 1860, the first 'steerage passages' were introduced for North America. The first of the Cunard ships to go from Liverpool to Bombay, via Suez, made the trip in 1880. By 1900, the Company had eight ships on the trans-Atlantic crossing. Its twentieth century ships included both the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania*. Cunard's ships were influential in fostering the Anglo-American relations. In their first years they carried both English plants for American gardens, and American plants for English gardens, particularly for the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, opened in 1841. The Cunard line, after 1841, supplied special glass containers for the trans-Atlantic freight in botanical specimens. It must have been largely because of that achievement that Samuel Cunard, in 1846, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Similarly, Alfred Holt (1829-1911) derived much of his early enthusiasms for maritime enterprises from his recollections of his visit to Ireland in 1845, at the height of the Potato Famine. He set up the famous 'Blue Funnel' line, based in Liverpool, on 11 January, 1865. His first ship, the *Agamemnon*, left Liverpool for China in the spring of 1866. His ensuing ships all had Homeric names: *Achilles*, *Nestor*, *Argo* and *Ganymede*. Unlike Cunard ships, they went mostly to China and the Far East. By 1875, the Holt fleet comprised a total of fourteen ships. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 greatly helped the Holt line, as it did many other Liverpool shipowners. The 'Blue Funnel' line eventually became world famous, alike for freight and for passengers. After 1870, its ships were much in use, taking Moslem pilgrims to Jeddah in Saudi Arabia, en route for the Holy Places at Mecca. By 1913, its biggest ships, the *Nestor* and the *Ulysses* each had excellent facilities for some 280 passengers. Alfred Holt himself was an inveterate traveller, especially in the United States, which he visited in 1873. He recorded then, between Kansas City and Denver, his view from the train of enormous herds of buffaloes, 'as far

as the eye could see'. In 1881, he went in the *Argo*, on a cruise of the Norwegian fjords, and later he used the same ship as a yacht for sundry Mediterranean cruises. He thoroughly enjoyed life, but rumour has it that he spent some of his happiest moments at the Punch and Judy shows in his native Liverpool.

Another American link — although this time with South rather than North America — is in the story of the Booth line, which was founded by two brothers, Alfred (1834-1914) and Charles Booth (1840-1916). It originated largely in freight, taking on passengers only later. It concentrated especially on Brazil and the Amazon Basin. It began its first regular services to Brazil in 1866, using the *Augustine* and the *Jerome*, each of just over 1,000 tons, and each built in Liverpool. In those days the return journey between Liverpool and Brazil took about 23 days in each direction. By 1890, the passenger services had become important. These extended up the Amazon River, as far as Manaos, whose new-found wealth, based on rubber, created an oasis of Western civilization in the jungle. Perhaps the most amazing feature of the operations of the Booth line in South America occurred in 1901, when the company took over a local concern to convey passengers the whole length of the Amazon, as far as Iquitos in Peru. The *Hildebrand*, built at Aberdeen in 1893, became the flagship of the Booth line, especially for the passenger traffic along the Amazon, and it was also the first ship of the Booth line to be provided with specially devised anti-mosquito fittings. For many years, therefore, Liverpool was proud to witness regular departures of the Booth line vessels, from the River Mersey: sights that become items in the local folk memory.

Tall ships of the famous Harrison line went forth from the Mersey from the beginning of 1853. They were essentially the projects of Thomas Harrison (1815-88), soon to be joined by his brother, James (1821-91). No less than six of its ships were commandeered for service in the Crimean War. During the American Civil War (1861-65), one of its ships, the *Gladiator*, was sold to the Confederate States at a good profit to become a 'blockade runner'. During the later decades of the nineteenth century, Harrison ships based in Liverpool regularly went to both North and South America. James Harrison, in particular, became a personal friend of the great Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who after 1854 was struggling for the construction of the Suez Canal. The Harrison line was among the first shipping companies of the world to appreciate the benefits and the possibilities of the Canal properly. Its ships, trading to the Far East, first used that Canal in 1870. By 1882, the Harrison line had gained a truly global trade with 24 large ships in its fleet. In 1902, it commenced its freight services to South Africa, to be followed in 1913 by passenger services. Many of its ships were lost in the two World Wars. Ship building costs have further reduced its fleet since then, but its operations are still quite extensive.

Trips to both South America and the Far East also demonstrated the global activities of the Liverpool shipping line founded by Sir Thomas Brocklebank (1814-1906). In the year 1855, the firm carried out ten

voyages to Calcutta, six to China, and sixteen to South America with varying success and profitability. It confidently made the necessary transition, from sail to steam and from wood to iron. It was in the forefront of all such maritime innovations. As off-shoots of the Indian trade, the firm quite early embarked upon trading ventures to Batavia, the Dutch East Indies, Hong Kong, Japan and China. At the same time in South America its ships carried Liverpool's reputation as far off as Valparaiso, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. After 1873 the Brocklebank line gave up South American sailings and relied more and more on the Calcutta tea trade. It claimed to be using the biggest cargo ships in the world, of 3,000 tons. It began to carry passengers in 1870 and by the end of the century its passenger services had become as important as freight. In 1960, it maintained a substantial fleet of ships, trading especially to Calcutta, Chittagong, Pondicherry, Savannah, New York and Boston.

Nor are more direct echoes of the sea in Liverpool's literature at all difficult to find. John Masefield (1878-1967), the Poet Laureate, served as a cadet on *HMS Conway* in the Mersey and his writings often reflect Liverpool's long and close associations with the sea. He often visited Liverpool and wrote: 'I am the English sea-queen; I am she who made the English wealthy by the sea. The street of this very City is the tide where the world's ships that bring my glory ride'. He could still 'spin many sea yarns about Liverpool', some of them derived from his youth, on *HMS Conway*. That had been 'the last of the sailing ships still at home in Liverpool'. Sailing, ships, and the sea were inextricably associated with Liverpool: its pride and its wealth. Masefield remarked also that it had been Sir John Gladstone who had sent out from Liverpool the first trading ship to distant India, thus pioneering what was to become a large and lucrative trade. Liverpool for him was always to be extolled as 'A Capital, whose highway is the sea', transcending even the substantial edifices of its public buildings, even its great Cathedral, where Masefield in 1950 attended a civic service, graced by hymns mostly about the sea.

Nicholas Monsarrat (1910-79) is the famous author of *The Cruel Sea*. This book relates his wartime experiences as a naval officer, serving on trans-Atlantic convoys into Liverpool during the last war. He was awarded the prestigious 'Heinemann Foundation Prize' for *The Cruel Sea* and in 1964 he was summoned to his native Liverpool to attend the one-man exhibition organized in his honour in the 'Brown Library'.

The sea in Liverpool's literature is a theme of immense variety, interest, and significance. We may decide that Liverpool's literary links with the sea, as seen by Masefield and Monsarrat, are relatively small in comparison with its more land-based literary links, de Quincey, Felicia Hemans, Dickens, and the Victorian Nonconformist, Silas K. Hocking. Yet the sea has been vital for the more practical concerns in Liverpool's history. For the bulk of those concerned over the centuries with Liverpool's sea, from Cunard to Booth, Brocklebank and Harrison, life was a harder and more rewarding school than literature.

Literary Supplement

MAKING WESTMINSTER WORK

Westminster — Does Parliament Work? John Garrett. Gollancz. £16.99.

John Garrett has been an MP for fifteen years. He used that time skilfully, perceptively and unobtrusively in observing the shortcomings of the Mother of Parliaments. His training as a Management Consultant combined with his personal predilections have combined to explore in a precise but committed manner its current limitations.

This is a radical and penetrating analysis. Parliament does not control the executive — rather the executive controls Parliament. Parliament's role in scrutinising legislation is severely limited. Other studies on individual Bills have demonstrated this. On the other hand, MPs are encouraged to take themselves far too seriously precisely because they have so few possibilities of exercising real power. It is in the Government's interest to perpetuate the myth that back benchers have power.

The debating chamber in which stars such as Michael Foot gloried has become a cauldron for abuse and theatricals. It is the arena for attention seekers. It takes the public's eye off the one really important development of the last decade, namely the Select Committees. In his chapter 'Running Commentary on Decline' Garrett mercilessly pillories the manner in which Parliament has failed but is surprisingly optimistic about its power to change if it has the vision and determination.

His chapter on rights reflects the growing influence of such organisations as Charter 88. His insight into the legislative process makes depressing reading. What I find astonishing is that he is able in a detached manner to analyse precisely those defects in the Parliamentary system which, having a different temperament, led me to leave it in frustration after the same period that he observed it from inside. I have to confess to a strong bias in the writer's favour drawn from my own experience and sharing most of his attitudes. On such matters as the timetabling of Bills, the need for special second reading committees, the lack of experience open to Parliamentarians as against Government as well as members conditions of work, he cannot be faulted.

Ever since I read Montesquieu it has been a mystery to me how our Constitution could permit ministers and indeed leading members of the judicial system to sit both in the legislature and be part of the executive.

The really positive development of select committees which still leaves much to be desired and the control of expenditure are areas where the author brings his own personal knowledge to bear extremely effectively. The chapter on 'Investigation' is perhaps the least readable but the most important of all.

In integrating the European dimension into his analysis John Garrett may well anger the more xenophobic strand in his party. Members of parliament who, like members of the judiciary in this country, all too easily fall a prey to tradition and even medieval costumes. There is much to learn from other models of democracy that would permit us to modernise our own system in the interests of individual freedom and proper parliamentary scrutiny of the executive. Unlike some of the more flamboyant of his colleagues John Garrett's combination of integrity and critical appraisal of the institution of which he

remains a member ought to be compulsory reading for all who are concerned about the adequacy of our democratic system.

PAUL B. ROSE

THE IMPECCABLE

Simon: A Political Biography of Sir John Simon. D. Dutton. Aurum Press £25.00.

Prime Minister Asquith called the young Simon 'the Impeccable'; so we may regard ourselves as rather peccable. This gives a clue to what was wrong — he could not give himself away — and if only he had been more peccable people would have liked him better. As it was, hardly anybody did, and people said the most awful things about him. Even Attlee, a just man, said 'always the lawyer, could argue anything, never believed in anything'. This had a point but it was not fair. Mr. Dutton sets himself to be fair to Simon; he has done his homework and succeeds very well.

In all the years at All Souls in which I knew Simon I never disliked him, though disagreeing politically. He was always agreeable with me, and actually told me things of political interest, in some of which I had to recognise, though a young Leftist, that he was right. As against nationalization of the railways, he regarded the competition of the four main lines as all to the good. He was right about confronting Japan over Manchuria: we couldn't do anything about it, it was America's business and they were not going to do anything. Over Germany he told me that he often had to defend Vansittart (who was right) in the Cabinet.

All Souls was the abiding love of Simon's life. Mr. Dutton does not know what went on inside the College. I shared Simon's manservant with him, and it was queer that the fat fellow stood in quivering terror of him. Again, with a dying Warden who could not make up his mind to resign, Simon as Senior Fellow took the matter into his own hands and got the resignation all right. I was much impressed by his decision.

But how wrong Simon was about the war in 1914! The Kaiser's militarist Germany had to be fought, as Hitler had later. Simon could not see that: he was totally ignorant of Europe, or the German record, and Britain's very existence was at stake. And Simon's resistance to Conscription was wicked — when the little British army in France was being crushed by sheer weight and the French, on a much larger scale, were being bled white. He was really a Gladstonian Little Englander with his Liberal illusions adrift in the 20th century, and as even Chamberlain said then, a 'congenital pacifist'. No good as Foreign Secretary having to deal with Hitler's Germany — as Lord Sherfield said of Chamberlain himself later, he 'didn't know what he was doing'.

There was no excuse for them: it was all laid out in *Mein Kampf* beforehand. And there were all the murders of June 1934 to tell them quite early on. Mr. Dutton brings out the usual excuse that the country was bemused and behindhand. But it is the business of a government to lead public opinion, not to lag behind it.

On the other hand I do not blame Simon for going in with the Tories. It was all over and done with the Liberal Party — there would never be a Liberal government again. Mr. Dutton sees this in terms of surface politics, and the personal disputes of the leaders. Far deeper are the social forces at work, the mass movements in society that make it obvious that, to be effective, one is either Tory or Labour. Otherwise a waste of time.

What Simon is to be blamed for is making one of the egregious quadrilateral — with Chamberlain, Halifax, Hoare — who went on appeasing Hitler and Mussolini to the edge of the precipice, and would *not* take the essential step of allying with Russia to stop them. Chamberlain did not even want the help of the United States, which ultimately saved us!

Simon was not the worst of them. The brilliant lawyer's best home was the Home Office, and his proper seat the Woolsack.

A. L. ROWSE

TWO PORTRAITS

Blood on the Walls. Willie Hamilton. Bloomsbury Press. £17.99. *John Major, the Making of the Prime Minister.* Bruce Anderson. Fourth Estate. £16.99.

These two books reflect the profound difference between their two personalities, the contrast between a biography and an autobiography, and the skills as author of Bruce Anderson, a former Assistant Editor of *The Sunday Telegraph.* The latter's account of the resignation of Mrs. Thatcher is a vivid description of the unexpected and blow-by-blow stages that produced it, with an insider's knowledge of people and an awareness of how in the real political world, things do go suddenly and badly wrong. By contrast, Willie Hamilton's account of the same events is unqualified vituperation by one who was at the time no longer a member of Parliament and thus unqualified to speak. This does not stop him: all we get from him on this, on royalty, and on so much else is: spleen.

The contrast goes deeper. Willie Hamilton and John Major were born poor. One was the son of a coal-miner-turned party agent, the other the son of a circus-performer. Each seemed likely to be Labour fodder. In fact Hamilton was the more fortunate: there is, in all the poverty he describes and which he assumes was special to him, a richness of spirit in mining communities of which we hear nothing from him; he went to a good grammar school and to Sheffield University, though he was not marked, it seems, by any special academic ability. In the Second World War (a 'conchie' until Hitler attacked Russia, when he was ready to put on a uniform) he never fired a shot in anger. But whoever was in charge, from him it is bitterness all the way: the chips on his shoulder grew heavier with the years. And this despite a safe seat in the House of Commons for West Fife for 35 years, plus four years also as a European MP, and enjoyment of its flesh-pots, and fame as a kenspeckle figure in Parliament and in the public prints. It is not difficult to see why he was never given a Government post, much as he wanted one: those who turned him down, notably Harold Wilson, were added to his already long list of enemies. His book is material for psychologists: the poor boy of the Durham coalfield, savage critic of all the bosses, was still, when walking the carpeted corridors of power, fifty years on, the same miserable lad, and using still the same unpolished and unskilled language — 'codswallop' is a favourite word. He had many experiences; he seems to have learnt little from any of them, and never enough, it seems, to want to try to change himself.

By contrast, John Major was and is learning all the time. Here too the boy was father of the man. The circus performer's son lived in an unhappily varied series of run-down neighbourhoods. But he was Prime Minister after only twelve years in the Commons, and indeed after only a few months in office; if he was the youngest P.M. in the twentieth century, he was also the least experienced and least well known. But he was his predecessor's clear choice as her successor, his party's choice as leader, and in the April election the

nation's choice. He thus followed in a line of political descent from Churchill and Lord Salisbury. Not the least remarkable feature of the Conservative Party is the variety of its leadership — witness Disraeli, Heath and Mrs. Thatcher. So it was again. Bruce Anderson's is the best of the studies of the new Prime Minister: at once a tribute and a sharply-edged portrait. It is vividly and amusingly written, with a daunting knowledge of who's who. If these two books are indexes of the two major political parties, the country was wise to vote as it did in April.

ESMOND WRIGHT

A HERO REVIVED?

Truman. David McCoulloch. Simon & Schuster (New York). 1,117pp. $30.

Both President Bush, the Republican who voted against Truman in the 1948 Presidential election, and Governor Clinton, the Democrat candidate, sought to revive President Harry Truman who left office 42 years ago; Bush, because he had to recall that an embattled President can 'win from behind' despite polls and media antagonism, Clinton because he wants to prove that a Democrat can win with a programme of welfare spending and social care. It became known too, that both candidates had been fervently studying the recent Truman biography, now even a best seller. It is therefore worth looking at it for it helps to get an understanding of basic American feelings.

It is the result of tremendous detailed research giving details of arguments and timing from birth to death. Remarkably, and significantly, there is nothing about extra-marital adventures. There weren't any. Only love letters to his wife and mother and a famous savage letter — from the White House — fiercely condemning a writer who had dismissed his daughter, Margaret, as a singer. Truman, and this is shown in detail, was the genuine small town 'Middle American', from a hard-working, always insecure farming family, in Missouri, a southern state. His parental farm where he had worked, for instance, was repossessed while he was holding office in his State. And after serving in the artillery in World War I, his first enterprise as a haberdasher failed.

Truman had intense self-esteem based on having to fight and juggle for everything since he was on his own. His war service made him identify with the fighting image of the United States. His first public office, County Judge, without experience as a lawyer, was due to his friendship with the son of a powerful political boss, Pendergast. A central feature of US politics is seen here, the power of patronage by political bosses is accepted, posts in government and administration are in their hands. This is why personal relations, loyalty, discretion, ruthlesness, when asked for, are essential.

The President is a Boss too, within the powers the Constitution gives him, exercising a constant competitive balancing act with Congress, that has controversial powers in its Committees. The Cabinet has as much power as the President is prepared to let it have. Truman, for instance, recognized Israel at a vital moment despite furious opposition by his Cabinet. General Marshall, State Secretary, who had led the opposition, would never speak to Clark Clifford, Truman's adviser, on this, again.

Truman was picked by Pendergast for the Senate in 1934 after three others had turned down the offer for personal reasons, Truman never expected this and was uncertain. But he did well. First ignored in the Senate, he made his name as the leading force in the Special Senate Committee that investigated the 1940 Defence Programmes, saving millions in ruthless public hearings.

Again, he was one of six who were considered by Party Bosses for the Vice-Presidency. They agreed on him because he had done that work in the Committee, was from a border state and in essence conservative. In 1944 the Democrats were certain that the 'Leftist' Wallace, the then Vice-President, would lose the election for the ailing Roosevelt. So Truman was imposed on Roosevelt. A remarkable feature was the common but never publicized knowledge that Roosevelt was desperately, incurably, ill when running for the fourth time in 1944. Roosevelt did not interfere with the selection. Truman's relationship with Roosevelt was distant and secretly strained. They met very rarely. It was Roosevelt's wife, Eleanor, who summoned him to tell him of the death. Truman was overwhelmed and uncertain as to whether he would be up to the job. This is what made him fiercely stick to the decisions he made. The little man from the little village of Independence, Missouri, had to fight against the upper class from the East Coast, the Harvard and Yale men, all the time. But this is also why he made friends of many of them.

His decision to run again in 1948 was to show himself and the world, that he was more than the man who became President because Roosevelt died. He won against heavy odds because he had preserved his image as a straightforward fighter who did not change his mind to get votes. The campaign of 1948 shows, incidentally, that personal abuse is accepted. But in 1948 nobody would have thought of involving wives and sex. That he was sometimes not straightforward is shown by the revelation that Churchill had shown him in advance the essence of the famous 'Iron Curtain' speech for approval but that Truman had denied having known of its content when the media attacked Churchill for stirring up trouble.

The author gives a full and fascinating account of the truly historic actions and decisions Truman took part in; the Potsdam Conference, the Marshall Plan, the Cold War (he preferred 'war of nerves') started by Churchill's speech and an 8,000 word report from Moscow by George Kennan, the Guru on the Soviets, NATO's founding, the 'Truman Doctrine', committing the US to the defence of Greece and Turkey against Russia, the instant intervention to save South Korea by fighting the Chinese, his bold decision to dismiss General MacArthur, the Korean Commander and World War II hero, for being insubordinate, the Israel decision. Truman has said that he liked Stalin but, after he had faced Foreign Minister Molotov's cold and swift resistance in 1947, he accepted that diplomacy and its give and take did not work with the Kremlin.

All his actions were, of course, started by his simple decision: he never questioned, taken during the Potsdam Conference, and written on a crumpled piece of paper, the decision to use the atomic weapon against Japan, to save the lives of American soldiers. The odds are against having a President like him this time. The story of the 'Little Man' playing a gigantic historic role is worth reading despite its length. No details, it seems, are missed.

LEO MURAY

KING OF AFGHANISTAN

My Life — From Brigand to King: Autobiography of Amir Habibullah. Octagon Press. £12.50.

What is a king? Who becomes a king? And how, having become a king, do you remain a king? In a most interesting way, this book is answering, perhaps unconsciously, these classical questions.

Anyone can become a king: it is the 'When Adam delved and Eve span'

question. It is also Shakespeare's classic aphorism, 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them'. Bacha Saquo, the subject of this extraordinary memoir, was born the son of a water carrier, the lowest of the low. He certainly achieved greatness by waiting for a low point in the volatile barometer of Afghanistani politics, seizing his chance, and by a clever mixture of shrewd tactics, ascending the throne of that country early in 1929. But what is a king? If you are not trained from birth, should you then attempt to remedy this by becoming sophisticated and courtly? Won't this then alienate you from the very followers who put you there? And how do you remain a king? This at first Bacha Saquo, who took the name of Amir Habibullah, knew very well. You need the military, you need a full treasury, you need communications, and you need in some measure, passive or active, the will of the people. Forfeit any of these and trouble begins. Why, one wonders, haven't kings learnt from the most successful kings of the past? In England, the most successful sovereigns, Edward I, Henry VII and Elizabeth I, almost perfectly followed these precepts, and died full of years, beloved or respected, and more solvent than their peers.

Bacha Saquo was an illiterate. Ironically, he had rebelled from the Mullah's village school before he learned to read or write; and even more ironically, took with him through his tempestuous passage to the throne his best friend, Jamal Gul, who thus ghosted this remarkable autobiography. Bacha had established a power base in Kohistan by controlling and pillaging the caravan routes, on which he grew wealthy and powerful. Being king was a different matter. Amanullah, who was king in a much more traditional sense from 1919 to 1929, brought about his own downfall by trying to drag Afghanistan, so lately independent from British control, kicking and screaming into the twentieth century. The trouble was that he tried forcibly to Westernize it, against the tide of traditional Mullah influence, and in doing so, bankrupted the Treasury, sent the Westernized Queen and the Crown Jewels over the border to India, and lost control of much of the army and the tribal factions. His departure was thus, if we follow the original formula, a foregone conclusion, even though he recanted his abdication and tried to return.

Bacha Saquo had the shrewdness to ally himself with some of the Mullahs, whom he traditionally had resented, to appear to be the tribune of the people, and to attempt to fill the Treasury once again by extorting money from the Hindu moneylenders, very much on the well tried principle of 'Morton's fork'. These moneylenders, even when faced with death, thought so much of their money that they demanded security. Bacha took one of them from the audience hall, and when he returned held up a bloody thumb, saying, 'This is my security'. Most of them paid up.

Bacha even married into Amanullah's family in order to give himself more legitimacy. But all the time he was haunted by a Mullah's prophecy which had made him think he could gain the throne in the first place. The Mullah had said he would reign for his (i.e. the Mullah's) lifetime plus two moons. The story after nine months then takes on an almost Greek or Shakespearian quality. The news arrives of the Mullah's death, and Bacha, believing the prophecy despite himself, loses the will to continue, although he does not give up to the forces of Nadir Khan without a desperate struggle, escaping back to the unwelcoming hills. Captured and imprisoned, he spits before his judges and is finally shot.

The story reminds one of many others, particularly the three Negro rulers of Haiti, Jean-Jacques Dessalines, Henri Christophe and Faustin Soulouque.

It is impossible not to be drawn along by the story of Bacha, and sympathy is only finally lost (and even then, not totally) when, having gained power, he shows philistinism by closing down education and taking pot shots at the crystal chandeliers with his bandolier. Much worse of course is the infectious cruelty descending into psychopathia towards his prisoners. As he himself says, 'Turkey is Turkey and Egypt is Egypt and Afghanistan is a law unto itself'. How true this remains even in 1992, as Kabul still suffers in the hands of rival factions. How can you bring a traditional society and monarchy into the twentieth century without rending the whole structure of society first?

The translation of this book is excellent, apart from one or two stilted paragraphs, and the rendering of the language is remarkably poetic and even mellifluous. The translator is not alas acknowledged. This most readable tale would have been greatly enhanced by glossaries of the terms used, genealogies, maps and even one photograph, but of these there are none. Nevertheless the impression of this Joachim Murat of the Middle East remains a compelling one.

MICHAEL L. NASH

A THEORY OF MIND

Bright Air, Brilliant Fire; On the Matter of the Mind. Gerald Edelman. Allen Lane. £20.00.

Three books have recently been published on new age philosophies of science. They are Appleyard's *Understanding the Present: Science and the Soul of Modern Man* (Pan Books), Wolpert's *The Unnatural Nature of Science* (Faber and Faber) and Davies's *The Mind of God* (Simon and Schuster). Bryan Appleyard argues that science cannot be neutral, that it is spiritually corrosive. Lewis Wolpert, like Appleyard, encourages a division between science and spirituality, but from an angle that in the face of science spirituality is non-existent. Paul Davies on the contrary sets out to show how science, as a manifestation of the mind of God, should be enriching rather than alienating. Like Davies, Gerald Edelman in *Bright Air, Brilliant Fire* makes moves towards bridging the gap of dualism in his concern to put the mind back into matter. But in wanting to have a science of mind based upon biology, I would argue that his reductionist approach leaves many questions unanswered.

Bright Air, Brilliant Fire, as a scientific investigation, attempts to create a theory of mind that puts mind back into matter or nature, showing that it is feasible to have a science of mind based on biology. In the fields of philosophy and theology the question of putting mind back into matter is important because of the platonic association of matter, nature and woman with a plane lower and inferior to that of spirit. Edelman does not address this question. But he does discuss platonism and the philosophical implications of Cartesian dualism which separated mind from body, asserting, though from an opposite position of 'neural Darwinism', William Blake's belief 'Man has no body distinct from his soul', i.e. that dualism must cease.

Because matter has been maligned in the past, it is to Edelman's credit that he totally embraces matter or embodiment. But as he does so only in a scientific, biological way, Edelman for me finally fails. Minds (that human uniqueness caused, he advocates, by evolutionary morphology), should not exist disembodied. For the individual's spirit to be truly embodied seems a grand way of reconciling dualism. But for spirit to be embodied, spirit should not lose its spirituality — which is what Edelman advocates if all is to be reduced purely to matter. Spirit is by definition, immaterial, so the purely material picture Edelman would paint is incomplete.

He has however woven a difficult but often rewarding tale in his attempt to provide the reader with a glimpse of the material base of mind. And of how evolution is essential to an understanding of the matter of the mind. Interestingly he claims that while behaviourism seems to be monistic it is simply dualism reduced by the denial of mind as a scientific object. He has hoped to find a connection between psychology, biology and physiology, and an interaction of the science of mind with philosophy, medicine and physics. These he sees are deeply embedded in the matter of the world as well as the unique matter of the mind. He has shown how Galileo removed mind from nature and described Descartes' 'substance dualism'. He has pointed out how neurons are like nothing else — if you were to count nerve cell connections, one per second, you would finish counting some 322 million years after you began! He stresses that the mind is not like a computer. And he has given a biological account of consciousness and the highly individual experience of the 'qualia assumption'.

By constructing a brain theory based on selectionist principles (of neurons adapting to suit the task at hand) or a biology based epistemology, Edelman has hoped to have released philosophy from the narrow confines of philosophical 'isms', for instance dualism. But in throwing away these he also gets rid of idealism. He suggests that the second Enlightenment will be informed by neuroscience. If our minds are the result of an evolutionary morphology, so presumably must be our evolving spiritual or creative natures. But unfortunately the 'isms' he leaves us with i.e. realism, materialism, selectionism and Darwinism, mostly go against this nature.

MARYANNE TRAYLEN

PASSION AND PRECISION

The Complete Poems of C. Day Lewis. Edited by Jill Balcon. Sinclair-Stevenson. Hardback £25.00. Paperback £14.95.

At long last the many admirers of C. Day Lewis have been given a complete edition of his poems. This splendid volume presents the wide range of this poet's technical skill.

The editor, Jill Balcon, provides a sensitive and scholarly introduction. Her footnotes are helpful but not intrusive as she is well aware that the poet needs only his poems to convey his meaning. For the verse-reader, and Jill Balcon is one of the best of her generation, his 'scores' are infallible. C. Day Lewis provides patterns for the ear and the eye. His long sequential poems are as musical and well structured as the short traditional forms. Even that most demanding of poetic forms, the sonnet sequence, came within his range. (*O Dreams! O Destinations*, p.321.) His narrative verse is excellent and the Dramatic Monologues, *Not Proven* and *The Disabused*, are both subtle and blood-chilling.

Nowadays critics seem to think that the writer's private life is of greater interest than his writing, alas. It is time for the young to discover the significance of this too-long-neglected poet. C. Day Lewis is a poet for today and for the future, as a voice of the twentieth century. As an intelligent, caring young man in the 'thirities he was inevitably anti-fascist. He was appalled by the vast difference in the lives of the rich and the poor. How could he fail to be a socialist, particularly at the time of the Spanish Civil War? He loathed the thought of war and all its concomitant suffering but he recognized and admired the courage and endurance of those who fought for what they believed in. He was a poet, not a politician. 'Freedom is more

than a word'. He remained aware of the world's problems. The short lyric, *Where are the War Poets?* (p.335), is as relevant now as when it was written in 1943, as is also *Epitaph for a Drug Addict* (p.390),

Mourn this young girl. Weep for society
Which gave her little to esteem but kicks.

When he became Poet Laureate he made it clear that he would involve himself in public issues and not only royal events.

He wrote from his youth to the end of his life. One of his most moving lyrics was written on his death-bed: a tribute to the friends who had helped him to accept death with courage after much suffering,

Round me is all amenity, a bloom of
Magnolia uttering its requiems . . .

W. B. Yeats wrote that a poem should have 'passion and precision'. Day Lewis warned young poets against allowing the emotion to break through 'the fabric' of a poem. His own prosody was impeccable. He was a formidable craftsman — a gift totally ignored by critics who have no 'ear'. How absurd to say that he had 'no voice of his own' and that his poetry was 'derivative'. Such opinions fail to recognize the wit of his pastiche tributes to the poets he admired and the deliberation with which he so cleverly adopted their style. No doubt they would consider Max Beerbohm's *A Christmas Garland* derivative also! When introducing children to poetry, Day Lewis said that making a poem was like fashioning an exquisite piece of jewellery. In this respect he was a Fabergé among poets.

His critical writing was just as rewarding as his poetry. All lovers of poetry should read his book *The Poetic Image*. As Robert Frost reminds the reader, 'A poem begins in delight and ends in wisdom'. Possess this collection and give it to your friends.

NONIE BEERBOHM

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Amateur Archaeologist (Batsford, 1992. £14.99). Stephen Wass, the head of a small village primary school in Northamptonshire, has written an admirable guide. It is designed for the interested layman — there are some 40,000 people involved in some 170 local archaeological societies in Britain. They will find here all the advice they need, superbly illustrated, not least the sage counsel (equally well illustrated): 'Excavating can mean a long time spent in an uncomfortable position'. This is an excellent guide, and well presented.

Elephants. (Simon & Schuster. Ed. Jeheskel Shoshani. £25.00.) In a superbly produced book by several hands, the largest living land mammals are celebrated and minutely described. Their threatened destruction is a world wide cause for concern and the book is planned to coincide with other efforts to avert it. But it is in itself a beautifully produced volume written by authoritative scholars and embellished by the many superb photographs of Frank Knight. The editor, based at the Cranbrook Institute of Science in Michigan, is the founder of the Elephant Interest Group.

The Habit of a Lifetime. (Tabb House. £19.95.) In his 'definitive' autobiography the gifted Father Brocard Sewell describes his several careers — more varied than most men can claim to have pursued — in all of which he achieved distinction. He

does, however, also typically record some failures. In literature he has written sixteen memoirs or biographies, notably *In the Dorian Mode*, the life of the 1890s poet John Gray, and essays on Montague Summers and Olive Custance, the wife of Lord Alfred Douglas. In journalism he directed St. Albert's Press at Aylesford and edited the *Aylesford Review*. In monastic life he has lived in three major religious orders, the Austin Canons, Dominicans and Carmelites, suffering expulsion from Aylesford as the result of 'controversy' with Cardinal Griffin and subsequently five years' exile in Canada at the time of the 'Quebec Libre' upheavals. Four years in the war-time RAF complete the tally. He writes with crystal clarity on contemporary issues, emerging as a wise friend to many.

Idealism and Realism. (Ramblers' Association Services Ltd. £2 inclusive p&p from Longcroft House, Fretherne Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. AL8 6PQ.) The remarkable success of the story of the growth of RAS is told with vigour and clarity by B.S. Roberson, the geographer who was one of the prime movers in its earliest days. He records its place in the history of popular foreign travel in over 45 years, from the immediate post-war 'release' of adventurous people, through a successful foray into holidays by air, to one of the most soundly based travel firms in the UK, without losing anything of the comradely aim of its beginning. There is a lively reminder of its corps of volunteers, alongside attractive narratives of the ups and downs of former tours in Europe and many far-flung places, all carried out in the Ramblers' original exploratory spirit.

Michael Charlton, the widely-experienced foreign correspondent who has made himself an expert on Communist affairs, publishes some of his BBC interviews, in **Footsteps from the Finland Station, Five Landmarks in the Collapse of Communism** (Claridge Press. 1992. £16.95). Here, in their own words, senior Politburo officials, secret police, Roman Catholic Cardinals, Calvinist pastors and Party ideologists, tell from the inside the story of the system's collapse. It took thirty years — from Nikita Khrushchev's secret speech to the Twentieth Party Congress in February 1956 ('The world we are building is a lie'). It was immensely aided by the election of a Polish Pope, with his special experience, intelligence and courage. This is a rich treasure house of opinions, analyses — and verdicts.

Berlin! Berlin! Its Culture, Its Times. (Kyle Cathie Ltd. £18.99.) Many young Europeans know little of Berlin and its history. Michael Farr, chief *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in Germany from 1981 to '87, has written the right book to change that. He takes us from Berlin's unsung beginnings in medieval Brandenburg through the imperialist 1890s and the glamorous city of the 1920s.

Amongst our reviewers are Paul B. Rose, H.M.'s Coroner for the Southern Area of Greater London who, before deciding to leave Parliamentary politics, was Labour MP for Manchester Blackley (1964 to 1979); and Maryanne Traylen who has published a short story in *Foolscap* and has reviewed books for the *Catholic Herald*.

Contemporary Review

126th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

DECEMBER 1992

CONSULTANTS AND CHANGING HEALTH CARE
David Gladstone

WHAT PRICE TRADE UNION REFORM?
Nigel M. Healey

LIBYAN TERRORISM: THE CASE AGAINST GADDAFI
Ronald Bruce St John

ANTHONY TROLLOPE AT CHRISTMAS
Richard Mullen

and other articles together with a nine-page Literary Supplement and a Half-Yearly Index.

£2.20

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

December 1992 Vol. 261 No. 1523 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
Consultants and Changing Health Care	David Gladstone	**281**
What Price Trade Union Reform?	Nigel M. Healey	**288**
Libyan Terrorism: the Case Against Gaddafi	Ronald Bruce St John	**294**
Poem: We Will Remember Them	Ann Lee	**299**
Oxford Examined	Peter Hodgson	**300**
A Festival of Theatre in Moscow	Susan Friesner	**303**
Poem: The Post-War Footballer	Tim Hopkins	**305**
Walter Richard Sickert — Impressionist or Depressionist?	Muriel Julius	**306**
Anthony Trollope at Christmas	Richard Mullen	**309**
From Tutankhamun to Nigel Short: the Story of Chess	Ted Nottingham	**314**
Iris Murdoch — the 'Good' Novelist	Mary Colley	**319**
One Hundred Years of Lizzie Borden	Lewis MacDonald	**323**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		**327**
Paul B. Rose, R. D. Kernohan, Esmond Wright, Richard Whittington-Egan, Richard Mullen, Linda Kirk, Molly Mortimer.		
Shorter Reviews		**334**
Half-Yearly Index		**336**

Editor:
DR. RICHARD MULLEN

Associate Editor:
ANSELMA BRUCE

Literary Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Finance Director:
LEONARD SKIPP

Editorial Advisors:
PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

© 1992 CONTEMPORARY REVIEW (ISSN/0010/7565) is published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co Ltd, 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ.
U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001 Annual subscription price (including postage): U.K. £29.00, U.S.A. and Canada $130.00. Second Class Postage is PAID at Rahway NJ. Rates for all other countries on application Copies can be sent by airmail outside U S. and Canada: extra costs given on request.
U S POSTMASTER: Please send all address corrections to Contemporary Review, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 **incorporating The Fortnightly**

December 1992 **Vol. 261** **No. 1523**

CONSULTANTS AND CHANGING HEALTH CARE

by David Gladstone

CONSULTANTS, for long at the apex of the British health care system, are increasingly finding their privileged position under scrutiny and challenge. This is clearly an issue of importance to the small elite professional group concerned. But it could potentially be the harbinger of more radical reform affecting the nature of medical education and training as well as the way in which health care is delivered. As such its importance may reach far beyond the immediate interests of the consultants themselves.

Consultant dominance of health care processes is an important aspect of the professionalisation of medicine which has taken place in Britain over the past century. As such any discussion of the consultants' future must be set within the medico-political framework of the past. Two historical periods are especially significant.

The first is the growing differentiation within the medical profession that occurred during the nineteenth century. While consultant specialists increased their medical prestige and associated social influence, for many GPs the situation was very different, especially, when as the result of the expansion of medical teaching, the profession became too over stocked for comfort.[1] In such a situation the GP was 'a vulnerable individual in a highly competitive buyer's market'.[2] Meanwhile as physicians and surgeons worked together in the hospitals and co-operated in the medical schools 'the differences between them came to be of somewhat less importance than their common interests as hospital consultants'.[3] It was this group who 'mutually gained in prestige as teaching and research expanded in the new medical schools and hospitals became the centre of medical excellence'.[4] As a result of these developments, the hospital consultants 'began to see themselves and to be seen as a superior elite over against other qualified practitioners':[5] a situation that was reinforced both by numbers and referral patterns.

Even as recently as the outbreak of the Second World War there were only some 3,000 consultants compared with more than 20,000 GPs.[6] But, even more importantly, as the result of a deal between the BMA and the Royal Colleges, 'specialists would not see any private patients except at the request of a customer's GP'.[7] This gave the GP the security of sending their more puzzling patients to a consultant colleague for a second opinion.

But it also meant that consultants 'instead of having to attract their own patients... were able to sit back and await the arrival of those referred by their former pupils or by local doctors who knew of their fame'.[8]

Processes such as these, reinforced by the pattern of medical training and education, created a distinct hierarchy within the medical profession. It was this division within the medical establishment that Aneurin Bevan, as Minister of Health, was to exploit so skilfully in the creation of the National Health Service. It is this period of the 1940s, therefore, which forms the second period of historical significance in considering the evolution of consultant dominance.

The story of GPs' resistance to working in the new NHS is well known. That they did become part of the service on the day appointed for its inauguration — 5 July 1948 — owed much to the compromises and concessions which Bevan negotiated with the consultants. Whereas at the introduction of the National Health insurance scheme:

> in 1912 Lloyd George had aimed to by-pass the elite to get at the humble working doctor; Bevan used the elite to capture the GP. In effect he bought off ('stuffed their mouths with gold' were his words) the consultants and used them as a counter weight to break down the resistance of the BMA.[9]

Not only because of their political usefulness but also because they were the elite corps whose willing participation was regarded by Bevan as fundamental to the image of the NHS as a first class service 'they were offered many fresh inducements without being expected to sacrifice too many of their privileges'.[10] These included part time contracts for consultants who were also to have their own pay beds in hospitals for private patients. Not only were consultants guaranteed high earnings from the public service, they were also able to maintain private practice and the virtual monopoly of distinction awards that accompanied it. The NHS may have offered a new deal in health care to the British people, but its creation represented a significant accommodation between the interests of civil society and the power especially of a small elite sector of the medical profession.

In the 1940s it seemed that consultants had achieved a powerful political attestation for their position at the apex of the health care system. That situation was itself reinforced by important innovations in medical technology in successive decades which gave hospital medicine a pre-eminent position — not least financially — within the NHS. How is it then that the consultants' future looks much less secure in the early 1990s? There are a number of factors which help to explain it.

The first is the increased emphasis on managerial accountability and responsibility introduced into the NHS during the 1980s. This process is perhaps best exemplified by the introduction — following the 1983 Griffiths Report — of general managers into the Health Service, charged with responsibility for the efficient use of resources. But there are other indicators of the same process: the 'limited list' of drugs for NHS prescriptions, the introduction of a wide variety of measures such as performance indicators and quality adjusted life years (QALYs) and the emphasis on information technology in the 1989 NHS White Paper which, again,

provides the opportunity 'to extend managerial control over professional behaviour with the object of securing better value for money'.[11] All these procedures and processes reflect the interest of a government concerned with reducing the level of public expenditure and a view of doctors 'progressively typecast in the role of careless users of resources'.[12] Not surprisingly, therefore, clinicians in hospital practice have increasingly been brought by management into resource-use decision making processes either as members of committees concerned with resource allocation or as budget holders directly accountable to a unit general manager.

Management accountability may represent one contemporary challenge to the consultants' status. Another comes from the articulate consumer. In recent times, it has been suggested, the consumer voice has taken a variety of different forms: a concern with ineffective or even harmful drug supply (e.g. thalidomide), a positive commitment to greater individual responsibility in matters of health (a recurrent theme of self help groups and an integral part of the rhetoric of government policy over the last ten years or more: the publication in July 1992 of *The Nation's Health* merely continues that trend), 'a vigorous neo-liberal challenge to professional monopoly as inhibiting informed consumer choice,[13] as well as the challenge from the dis-satisfied patient represented by the marked increase in the number of complaints about the quality of medical care.

The Patient's Charter, an idea much promoted by John Major, with its emphasis on quality of service merely continues that emerging trend with its provision of yardsticks and guarantees. This too may impact directly on clinical practice, as one vision of the future expresses it.

> Clear thinking about what you are producing and monitoring of the results as demanded under the Citizen's Charter presumes some concept of the 'output' of the organisation... Before long the Department of Health will find itself managing a series of independent trusts and budget holders, all of whom have selected measurable and achievable output strategies; and without any orders being given down from the top the NHS will quietly have changed from trying to do everything to doing only what it can measurably do best.[14]

The remaining challenges to the consultants' position are medical, legal and financial.

The influential report on London health care produced earlier this year by the King's Fund Commission envisages a shift away from traditional style acute hospitals towards an enhanced role for primary care in matters of health promotion, care and treatment. As the Audit Commission's 1992 report indicated, developments in medical technology are already altering the nature of medical practice. 'The rapid development of minimally invasive methods of diagnosis and treatment,... less toxic anasthesia (and) developments in pharmaceuticals' have all made possible a shift away from surgery into primary care and enhanced the possibilities for short-stay, day-case treatment.[15] In consequence, 'in-patient hospital stays will be progressively reduced for many categories of patient, leaving longer stays in acute hospitals beds increasingly the sphere of cases presenting with complex multiple pathologies'.[16]

Where secondary (hospital) care is seen as a resource 'explicitly organised to enhance the capacity and support the work of primary health care

practitioners',[17] the implication is a not inconsiderable challenge to the traditional power relationships within the medical profession and to the century-old established referral pattern between general practitioners and hospital-based consultants. But medical changes of this sort are occurring at the same time as legal challenges to consultant status, a debate which sets the issue of medical manpower in a European context.

The 1975 European Community Medical Directive governing the mutual recognition of qualifications came into force in 1977 and was designed to ensure that fully qualified doctors, whether general practitioners or specialists, could practice anywhere in the European community. But 'Perfidious Albion soon worked out ways in which continental specialists would be recognised but not accredited. In spite of the introduction of European certificates of specialist training, the NHS and private health insurers continued to rely on UK certificates of specialist accreditation awarded by the Royal Colleges'.[18]

Meanwhile, the details of those UK practitioners who hold the European certificate of specialist training are, under Standing Orders of the General Medical Council, held on cards which are kept private and confidential. These processes are now under challenge both in the European Commission (the case of Uccio Queroi della Rovere) and in the British legal system where Dr. Anthony Goldstein has recently been granted leave to seek to prove that Britain was in breach of European law in relation to the system of specialist accreditation. The Department of Health has instituted a review under the chairmanship of Dr. Kenneth Calman, the Chief Medical Officer, to advise health ministers on the action needed to harmonise UK regulations with EC law. But already, it has been suggested, that 'the Royal Colleges and the General Medical Council should prepare themselves for reform. Their monopoly days are over'.[19]

Superimposed on all the challenges to consultant status which I have reviewed so far was the announcement in early September 1992 of an investigation to be carried out by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission (MMC) over possible 'price fixing' in the fees charged for private medical treatment. Much in line with the American health insurance industry's concern with escalating treatment costs, the central feature of the first British investigation into the private medical sector is the guideline published by the BMA which sets recommended fee rates for medical and surgical procedures. While the BMA insists that they offer guidance and not recommendations, the Office of Fair Trading has pointed out that:

> If these are adhered to by a significant proportion of consultant doctors, they may effect the nature of competition and the level of fees in the market for the supply of private medical services.[20]

The report of this investigation is due to be presented to the President of the Board of Trade within twelve months. Like the contemporaneous legal actions, the MMC investigation raises pertinent questions about the operation of restrictive practices within the medical profession. While they may 'protect the prestige and income of consultants' one assessment has concluded, 'they are good neither for the rest of the profession nor for the patients they serve'.[21]

It seems unlikely that the consultants' future will be as privileged and powerful as their past. Managerial reforms and changing medical procedures have already established that; and as I have shown other processes of change are also at work.

For the future, three issues seem to be especially important: the location of specialist care, the nature of the specialist task and the related matter of education and training.

My earlier discussion based on the King's Fund Report suggested a new balance between primary and secondary health care sectors. While not suggesting the abandonment of hospital medicine, its future role will be more circumscribed.

> In the twenty-first century diagnosis, investigation, treatment and care which require the use of expensive equipment and a range of highly skilled personnel will take place in acute care hospitals and day care centres. The primary health care team will need to draw on this kind of specialist help for people for whom outcomes are better when treated by teams with specialist skills — such as major traumas or certain cancers or where treatments or investigations use expensive equipment.[22]

What this suggests is that while there will be a certain similarity between present hospital populations and those in the future, they will not be identical. As a consequence the role of hospital medicine may well be more specific, with the consultant specialist as one of a team providing expertise and treatment. Educational programmes, therefore, *inter alia* must include training specifically directed towards inter-personal relations and the dynamics of multi-professionals working in partnership.

There also needs to be greater clarity about the nature of the specialist task. At present it is an amalgam of diverse elements: clinical, management, academic and training. To what degree might it be possible for individuals, by contractual agreement with Health Authorities or Trust employers, to be responsible for different aspects of this growing diversity, within a single specialist grade; perhaps at different stages in their personal career development? A rationalisation of this sort, with the accompanying changes in training programmes, could begin to address the increasing service, training, academic and managerial demands on hospital specialist manpower.

Underlying both the aspects so far discussed, is the related issue of education and training. As the Chief Medical Officer at the Department of Health has recently pointed out, 'The continued high quality of the services provided to patients inside and outside the NHS depends largely upon our capacity to continue to educate and train doctors to the highest possible standards'.[23]

This issue has received particular attention in recent proposals advanced by the Junior Doctors Committee of the BMA and the Hospital Doctors Association. Arguing for the harmonisation of UK and EC specialist certification, they propose that it should be awarded to those who have successfully completed a specified duration of training involving a programme of education and clinical experience with clearly defined objectives, supervision and assessment. But equally important in their proposal, and currently receiving the support of several of the Royal Colleges, is the

idea that the length of training should be reduced. A period of between six and eight years is envisaged compared to the average ten to fifteen years which it currently takes for a graduate in medicine to become a consultant. In relation to other European countries, it has been suggested that, the British training system for hospital doctors is 'wasteful and corrupt because it allows so many to train so hard and so long in an effort to become one of the few. And while undergoing the longest training period in Europe, the UK's junior doctors are expected to provide a top grade service with little supervision'.[24] Such a reform of the training system designed to supply fully qualified specialists within a shorter time would clearly increase the number of specialists available. So too would the publication of the private list currently held by the GMC of those UK practitioners who are qualified by means of the European certificate of specialist training.

By whatever means their numbers are increased, any significant addition to the specialist cadre could have important implications for both the public and private sectors of health care. Private fees were initially set at a premium to attract consultants when skills were scarce. By the simple law of supply and demand it would be expected that any significant increase in the supply of specialists would reduce the price levels to private insurers, assuming that no impediment existed to free market conditions. Meanwhile, in the public sector, increasing numbers of specialists could speed referral between GP and the hospital sector and shorten the hospital waiting times for surgical procedures. The question which needs to be addressed is whether a system of medical manpower structured on 'an eighteenth century guild model... that rests on apprenticeship, patronage and promotion by preferment'[25] should stand in the way of creating the conditions for change and offering better value for money in health care to both tax payers and patients alike?

REFERENCES
1. Roy Porter (1987). *Disease, Medicine and Society in England 1550-1860.* p.53.
2. *ibid.* p.54.
3. Margaret Stacey (1988). *The Sociology of Health and Healing.* p.83.
4. *ibid.*
5. *ibid.*
6. Donald Gould (1992). 'Though many are called, few are chosen'. *New Scientist,* 25 April, p.47.
7. *ibid.*
8. *ibid.*
9. Derek Fraser (1984). *The Evolution of the British Welfare State.* p.235.
10. Charles Webster (1988). *The Health Services since the War.* Vol. I, p.305.
11. Mary Ann Elston (1991). 'The Politics of Professional Power: Medicine in a Changing Health Service'. In Jonathon Gabe et al (eds.) *The Sociology of the Health Services.* p.58.
12. C. Davies (1987). 'Viewpoint: things to come; the NHS in the next decade'. *Sociology of Health and Illness,* volume 9.
13. Elston (1991). *Op cit.* p.78.
14. Eamonn Butler (1992). 'Government and Opposition: Views on the Strategy for Healthcare in Britain over the next five years'. Keynote address to IHR Conference on 'Competition and Profitability in the Healthcare Insurance Industry', 12-13 May.

15. King's Fund Commission (1992). *London Health Care 2010*, p.72.
16. *ibid.*
17. *ibid*, p.76.
18. Malcolm Dean (1992). 'European Doctors at the Gate'. *The Lancet*, September 12, p.660.
19. *ibid, The Independent*, 9 September.
20. Cited, *The Independent*, 9 September.
21. Editorial (1992). 'The Doctor's Dilemma', *The Times*, 2 March.
22. King's Fund Commission *op cit.*, p.79.
23. Press statement (1992). Chief Medical Officer, Department of Health. 9 September, para. 11.
24. Editorial (1992). 'Time to exercise career secrecy'. *Hospital Doctor*, July.
25. Malcolm Dean (1992). *Op cit.*

[David Gladstone is a lecturer in Social Policy at the University of Bristol.]

WHAT PRICE TRADE UNION REFORM?

by Nigel M. Healey

REFORM of the labour market has been a central plank of the post-1979 Conservative Government's economic programme. Ministers charge trades unions with inhibiting the flexible operation of the labour market by bidding for unrealistic wage increases, thereby 'pricing their members out of jobs'. Perhaps more significantly, unions are also accused of inhibiting the private sector investment that is essential for Britain's longer term economic success. This article outlines the Government's legislative reforms of the labour market since 1979 and critically examines their rationale, casting doubt upon the extent to which they have contributed to an improvement in the economy's long-term growth prospects.

Since 1979, a series of statutes has placed restrictions on trade union activity, in order, according to a Treasury statement in 1986, to: 'reduce the monopoly power of the trade unions... (and so) create a climate in which realistic pay bargaining and acceptance of flexible working practices become the norm'. The Conservative Government has targeted two aspects of trades unions in particular: first, their ability to undertake strike action, which has historically been protected from normal laws of contract by specific legislation (i.e., an employer is entitled to sue an individual worker who withdraws his or her labour for breach of contract, but a trade union is legally immune from such sanctions when it takes industrial action); and secondly, their right to enforce a 'closed shop' (an arrangement whereby all employees within a company must belong to a recognised trade union).

With regard to strikes and other forms of industrial action, the legislation has gradually restricted the circumstances under which trades unions are entitled to immunity from prosecution by companies that are adversely affected by their actions. The 1980 Employment Act, for example, restricted picketing to an individual's place of employment, thereby making secondary picketing unlawful. Consequently, strikers picketing at locations other than their own workplace are now liable to civil action for interfering with employment or commercial contracts. The 1980 Act also restricted the legality of other forms of secondary industrial action, such as the 'blacking' of goods; action must be confined to a direct customer or supplier of the employer with whom the union is in dispute.

The 1982 Employment Act tightened up the definition of a 'trade dispute' (i.e., industrial action immune from civil action). It specified that a trade dispute must be between workers and their employer. Furthermore, it required that a trade dispute must 'wholly or mainly' relate to employment matters, preventing unions from mounting the sort of political strikes which had enabled the miners to severely affect industrial production in the early 1970s. The 1982 Act also enabled trades unions to be sued in their own names, so that union funds were placed directly at risk. It laid

down that a union would be liable for unlawful industrial action authorised or endorsed by a responsible person from the union concerned, although limits were placed on the damages courts could award.

The 1984 Trade Union Act restricted a union's immunity to cases in which industrial action has been formally approved in advance by the union members concerned. It provided that a union would lose its immunity unless it had first obtained majority support from its members — via a secret ballot — before authorising, or endorsing, industrial action. This was followed by the 1988 Employment Act, which gave union members the right to apply for a court order restraining their union from organising industrial action in the absence of a ballot approving such action. The 1988 Act also prohibited unions from disciplining their members for failing to take part in industrial action.

A second dimension to legislation relating to trade unions concerned statutory support for the closed shop, which was gradually removed during the 1980s. The 1980 Employment Act extended the grounds on which employees could object to union membership and tried to protect existing employees when a closed shop was introduced. It became unfair for an employer to dismiss staff for non-membership of a union, provided they could show they had conscientious or deeply-held personal reasons for not wishing to join or had been engaged before a closed shop agreement was concluded. The 1980 Act also attempted to ensure that future closed shops would only come into existence with the overwhelming support of the employees affected. It stipulated that if any new closed shop agreement was not approved of by at least 80 per cent of those to be covered by it, it would be unfair for the employer concerned to dismiss anyone for not being a union member.

The 1982 Employment Act sought to encourage periodic reviews of existing closed shops. It made it unfair for an employer to dismiss anyone for non-membership of a union, unless a closed shop agreement had been supported by 80 per cent of affected employees in a secret ballot within the previous five years. The 1982 Act also substantially increased the level of compensation payable to those unfairly dismissed in a closed shop situation.

The 1988 Employment Act gave increased protection to employers and employees against the operation of closed shops. It repealed the earlier provisions that had permitted dismissal for non-membership of a union where an 'approved' closed shop was in operation, thereby making dismissal for non-membership of a union automatically unfair. It also removed all legal immunity for industrial action taken by a union to force an employer to create or maintain any sort of closed shop practice.

Finally, the 1990 Employment Act made it unlawful for employers to deny applicants a job because they were not union members. The 1990 Act also outlawed all secondary industrial action by making a union legally liable when it takes action against any customer or supplier of the employer with whom it is in dispute. In addition, the Act made unions legally responsible for unofficial strikes called by shop stewards or any lay

officer — when industrial action is organised by any union official (full-time or part-time), the action will either have to be put to the test of a secret ballot or be repudiated in writing by the union concerned. Lastly, the Act enabled employers to selectively dismiss workers taking unofficial industrial action.

The results of this legislative onslaught on the trade union movement have undoubtedly been profound. Although it is difficult to disentangle the effects of the new laws (which have tended to reduce the benefits of union membership to individual workers) from those resulting from structural economic change (which have altered the composition of the employed labour force, creating female, part-time jobs at the expense of traditional, full-time manual employment), the fact remains that between 1979-92, union density[1] fell dramatically from almost 60% to 45%. Although the Conservative Government has never suggested that it actively sought this outcome, the decline in union membership has nevertheless played a major part in altering the balance of power in the industrial relations arena, over and above the direct impact of the legislation itself.

The Government's new legal framework for wage bargaining has also contributed to a marked fall in the number of days lost through industrial disputes. Although there was a sudden surge during the protracted and highly divisive miners' strike of 1984-85, the underlying trend since 1979 appears to have been firmly downwards.

However, the ultimate objectives of the Government's reforms were not to reduce either union density or strike activity *per se*, but to increase the flexibility of the labour market and thereby strengthen the underlying performance of the economy. As noted above, the logic underpinning the Government's assault on the union movement was that it was responsible for demanding excessive wage claims and inhibiting the introduction of new processes and production techniques wherever these threatened the jobs of union members.

To consider each in turn, the link between trades unions, inflation and unemployment has always been controversial. Between 1960 and 1979, incomes policies (either statutory or voluntary) were in almost continuous operation in the belief that monopolistic trades unions were able to push through wage increases unmatched by higher productivity, thereby adding to inflation. Since 1979, the Government has refused to 'validate' excessive wage increases, by pursuing tight fiscal and monetary policies that have forced employers to choose between paying higher wages and staying in business. Those that have submitted to unions' demands have (according to this view) either gone to the wall or been forced to shed labour in an effort to contain their wage bills. Trades unions, accordingly, have in recent years become the scapegoats for the higher unemployment, rather than the higher inflation, that their 'unrealistic' wage bargaining is alleged to cause.

However, just as it was always possible to argue that, during the inflationary 1970s, unions were responding passively to higher inflation (by demanding wage rises to compensate for the erosion of their members'

living standards), rather than actively driving the inflationary process forward, so it is equally legitimate to assert that unions cannot be held responsible for today's unemployment. The inflationary boom of the late 1980s and the deflationary recession of the early 1990s were both unequivocally the products of mismanaged government policy. Just as wage increases take time to catch up with a sudden surge in inflation (which is why unemployment falls during a boom), so there is a delay before they slow down during a deflationary period. But such institutional inertia, which is also present within the non-unionised sector, cannot meaningfully be blamed for the unemployment that results from the cynical manipulation of the business cycle for political motives. This unemployment, quite clearly, must be laid firmly at the door of the Government.

The charge that unions inhibit structural change is, on the surface, more difficult to refute. The trade union movement in Britain has historically been 'craft-based', with workers joining unions that cover their particular occupation (e.g., printing or engineering). The monopoly power of an individual trade union thus consists in its power to control labour of a specific functional type. For example, a nationally-based engineering union can bargain with employers from a very powerful base, since companies will find it difficult to recruit qualified engineering workers who are not union members.

It is clear that such a union structure may militate against structural change. Research and development as well as capital investment strengthen the economy by improving productivity; that is, by changing the way that people work in ways that increase output per head, but at the cost of changes in the demand for different types of labour. For example, the computerisation of newspaper typesetting, which allows journalists to type their stories into a computer that automatically sets up the printing presses, was a great advance over the old system, which required print workers to assemble plates of individual letters from the journalists' draft typescript.

This technological innovation dramatically improved both labour productivity and technical quality in the newspaper industry, but by fundamentally altering the functional nature of the jobs involved, its introduction proved very disruptive, culminating in the protracted and bitter 'Wapping' dispute between the print workers' union and the Murdoch newspaper company in the mid-1980s.

Part of the difficulty stemmed from the fact that the computerisation of the print-setting operation in the newspaper business transformed what had been a manual job done by skilled print workers — represented by their own craft union — into a job which could be done directly by journalists, supported by electrical engineers to maintain the new equipment. The print workers' union was thus bound to defend the position of its members against the effects of the changes which, given the intransigence of the employer concerned, resulted in prolonged strike action.

The Conservative Government's argument is, therefore, that since economic growth necessarily involves continuously re-defining workers' jobs

and functional responsibilities, old craft-based trades unions which have a duty to protect the jobs of their membership from structural change inhibit research and investment in new products and processes. Ministers point to the temporary surge in labour productivity, which accelerated to almost five per cent per annum during the 1980s following a period of stagnation in the previous decade, as evidence that by restoring the 'power to manage' to employers, their legislative reforms had allowed wasteful over-manning to be eliminated and new, labour-saving technologies to be introduced. Anecdotal stories certainly abound of the 'new realism' in industrial relations, with unions reportedly fighting to sign innovative 'single union' deals which embody complete labour flexibility.

An alternative interpretation of the Government's labour market reforms, however, is that while they have indeed succeeded in creating a more flexible labour market, in the sense that unions are now much weakened and it is very much easier for employers to hire and fire staff, this 'success' may ultimately prove counterproductive in terms of the economy's longer term growth prospects. For although the legislation has tilted the balance of industrial relations in favour of employers, allowing them to tear up demarcation agreements and drive through a raft of productivity-improving changes in work practices that would have formerly been resisted by unions, it has also reduced the incentive for firms to invest in their own staff.

The outcome of a decade of legislative reform has been, in effect, to create a more vibrant 'external labour market', in which employers buy and sell labour amongst each other; that is, the national and regional labour pools into which firms dip whenever they are short of staff and into which they pour unwanted employees. The unintended and unwelcome corollary, however, has been a withering of the 'internal labour market'; that is, the 'in-house' pool of labour which firms manage via training, staff development and the redeployment of staff. The weaker employer-union relations and the more liberal employment law, the less is the incentive for firms to retain and retrain staff and the easier it is to resort to the external labour market.

In Germany, for example, where the trade union movement is much stronger and where government legislation makes hiring and firing more difficult, internal labour markets are well developed. In Japan, lifetime employment contracts are commonplace. With employers prepared to retrain and upgrade the skills of their existing workforce in both countries, rather than discarding them in favour of better qualified outsiders whenever job specifications change, there is no necessary conflict between job security and structural change; and, by implication, between union membership and structural change.

More serious, perhaps, is the fact that a strong external labour market militates against national investment in training and education. Firms have little incentive to pay for training if its workers are likely to move on after completion of expensive courses. Each company recognises that it is more cost-effective to wait for their competitors to train staff and then 'poach'

qualified employees by paying slightly above the going market wage for skilled jobs. Herein lies a fallacy of composition: what is true of the parts is not true of the whole. If each firm cuts expenditure on training and relies increasingly on the external labour market, the national pool of skilled labour will inexorably dry up.

This is precisely what has happened in Britain since 1979. On almost all measures of human capital acquisition, Britain now compares unfavourably with the other major economies. Britain has the lowest proportion of 16-24 year olds in further education and the least educated managerial class of all the major industrial economies. At an economy-wide level, British firms collectively undertrain staff, damaging their longer-term competitiveness. This growing weakness in the economy was highlighted during the boom of the late 1980s by the percentage of firms reporting that their expansion was constrained by their inability to recruit skilled staff, which rose to a peak of almost 30 per cent — ten times Continental levels.

In other words, while the Government's legislation has allowed firms to rationalise methods of production, thereby yielding a temporary surge in productivity growth as wasteful demarcation arrangements were scrapped, these short-term gains have been bought at the cost of weakened long-term growth prospects. The increased strength of the external labour market, so long an objective of Conservative Government policy, is paradoxically exacerbating the 'great British training scandal'.

To conclude, the Government's far-reaching reforms of the labour market have clearly been successful in a political sense, insofar as they have proved electorally popular. The 'winter of discontent' in 1978-79 appears to have done lasting damage to the image of the union movement and there is little popular support for the wholesale repeal of the Government's new legislation. In an economic sense, the legislation has been less obviously successful. It is disingenuous in the extreme to argue, as the Government frequently does, that unions cause unemployment by 'pricing their members out of jobs', since unions are simply demanding cost-of-living increases to compensate for the inflation that the Government was elected to control. More seriously, while its reforms have contributed to a greatly strengthened external labour market, this prize of greater labour market 'flexibility' has been bought at the cost of a weakened internal labour market. Far from encouraging firms to see their staff as human resources to be managed and developed, the Government's reforms have reinforced the view that labour is a commodity to be dispassionately bought and sold for short-term profit, a development that bodes ill for the country's longer term economic vitality.

NOTE

1. Union density is defined as the percentage of employed workers eligible for membership of a trade union who actually exercise this right and join a union.

[Nigel M. Healey, lecturer in Economics at the University of Leicester, is the author of several books on economic policy.]

LIBYAN TERRORISM: THE CASE AGAINST GADDAFI

by Ronald Bruce St John

FREEDOM fighter or terrorist? Prophet or common criminal? The recently imposed United Nations sanctions against Libya again focus attention on an issue which has troubled the world for more than two decades. The evidence implicating the Gaddafi government in the bombings of Pan Am Flight 103 in 1988 and a UTA DC-10 in 1989 is extensive albeit not conclusive. At the same time, there is considerable reason to believe the Libyan government has been a consistent supporter of state-sponsored terrorism for more than two decades. Equally important, there is little evidence today of any real change in the policies it has single-mindedly pursued since coming to power in 1969.

Evidence of anti-Western feeling surfaced in Libya in the 1960s, but the revolutionary government led by Muammar Gaddafi was the first to develop and articulate an Arab nationalist ideology. From the outset, Gaddafi was the Arab nationalist *par excellence* preaching a radical, uncompromising form of Arab nationalism which glorified Arab history and culture. Libya became the heart, the vanguard, and the hope of the Arab nation and thus the custodian of Arab nationalism.

Gaddafi soon developed a theoretical foundation for his version of Arab nationalism which he called the Third Universal Theory. In effect, this was an attempt to develop a practical alternative to communism and capitalism which Gaddafi found unsuitable to the Arab environment. He based his global theory on the twin pillars of nationalism and religion which he argued were the paramount drives moving history and mankind. Since Arab nationalism had especially deep roots in the ancient past, Gaddafi concluded that it was the duty of the Arab nation, led by Libya, to convey the Third Universal Theory to the world.

After the 1969 revolution, the Palestinian issue became the focal point for Libyan foreign policy with bilateral and multilateral relations generally defined in terms of how other states approached this question. In rejecting the state of Israel, the revolutionary government was in reality rejecting the prevailing international system. Although Libyan *jihad* or holy war aimed at a radical solution to the Palestinian question, its broader concern was the establishment of a new world order based on the ideas outlined in the Third Universal Theory.

Given his commitment to Arab nationalism, it is not surprising that Gaddafi endorsed the common Arab viewpoint on the Palestinian issue. He saw *jihad* as the requisite tool to achieve freedom of action and social justice inside and outside Libya. As to the source of evil, Gaddafi initially viewed communism and capitalism with equal concern; but he later concentrated on capitalism as the most serious threat. He argued frequently that any action, diplomatic, economic, or military, which helped liberate the world from capitalism could rightly be viewed as an integral part of *jihad*.

Within a year, the revolutionary government of Libya began to give practical expression to this emphasis on holy war. It established a 'Jihad Fund' whose stated purpose was to support the armed struggle to liberate usurped Arab territories from Zionist control. It also created an Islamic Call Society to educate and support Muslim missionaries. Within a decade, missionaries trained at the centre were reportedly working in over thirty countries. At the end of the 1970s, the so-called Islamic Legion, partially composed of mercenaries from the Sahel and the Sahara, made its first public appearance. Its official aim was to support the Palestinian struggle together with Islamic movements fighting against oppression. More recently, Gaddafi has formed a shadowy group called the Pan-Arab Command with the declared purpose of combating American influence around the world.

While Gaddafi's concept of *jihad* found its most practical expression in support for the Palestinian movement, his regime also extended assistance to a wide variety of other organizations engaged in self-styled wars of national liberation. The Libyan government was soon providing material support to a wide range of dissident groups which included minority Muslims in the Philippines, the Irish Republican Army, and militant black groups in the United States. The resulting diplomatic furore eventually led to a reduced public commitment to some of these organizations; however, solid evidence of ongoing support for guerrilla-cum-terrorist groups has continued to accumulate over the years.

In response to the adverse publicity, Gaddafi later attempted to distinguish between terrorism, which he claimed to reject, and revolutionary violence, which he openly advocated. Not surprisingly, these efforts at differentiation were largely unsuccessful as Gaddafi repeatedly blurred the distinctions he hoped to make. When a series of attacks on Libyan dissidents in Europe raised a public outcry, for example, Gaddafi told the General People's Congress in Tripoli that Libya had the right to liquidate any opponent to its revolution in or out of the country. Comparing Libyan dissidents in Europe to members of the Red Army Faction, the Red Brigades, and the Irish Republican Army, he indicated that his government would continue to support such groups as long as European governments protected opponents to his regime.

In the second half of the 1980s, the inconsistencies in the Libyan position on terrorism were increasingly apparent. In the immediate aftermath of the December, 1985 terrorist attacks on the Rome and Vienna airports, for example, Gaddafi repeatedly contradicted himself in terms of both the legality and effectiveness of such actions. In the process, he blurred beyond recognition any reasonable distinction between the Libyan definitions of terrorism and wars of national liberation. In the following year, the General People's Congress added to the confusion when it announced the creation of suicide commandos to attack the worldwide interests of the United States and Israel. About the same time, the Libyan government hosted an International Conference for Combating Imperialism, Zionism, Racism and Fascism. Meeting in Tripoli, the conference elected Gaddafi leader of the world revolution of progressive forces and called for the

creation of an international revolutionary force.

In the spring of 1987, after suffering a humiliating military defeat in Chad, the Libyan government stepped up its support for so-called wars of national liberation. In apparent retaliation for the assistance provided to the Chadian government by France and the United States, the South Pacific region became a new focus for revolutionary support. In an address to a conference on anti-colonialism in the South Pacific, Gaddafi accused the Western nations of turning the region into an area of conflict and strife and called on the revolutionary groups located there to fight for their freedom. At the time, the Libyan government was reportedly providing military or other support to the East Timor Liberation Movement, the Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front (New Caledonia), and the Free Papua Movement (Irian Jaya) as well as to Muslim guerrillas in the Philippines. Libya also tried in the latter half of the 1980s to establish diplomatic or commercial links with Fiji, Tonga and the Solomon Islands.

Elsewhere in Asia, evidence of Libyan involvement in the domestic affairs of local governments continued to surface. Indonesian army officials charged that 140 rebels from the westernmost province of Aceh had received military training in Libya. The rebels were believed to be members of the *Aceh Merdeka* (Free Aceh), a separatist group that has been campaigning for a Muslim state in Aceh since the mid-1970s. A few months later, the Libyan government denied involvement in a riot by thousands of Shiite Muslims in southern Thailand. It acknowledged that it had granted educational scholarships to Thai Muslims but rejected the more serious charge of providing training in sabotage and terrorism. Most recently, a three-man Libyan team, posing as academics, reportedly held clandestine meetings with the outlawed Communist Party of the Philippines.

Elsewhere, the Libyan government provided financial assistance to selected Latin American states in addition to more militant support to a variety of guerrilla organizations in countries like Guatemala, Mexico, and Peru. In early 1987, the government of Surinam deported a Libyan diplomat who was allegedly trying to set up a training camp for French Guyanan separatists. At the same time, the Gaddafi regime continued its long-term efforts to undermine the governments of Africa. In recent years, Libya has been implicated in destabilization attempts in Kenya (1987), Benin (1988), Burundi (1989), and Ethiopia (1990).

The United States government in March 1990 renewed charges made in 1988 that Libya was manufacturing chemical weapons at a plant located in the Libyan desert at Rabta. Libya responded that it was fully committed to all international agreements banning the use of chemical weapons and stated that it was ready to co-operate with international initiatives in this direction. The dispute led to a sharp exchange between the United States and West German governments over a claim by the former, which proved true, that West German companies had helped to construct the plant. A West German businessman involved in building the suspected poison gas plant was subsequently sentenced to a five year prison term.

In a bizarre episode, Gaddafi claimed credit in the spring of 1990 for

the release by a radical Palestinian group, the Fatah Revolutionary Council or Abu Nidal Group, of three European hostages held for several years. The French press later reported that the hostages had originally been seized by the Libyan navy and that Gaddafi had then asked the Abu Nidal group to claim responsibility. Portraying their release as a humanitarian gesture, Gaddafi warned of more hostage taking if Israel and the Western countries refused to release Arab prisoners. A few weeks later, the United States government accused Libya of direct involvement in an unsuccessful attack on Israel calling it a clear example of state-sponsored terrorism. The Abu Nidal Group later claimed responsibility for the raid.

The Libyan government has also been linked since the early 1970s to alleged attempts to build a nuclear bomb. In the fall of 1991, Libya denied a charge made by the Indian ambassador to the United Nations that it had sought to buy nuclear weapons technology from India in the late 1970s. In turn, the Libyan foreign minister pledged that Libya would not take advantage of the disintegration of the Soviet Union to lure Soviet nuclear scientists to Libya. He added that Libya had no nuclear programme and saw no need for one. In the face of such denials, the Gaddafi regime was reported, less than one month later, to have twice offered jobs to two such nuclear scientists. Reports have continued to surface in Europe and the United States that Libya is offering Soviet nuclear scientists large sums of money to work on a nuclear project near Sirte.

Finally, evidence discovered in 1990 suggests that Libyan intelligence agents could have assembled and planted the bomb which destroyed Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland. In addition, similar techniques and explosives appear to have been used in the 1989 bombing of the UTA DC-10 over Niger. As a result, the United Nations Security Council asked the Libyan government to surrender two Libyan agents thought to have been involved in the Pan Am attack, offer solid proof that it had renounced terrorism, and co-operate in the investigation of the four Libyans suspected of involvement in the bombing of the UTA flight. The Libyan response was an unsatisfactory mixture of bluster, condescension, and guile.

The United Nations then imposed a series of relatively mild sanctions on Libya which included an embargo on arm sales, the suspension of airline travel, and a reduction in Libyan diplomatic personnel stationed abroad. But no action was taken to restrict sales of Libyan oil, the life-blood of the nation's economy. In consequence, the impact of the present sanctions on the Libyan government remains in doubt as does its total role in both terrorist incidents. As many observers have emphasized, considerable evidence exists to suggest that other states or organizations were also probably involved. In any case, the ongoing investigation, whatever its eventual outcome, should not be allowed to obscure the prolonged participation of the Gaddafi regime in state-sponsored terrorism.

Over the last two decades, the Libyan government has armed, financed, trained, and provided safe haven to members of various dissident, insurgent, and terrorist groups. In so doing, Gaddafi has seldom differentiated between separatist groups, liberation movements, terrorist outfits, and individuals

with no real power base or ideology other than self-aggrandizement. It has generally been enough that they opposed the existing international system. Opposition to the current world order remains a cornerstone of contemporary Libyan foreign policy. Until that changes, it will be difficult to place any real credence in the occasional Libyan renunciation of terrorism, terrorist acts, or terrorist activities.

[Ronald Bruce St John is the author of *Gaddafi's World Design: Libyan Foreign Policy, 1969-1987* (1987) and the *Historical Dictionary of Libya* (1991).]

In the January number of the *Contemporary Review* Rachel Falconer, who taught for two years in the Department of Philosophy at Prague University, surveys the *Theatre in Prague, Past and Present* and Lucy Beckett, head of the Sixth Form at Ampleforth College in Yorkshire, asks *What is Education?*

POEM

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

ENISKILLEN 1987 — 11 am — 11th NOVEMBER

The day was overcast
We remember our dead of long ago
Those brave men who gave their lives
So we could be free generation after generation

Free to kill and maim
To distort the very freedom they fought for

Then came the hour, many people gathered
On that cold Sunday morning
Bringing with them memories of Fathers
Brothers, Husbands and Sons
A generation lost but never forgotten

The time ticked on .....

Noise, dust and debris entered that street
Then came the silence
Death came to Eniskillen that day

Seconds later the screaming started
Not only from those engulfed by the blast
But screams from a time long ago
From spirits that refused to die

Oh Lord these people will not silence us
Not with their bombs or guns or fear
We will survive this Hell
They try to take away our very light
Our brightness will never shine again

It brings new meaning to the words

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM .....

Ann Lee

Eleven people were killed when the IRA exploded a bomb at Eniskillen during Remembrance Day Service.

OXFORD EXAMINED

by Peter Hodgson

EVERY few years it falls to the lot of a university teacher to become an examiner. It is not, I must confess, my favourite occupation, but it gives a keen insight into an aspect of university life that receives very little publicity and yet is closer to the heart of the university than the inane frolics that are considered worthy of the front pages of the national press.

This year I was asked to set and mark one of the mathematics papers that is taken at the end of the first year physics course. The examination was held one afternoon in June, in the Sports Centre up the Iffley Road, because there is no room in the Examination Schools in the High. It was due to start at 2.30, so as invigilator I arrived soon after two, in gown and hood, to find the Clerk of the Schools and his deputy already checking that all was ready. At about 2.15 they opened the parcel containing the question papers and put one on each of the desks arranged in serried rows in what is usually the gym.

We decided to let the candidates in at 2.25 to enable them to get settled in time for the beginning of the paper. The doors are opened and they stream in, dressed in the regulation *sub-fusc* of dark suit, white bow-tie under a black gown. It is often quite hot in the Sports Centre on a summer afternoon, but I was glad to find that it was reasonably cool. Nevertheless the candidates are allowed to remove their gowns and jackets. Just before 2.30 I tell them that they can start writing.

This is the moment to make sure that all candidates are present. The Clerk scans the desks and five minutes into the examination I can record in the log book 'All Candidates present'. This is a very necessary precaution. It is not unknown, especially for a morning paper, to find a candidate missing. The candidate's College is then telephoned and maybe he has to be woken up and dispatched post haste to the examination. I am careful to tell my own students to check that they are all present at breakfast.

The invigilator has to keep an eye on the proceedings, so one cannot bring some absorbing reading. The candidates have a good supply of paper, but some write more than others and need some more. They then raise their hand, and the Clerk or me, if I am nearer, gives them some more. Apart from this, one is left to one's thoughts.

There are 188 candidates sitting the paper. I wonder what they think of it, and if they realise that I have devised all those questions. I hope that I have not made any mistakes. The examiners have many meetings for months before the examination when they critically examine each other's questions, but it is still possible for a mistake, or an ambiguous expression, to slip through.

I remember when I was myself a candidate, so many long decades ago. The pain is not forgotten. So much depends on the outcome of a few

hours writing. However, since it is a first year examination, it is not nearly so important as Finals, and even if they fail this one they have another chance in September. But if they fail a second time, that is the end of their university career.

I spot some of my own students, writing busily, I am glad to see. It is not too difficult to tutor students for a paper that one has set oneself. It was some time before they found out that I was one of their examiners. When they did, I told them that I could no longer initiate topics for discussion, and declined to speculate about likely questions. They did not know that the question paper was a few feet away, in the drawer of my desk.

An hour passes, with no events. In the morning, one candidate had a nosebleed, so for the afternoon he is put near the exit, with a plentiful supply of absorbent paper. Another, we have been informed by the Proctors, is liable to anxiety, so he too is put near the exit. The Clerk comes to relieve me, so that I can go and have a cup of tea. I feel guilty; it is the candidates who deserve a cup of tea, not me.

Towards the end, more candidates need extra paper, so have to keep an eye on them rather frequently. Some candidates have finished already, either because they have done all the problems or because they have nothing more to say. They sit in their places so as not to disturb the others. No one moves from their seat from the beginning to the end of the examination. This self-discipline is impressive; apparently it is not so in all subjects.

When the hand of the clock moves beyond five, I say 'Stop writing please', and tell them to fasten their scripts together and put them in the boxes provided. They do so and stream out of the room. The deputy shoos out a few stragglers, and we set to work checking the scripts. Half an hour later I can write in the logbook 'All scripts present'. They put them into sacks for me and carry them to my car.

It was the last paper of the examination, and it sometimes happens that friends come along to greet the emerging candidates with bottles of champagne, and it can get quite rowdy. Anticipating this, several bulldogs (plain clothes university police in bowler hats) arrive, but they find that all the candidates have already gone back to their Colleges.

Now the real work begins. With 188 candidates, each writing twenty to thirty pages, and some even more, one has to read and assess between four and five thousand pages of mathematics in three or four days. It is a rather special experience to have this close look at the abilities of the next generation of physicists. The vast majority are thoroughly competent, completing enough questions to guarantee success. About half a dozen are astonishingly able, dispatching all the questions without a single mistake. A somewhat larger group is rather out of their depth, and they will have to try again in September.

Contrary to the common view, examiners do not try to trip the candidates up. The questions are carefully devised to give the candidates a chance to show their knowledge. The marking is done most carefully

for those near the borderline, and obvious slips of the pen are not penalised. Often one reads and re-reads a script to see if it is possible to give the candidate one or two more marks. The result is that several candidates pass who should really have failed; it would have done them good to have the incentive to do some more work over the long vacation.

Marking scripts does have its lighter moments, though rather seldom for mathematics. There are the spectacular spelling mistakes, and errors so bizarre that the candidate must have had a temporary blackout. Sometimes a poor method of solution is used so often that one suspects that the teaching is at fault, and one makes a mental note to remember this in future.

Until this year the examination has been a classified one, with candidates divided into those with first, second and third class honours, followed by pass and fail. This year, it has been decided to abolish the classes, and retain just pass and fail. There was a counter proposal that very able candidates could be awarded a distinction, but this also was defeated. I am very sorry about this; classified honours give the students a high standard to aim at, and a reward for success. Of course it can be argued that there is very little difference between those just above and just below any borderline, but even this can to some extent be met by publishing the list of candidates in order of merit. As it is, those candidates who did exceptionally well receive no reward. One fears that in future the result will be that some of those who know that they are able to pass without much effort will not work so hard as they would have done if they were aiming for a first.

When the marking is complete, and borderline cases double-marked, the marks are handed to the co-ordinating examiner and fed into a computer. The other examiners do the same. Very soon it prints out the list of candidates, each identified only by a number, arranged in order of total marks, with the marks for each paper also recorded. The marks of each candidate are then scrutinised to see if they pass or fail. To pass the examination it is necessary to pass each paper, but if a candidate only just fails one paper, and does much better on the others, this is allowed to compensate. Finally all the decisions have been taken, the lists are printed, signed by all examiners and posted in the Examination Schools. The last chores are to take the sacks of scripts to the Examination Schools for shredding, and to write a report on the performance of the candidates, question by question, for the sub-faculty. The only comment I receive is that my paper was rather easier than those of the other examiners, but I lose no sleep over that.

[Dr. Peter Hodgson is Senior Research Fellow at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.]

A FESTIVAL OF THEATRE IN MOSCOW

by Susan Friesner

ACCORDING to a joke currently circulating in Moscow, Russia is a country which has no history but has an unpredictable past. Both the present and the future are equally problematic, and the complexities of a constantly changing situation are reflected in the theatre as much as they are reflected in other aspects of contemporary Russian life.

It was therefore a fascinating experience to take part in the week of theatre seminars arranged by the International Association of Theatre Critics to coincide with the University Theatres Festival in Moscow in May.

The disintegration of the old regime in Eastern Europe has made a radical difference to what was once Soviet theatre. In the first place, the old subsidised system is increasingly having to adapt itself to commercial pressures, and is finding this very difficult in a situation where theatre is no longer as hugely popular as it once was. In a world of constant flux, real life is more dramatic than the theatre. In a world where economic problems grow more terrifying by the day, people have little or no money to spend on the theatre, and if they do go they want to be distracted from their miseries and not reminded of them, which is one of the reasons why *M. Butterfly* is the hot ticket in Moscow at the moment.

Small companies which until recently saw themselves as providing a counter-culture now have no official line to oppose. The euphoria which initially greeted the momentous political changes is increasingly being replaced by confusion, uncertainty and an underlying pessimism. One current professional production in Moscow which reflects this, for example, is *Tverboull 3*, directed by Alexey Paperny, a play which deals with the problems and misery of life today on Tverskoi Boulevard. Ironically, a work reminiscent in some ways of *The Lower Depths* is located in a district which is only a stone's throw away from the immensely popular Moscow MacDonalds.

Against this general background of political and social upheaval it was interesting to observe the theatrical response of the young people partaking in the University Theatres Festival. Because of its relative freedom from commercial pressures, University Theatre at its best can provide a wonderful training ground for young talent: a means by which students can experiment with both content and form as well as with techniques of enactment.

The Tbilisi University Company gave us one of the highlights of the week — *Pirosmani*, based upon the life of a Primitive painter from Georgia who died in appalling penury in the 1920s but whose works are now proudly displayed as national treasures. Pirosmani's life story was the means by which this company explored the role of the artist not in history but here and now in their own society. The piece was vibrant with striking visual images often based upon the paintings themselves;

there was imaginative use of masks and movement, and truly wonderful singing. It was also significant that the performance was in Georgian: ten years ago the Georgians would have been obliged to translate their play into Russian.

The best production in the Festival was undoubtedly that by a group of Finnish students who had devised a play loosely based on Strindberg's *Self Defence of a Madman*. An eccentric Strindberg scholar was translated in fantasy into the person of Strindberg himself and sank deeper and deeper into a world of erotic nightmare as his marriage — to quote the programme — was 'going down the toilet'. When at last the licentiate regained his own form in the present, his misogynistic ravings were treated with utter contempt by his girlfriend, a modern young feminist who responded to his chauvinistic rantings by playing 'Littel Piggy's Birthday' on the record player and leaving him to it. (The programme itself, incidentally, provided a nice illustration of the linguistic difficulties which an international gathering can present — the commentary was in English, but concluded with a heading which read SLUT. This turned out not to be a reflection by Strindberg on the morals of his wife, but to be the Finnish word for end.

Unfortunately, other shows in the festival did not reach this standard. Student enthusiasm can be infectious but can also degenerate into self-indulgence, and there is no excuse for incompetent acting at any level.

The Kemerovo University's decision to perform Satre's *Kean*, using a Russian text based on a twentieth-century French version of a nineteenth-century melodrama about English theatrical history, was a perverse choice in view of the fact that none of the performers had the technical skill to overcome the many difficulties with which they had presented themselves. Moscow University chose to perform Nina Sadur's *The Weird Woman* but their highly exaggerated production style fought against the text, trivialising rather than illuminating it. The decision to include in the Festival programme a version of Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* by the American, British and Swedish Embassies Theatre Group resulted in a production so badly acted and incompetently directed that it was the unintentional comic highlight of the week.

It was noticeable that although the plays chosen for performance were generally revivals, it was the new work which resulted in the best productions. Ionesco's *Bald Prima Donna* was very competently done by the Strasburg University group but one wonders why it was chosen — there was nothing about the performance which lifted the play out of the museum of theatrical history. Nina Sadur (the writer of *The Weird Woman*) maintains that young writers are generally more interested now in writing books rather than plays: there is certainly also a feeling that everything Western has to be caught up with, which results in a frantic skipping through what is still seen as the Western Avant-Garde. In the situation of a festival in which University companies could have experimented freely within a new situation, it was sad to find that so much of the work was essentially stale.

University theatre should be adventurous, should take risks, should not, like most amateur work, merely ape what has happened in the professional theatre. At a time when the theatrical monoliths of Eastern Europe are breaking down, it is particularly important that the enthusiasm and imagination of young people should be channelled into live theatre, but not merely to be abusive about the past or to bring rituals to life. Until recently, going to the theatre in Eastern Europe was an inner necessity, seen as a channel of national identity and of implied political debate. Now that the situation is open, it is important that theatre should not find itself relegated merely to being escapist entertainment.

POEM

THE POST-WAR FOOTBALLER

The dubbined boots with rounded caps,
That took an age to lace,
The bulky shin-pads, baggy shorts,
The dour and weathered face;
A modest man whose sporting roots,
Were deep in local soil,
Whose skills in bud and blossom,
Would thrive and never spoil;
No histrionic self-regard,
No shameless mock distress,
No petulance, no schooled dissent,
No tantrums in the press:
Instead a sense of privilege,
A pleasure in the game,
A dignity and self-respect,
Unspoilt by easy fame.

Tim Hopkins

WALTER RICHARD SICKERT — IMPRESSIONIST OR DEPRESSIONIST?

by Muriel Julius

WALTER Richard Sickert is one of those painters whose humane personality illuminates his work. His reputation has been controversial and uncertain, but every ten years or so the Arts Council dusts him off and shows some of his work. This time the Royal Academy, London is exhibiting him in all his manifestations from the 20th November to the 14th February, 1993.

A towering egoist, a charming eccentric and a scintillating wit, Sickert is unique among his peers in having focused largely on the urban working class for his subjects. His masterpiece in this genre is 'Ennui', an unforgettable image of domestic boredom in which, according to Virginia Woolf the man's expression suggests 'the intolerable wastes of desolation in front of him'.

Sickert's art was in total contrast to the romanticized peasants and portraits of Clausen, Orpen and Sir John Lavery and the refined concepts of Roger Fry. He eschewed sentimental allegories, genre scenes and landscapes. Instead he painted 'Off to the Pub'; 'What shall we do for the Rent?', and the gamine, 'Chicken' with an honest observation that recognized that life was tough.

That scenario was totally different from Sickert's own life. His magnetic personality attracted friendships that ranged from statesmen, writers and musicians to fishwives and jockeys. Only in later life was this sophistication reflected in his art. Until the turn of the century his palette was subdued and subtle, dominated by earth tones. It had none of the bright blue skies, vivid greens and yellows of his French Impressionist friends. Whistler had led the way to an art of whispered tonalities, and for a time after leaving the Slade School Sickert was pupil and later assistant in Whistler's studio. The break came when Whistler introduced him to Edgar Degas. Sickert considered Degas the greatest French artist of his or any other time. He became the major influence on Sickert's work.

Sickert was born in Munich in 1860 and died in 1942. Both his Danish father and grandfather were painters. The family lived in Dieppe before settling in London. Sickert grew to be tall, fair and very handsome. At first he embarked on a stage career, eventually appearing with Sir Henry Irving, the most famous actor of his day. Although he abandoned acting for art, the theatre dominated him and his work for the rest of his life. It was the subject with which he could most closely indentify. It fulfilled Degas' admonition to work away from 'the tyranny of nature'.

Sickert not only painted music halls in London and Paris, but cabarets, 'Vernet's, Dieppe', serious drama, Peggy Ashcroft and Paul Robeson in 'Othello' among others, even seaside shows — the ironically observed 'The Brighton Pierrots' playing to rows of empty seats. An early work, 1898 of 'Minnie Cunningham at the Old Bedford' showing her standing, her dress

a blaze of unbroken red, has unmistakable echoes of Whistler. Eager to reject this influence he painted 'Noctes Ambrosianae', an animated tableau of the unruly lads up in the gods, compared with the more sober hatted audience in the baroque splendour of 'The Gallery of the Old Bedford'. Ada Lundberg at the Marylebone Music Hall, Vesta Victoria and Little Dot Hetherington were some of the Victorian artistes he immortalized.

In Dieppe where he lived and painted from 1898 to 1905 Sickert moved in fascinating social circles. Aubrey Beardsley, Henry James, Oscar Wilde as well as Degas, Debussy, Renoir were among his friends. His great admirer, the society portrait painter Jacques-Emmile Blanche wrote: 'Whether he willed it or by chance, in spite of himself he was the painter of Dieppe. No other artist has so perfectly explained the character of the town, whose Canaletto he has become'. And indeed Sickert's grey, empty street scenes catch the sadness common to all harbour towns, places of transit. Sickert is classed as an Impresionist painter by the art establishment. The art critic Andrew Graham-Dixon suggests such works classify him as a 'Depressionist'.

During the Dieppe period Sickert spent some months every year in Venice. When not enjoying the hospitality of the rich American ex-patriate colony in their various palazzi he painted forceful views of the city and, a new departure, pairs of figures in interiors.

At the urging of his friend, the artist Spencer Gore, he returned to London in 1905. There he became the catalyst of the Modern Art Movement in Britain. With Gore, Harold Gilman and Malcolm Drummond he founded the Fitzroy Street Group which in 1911 enlarged to the Camden Town Group, later to be swallowed up into the London Group to which most artists at one time or another belonged.

This was a period of intense activity for Sickert. He wrote for numerous art journals and newspapers, he lectured, he opened one of the seven art schools which he ran during various phases of his career when he was short of funds. He changed his style and began paintings built up in touches of pure colour in the manner that Spencer Gore had learned from Lucien Pissarro. 'Girl at a Window — Little Rachel' is such a painting where the effect of natural light is captured with thick, stippled touches of violet, green and blue.

In 1909 the sensational murder of a prostitute in Camden Town triggered a series of paintings entitled 'The Camden Town Affair'. Sickert painted the woman naked on an iron bedstead with a clothed man standing beside her. It shocked the prudish British public, not least because she was naked and the man was not, but Sickert insisted it was an exercise in contrasts of texture, pattern and colour.

The 1920s produced self-portraits. In 'Lazarus Breaks his Fast' we see a shirt-sleeved old man with a bushy white beard and white hair eating at table. A spoon is raised to his mouth, a napkin encircles his neck — an extraordinary intrusion into a personal moment.

About this time Sickert began painting from newspaper and magazine photographs. From them he captured the effervescent chorus line of the

ANTHONY TROLLOPE AT CHRISTMAS

by Richard Mullen

'A sirloin of beef a foot and a half broad, a turkey as big as an ostrich, a plum-pudding bigger than the turkey and two or three dozen mince-pies' — that was Anthony Trollope's menu for a perfect Christmas dinner. This rousing evocation of a truly English feast helps to explain Trollope's ever-increasing popularity with the Prime Minister as his best known reader. *Contemporary Review* takes some pride in seeing Trollope's advancement to his proper place in English literature; after all he was the principal founder of *The Fortnightly*, which is now incorporated into the *Contemporary Review*. Several publishers are producing reprints of almost all his 47 novels and the Trollope Society is bringing out a complete edition. In March, a plaque to Trollope's memory will be dedicated in Westminster Abbey.

Christmas is an appropriate time to read Trollope. The Victorian novelists popularised most of our Christmas customs. Everyone knows about Dickens and Christmas. But what about his contemporary, Trollope, who now bids fair to overtake him in the popularity stakes? Settle down with a Trollope novel in front of a good Christmas fire and the cares, confusions and absurdities of the twentieth century vanish into the flames. Cold and damp dissolve as you drift into a Barsetshire rectory or perhaps leap across a fence on a fictional fox hunt.

Trollope's literary success came slowly. Because he was both an author and an important official at the Post Office he had to follow a careful schedule which required a set number of pages each day. By this method he was able to write over 60 books. In the 1860s his wealth from writing provided a pleasant country house in Hertfordshire, Waltham House, which was well stocked with food, wine and servants. Success also gave full rein to his love of hospitality, particularly at Christmas. Every bedroom was full of guests, 'young folk and folk who are not so very young'. They often stayed for a week.

Christmas began like any other day for Trollope. At dawn guests could hear the footsteps of Barney, the old Irish servant, who came up the stairs with a cup of coffee to awaken his master. If Trollope failed to heed this call, Barney was entitled to an extra five shillings in wages. After dressing and lighting a fire Trollope settled down to his current novel. Sometimes Christmas could delay even his rigid schedule. On 25 December, 1865 he only managed to write three pages of his novel *Nina Balatka*, a novel set in Prague with the rather un-Trollopian plot, the love of a Catholic girl for a Jewish merchant. His schedule called for four pages each day, but he made it up in the next few days and finished the book on New Year's Eve less than two months after starting it. Once he had put aside his current fiction, he was still not finished with his daily writing. Even on Christmas day, there were letters to publishers or to people who had complained about the postal service. On his first Christmas at Waltham

House, he wrote to one publisher saying that he had been over-paid by £3. It is unlikely that any other writer in history ever wrote such a letter on Christmas!

Part of Trollope's Christmas morning would be spent at church. Because he did not shout about his deep Christian faith, many people have failed to see that it underpinned his whole life. Those who knew Trollope well, such as his vicar or his friend George Eliot knew that he was a devout Anglican with moderately high church views. In his last Christmas tale *Not if I Know It,* published a few weeks after his death, he described his attitude towards the Communion Service: it was, he wrote, 'more powerful with its thoughts than its words'.

When he came back from church, he could entertain his guests. Like most people, his Christmas celebrations were based on his recollections of his youth. Thus he had little interest in Christmas trees, which were only popularised when he was in his thirties. From his mother, who was also a successful novelist, Trollope inherited the idea that roast beef and Christmas pudding were the essential ingredients of the holiday meal. A turkey was normally available as well. The cook and the undercook, usually a young girl, would be busy preparing quantities of traditional English fare. No fashionable dabs of the latest French cuisine rested on the mahogany of Waltham House. Trollope, who took a great interest in the quality of the meat on his table, would have been to his butcher's to order it personally. As many vegetables as possible would come from the large gardens and greenhouses at Waltham House. The fruit bowls overflowed with exotic delights for children although not all the children were impressed. One young boy, invited for the holidays when his parents were abroad in the diplomatic service, picked up a banana and announced, 'At school that's the cheapest grub we can buy!' At dinner Trollope had a notable appetite, as befitted a fifteen stone man who never ate lunch. 'You seem to have a good appetite, Mr. Trollope' commented one lady. 'Not at all, madam, but thank God I am very greedy.'

Guests did not go away thirsty although their host might wince if he saw some less hearty souls squirt soda-water into his favourite claret, Chateau Leoville, 'which I regard as the most divine of nectars'. A few days after his last Christmas in 1881, he wrote to his son Henry: 'I wish you to consider the wine lying in the two further binns as your own... There are at present 24 dozen in each... The Leoville cost 72*s.* a dozen and the Beycheville 54*s.*' Trollope was fortunate to live in an era when the price of good clarets fell! The Christmas meal had to finish to allow several hours for the card games that Trollope loved, particularly 'commerce'. The host or an older guest would suddenly startle the children by appearing as a ghost.

Trollope took the old idea of the twelve days of Christmas quite literally. The feasting and entertaining went on into January. In the 1860s, when his two sons were young men, he liked to arrange a Christmas ball. Invitations were spread far and wide, particularly to young girls. When he invited his niece's governess, he told her to bring her younger sister, Nelly

Ternan, even though he must have known that she was Dickens' mistress. Any acquaintances who were on their own were particularly welcomed to the festivities. In 1863, William Glenn, a Maryland journalist who had fled to London after being imprisoned for opposing Lincoln's government, was invited for Christmas and asked to stay for the fox-hunting. He was squeezed into the 'togs' of Trollope's younger son Fred so that the American was resplendent as he leapt across the notorious ditches of Essex. Glenn had only one complaint. In his diary, while noticing that almost all English houses lacked a smoking room in the mid-1860s, he commented that 'even Anthony Trollope in his snug little house only smoked in an outhouse, beyond the kitchen'. Rose Trollope insisted that her husband and his friends smoke outside the house. Modern medical research has now shown the wisdom of Rose's prejudice against polluting her house with foul fumes. Her husband's Christmas guests could select a cigar from a huge rack which held hundreds of choice Havanas in Trollope's library and then wander into the garden to chat about politics or books.

A large part of Boxing Day was usually devoted to hunting. Once again guests might be awakened not only by the dawn call to work, but by their host's singing of hunting songs or his loud shouts for missing clothes: 'Mrs. Sock where have you got to? Now Mr. Top Boot where is your twin?' Both his sons were hunters as well and the Essex Hunt could never decide whether Trollope or his son Henry had tumbled into more ditches. Even at his enthusiastic pursuit of the fox, the novelist was at work. Any incident that could be used in a novel was scribbled into a small notebook. Glenn saw his host's joy when another hunter's fall knocked down the top rail of a fence. 'A damned good thing you did for us,' shouted the leaping Trollope to the upset man. A few days later, this incident, without the 'damn', found its way into his current novel, *Can You Forgive Her?* As Trollope and his guests came back to Waltham House after a hunt, they could be sure that Rose was seeing that mounds of hot toast would be ready for the hungry huntsmen.

Trollope was rare among the great Victorian novelists in having a happy family life, with Rose, his two sons, Henry and Fred, and a niece, Florence Bland, whom he adopted. The Victorian era was the golden age of the family. Everything centred on family life and authors were expected to extoll it, particularly at Christmas. Most writers, including Trollope, found it difficult to turn out Christmas sentiment in short stories written in the heat of the summer. The easiest ploy was to take a plot and transfer it to Christmas. Most of Trollope's story, *Christmas at Thompson Hall*, occurs in a Parisian hotel where a wife wanders into the wrong bedroom and places a mustard plaster on a sleeping stranger rather than her ill husband. The seasonal flavour needed for the story comes from the fact that the characters are on their way to England for Christmas. In December, 1863, when Glenn came to Waltham House he must have noticed the magazine *Good Words* with his host's story *The Two Generals*. Here Trollope used the true story of two sons of a prominent American politician who fought

on opposite sides in the Civil War. He added a love plot and stirred in some seasonal flavour by setting the story at the last Christmas of peace and then at another one in the midst of war.

Introducing Christmas into novels was much easier. A seasonal episode could be stuck into a novel published in serial form as easily as in its modern descendants — 'the Archers' or 'Emmerdale Farm'. Trollope's best use of this is in *Orley Farm*, which describes Christmas at four houses. One belongs to a man called Moulder, a crass materialist who feasts without knowing what he is celebrating. His only concern is to see that his butcher gives him the biggest turkey and that it receives a daily wipe of vinegar for a fortnight. His Christmas dinner is a business meal punctuated by attacks upon religion. In one of the harshest sentences in all his writing, Trollope exclaims: 'Such is the modern philosophy of the Moulders, pigs out of the sty' of paganism.

We see a far different Christmas at a judge's home called Noningsby, where guests enjoy the tables groaning with food because they know what they are celebrating. The games culminate in 'blindman's buff at quarter past three, and snap-dragon at five'. Trollope's nephew recalled that 'Uncle Tony' loved these same games as well as cheating at cards — to make sure that the children won. He was delighted that Millais did the illustrations for *Orley Farm* and in one, the artist had a little joke: the blind-folded and portly figure taking part in these games is almost certainly Trollope himself.

Trollope revelled in old English customs and often introduced them into his Christmas stories. He was always a determined enemy to anyone who invented religious reasons to suppress enjoyment. In *The Mistletoe Bough*, a girl persuades her mother not to hang the white and green branches. For Trollope, this was the worst side of Victorian prudery: 'The world is changed' he bemoaned. 'Kissing is less innocent now than it used to be when our grandmothers were alive, and we have become more fastidious in our amusements.'

However, he argued that old customs should be abandoned when they grew absurd. In a short novel set at his younger son's Australian sheep station, *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil*, Trollope wonders why in that 'happy land the Christmas fires are apt to be lighted, or to light themselves, when they are by no means needed'. After the toast, 'Our friends at home', vast Christmas puddings were borne into the room. Their blaze only added to the heat where 'one could hardly bear a shirt on one's shoulders'. Yet all eyes are moist as the pudding reminds them of the 'old country'. This may seem sentimental now but Trollope was writing for people like himself who had to wait two months for a letter from Australia and who wanted to know how people lived. On Christmas day, 1882, Fred Trollope took some time off from his sheep to write to his father in England. He did not know when he wrote that his father had died almost three weeks before.

Unlike any other Victorian writer, Trollope influenced the English Christmas in other ways than by his writing: he played an important role

in improving postal services. Anyone who drops a Christmas card into a pillar box can thank Anthony Trollope for it was he who introduced them in 1851. In addition, his arrangement of postal routes was so efficient that a friend in Scotland could post him a letter on Christmas Day and he could open it in Hertfordshire on Boxing Day.

Yet for Trollope, Christmas meant more than gigantic sirloins, vast puddings, choice clarets, seasonal stories or swiftly delivered messages. It was the time to celebrate the family and Christianity. 'For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug there is no happier time of life than those long candlelight hours of home and silence. No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that it is felt is enough for peace.' Anthony Trollope traced this blessing and all others in life to the first Christmas and in his usual, unadorned manner he left us in no doubt of his own firm belief: 'Christ came to us, and we do not need another teacher'.

[Richard Mullen is the author of *Anthony Trollope: A Victorian In His World* and the editor of the recently published anthology *The Sayings of Anthony Trollope* (both published by Duckworth).]

FROM TUTANKHAMUN TO NIGEL SHORT: THE STORY OF CHESS

by Ted Nottingham

WHEN Howard Carter, Lord Carnarvon's famous archaeologist made one last search of the Valley of the Kings in Egypt everybody knows he luckily found the sand slipping away under his feet to reveal a flight of steps which led to Tutankhamun's tomb. When his men cleared away the sand they found the door of the tomb. That first evening after the discovery Carter looked through an opening in the door and saw 'wondrous things'. In the next few days he came across the young Pharoah's treasures which he had collected to take on his journey into the next life. One was the Sennet board on which the Pharoah played with his wife and which was an early form of chess. Tutankhamun must have enjoyed the game to take it with him into the world of death and this game is found in other tombs.

A much more modern form of the game came out of India in the seventh century AD. This game, which was very like ours, was called Chaturanga and legend has it that the Indian Emperor was so enraptured with it that he offered its inventor any reward that he cared to claim. The young man claimed as his reward a special gift of the Emperor. He wanted one grain of wheat placed on the first square of the chessboard, two on the next, four on the next, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four and so on, doubling the number placed on each square until the last square was reached. Very imprudently the Emperor agreed. However, even he was unable to pay because there were not enough grains in India or even the whole world to pay the young man. Legend also has it that squabbles and arguments were not settled in India then by terrible wars but by games of chess. When two rulers disagreed they would not send out their soldiers. Instead the kings themselves would fight. But they would fight with their brains, not with their muscles. They would play a game of chess. The winner of the game would get his way. The argument was settled and no one was hurt.

The game spread rapidly. By the ninth century the Arabs had become real chess fans. Haroun al Rashid, the famous Caliph of Baghdad remarked that the roses in the palace garden were wonderful, but they were not as beautiful as the chess of al-Suli. Even one of the thousand-and-one stories of the *Arabian Nights* told by the slave girl Sherherazade to the Caliph Haroun, was about chess. But this early chess was slightly different to the modern game. The rules were different. The queen then could only move one square diagonally at a time and the bishop only two squares diagonally. Their chess problems were marvellous. An endgame problem set by Al-Adli in the ninth century came up in a real game in 1945 in Denmark. Some of the Arab terms for the game survive to this day. Take the word 'checkmate'. It comes from the Persian 'sháh mát', 'sháh' meaning

king and 'mát' meaning helpless or lost. From sháh also comes the name of the game in many languages: Scacchi (Italian), Schach (German), Echecs (French) and Chess (English).

The game was becoming more popular. The *Heimskringla*, a chronicle of the Norse Kings which was composed before 1241, refers to King Canute the Great's passion for chess. Snorri Sturluson's saga of St. Olaf tells of a game played on the eve of St. Michael's Day in the year 1027 at the Danish capital of Roskilde. Earl Ulf had come to make friends with the king after some trouble. The two men sat down to play chess. Sometime in the game Canute blundered and left his knight en prise (on a square where it could simply be taken). The king asked Ulf to return the piece and allow him a better move. The Earl upset the board and scattered the chessmen on the floor. Fleeing the king's wrath, Ulf sought sanctuary in the church. The next day the king called Ivor White, a Norwegian by birth who was the king's man and chamberlain. The king said to him, 'Go and kill the earl'. Ivor went to the church and in the choir, thrust his sword through the earl who died on the spot.

The Vikings were now spreading the game as fast as the Arabs. Their longships were so beautifully formed, and had such a shallow draught that they could not only sail far up rivers or anchor in creeks and bays but could also ride out the fiercest storms in the Atlantic. We are very well informed about these ships and some have been dug up intact. The most famous was unearthed at Gokstad in Norway in 1880 from a tumulus. It was of medium size and measured seventy-six feet six inches from stem to stern. In these longships they sailed from Denmark and Norway to the assault on Constantinople, the siege of Paris, the foundation of Dublin and the discovery of America. For these trips they made the first travelling chess sets. These were packed in sea chests and the boards had little holes in them and the chessmen had small pegs in their bases to fit the holes. They were made this way so that the boats pitching in a rough sea would not upset and ruin the game (see Churchill: *History of the English Speaking Peoples*).

From the Vikings came one of the world's most beautiful sets. In 1831, a worker digging on a sandbank on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides found a beautiful Viking chess set. There were sixty-seven pieces, including eight kings, eight queens and sixteen bishops; their colours were natural ivory and deep red. The pieces are now in the British Museum in London and the National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh. Thousands of people have bought moulds of this set, called the Lewis Chessmen, and most experts think the set was carved in Iceland. We know the Vikings sailed from there to America and although they did not settle they may well have played a game of chess while there.

Chess was now very popular. In 1125 Bishop Guy of Paris excommunicated all priests who played chess because the game was taking them from their devotions. To get round this one priest made a chessboard that looked like two books lying together, the world's first folding chessboard, and this way he could look as though he was reading the Bible when in

effect he was studying a chess position. But the game played was still basically that played by the Arabs. It took a prolonged confrontation between Arabs and Europeans to make the rule changes to transform chess from the slow game it was to the one where chess's new queen could deliver checkmate in two moves.

The twelfth century saw the rise of a great new Moslem ruler, Saladin. In 1186 he declared a Holy War, and captured Jerusalem. The Kings of France and England agreed upon a joint Crusade to take it back. In the fighting of this, the First Crusade, Saladin and his Saracens won the respect of all. England's King, Richard the Lionheart, is said to have even offered his sister Joanna in marriage to Saladin's brother. In their frequent parleys the two men played chess. It was about now that the rules changed. Instead of the piece the Arabs called a Minister there was now a Queen. The French called this new queen the 'Mad Queen' because she had unlimited powers. This new move transformed the game. The Bishop was also allowed to move as many squares as he liked diagonally and the pawns were allowed the privilege of going two squares forwards if they wished on their first move. Under these new rules, instead of games taking hours they could be finished in just four moves with the Queen and Bishop acting in concert.

Famous people all over the world played the game in the centuries that followed. Elizabeth I was taught to play by her teacher, Roger Ascham, while she was imprisoned by her half-sister in the Tower, but it was not only royalty who played. In the French Revolution one of the most romantic games took place. The story is set in the midst of the Terror and the year was 1793. Somewhere in Paris a beautiful young girl cried because her fiance was going tomorrow to his death. She heard that Robespierre was a chess player and she determined to meet and play this man for the life of her young Count. She cut short her hair and dressed as a Sansculotte to see if she could gain entrance to the *Cafe de la Regence* where all the important chess games were played. In a tense, hard-fought game the young girl managed to checkmate the leader of the Terror. Robespierre said she could have anything she liked. This was her chance and she seized it. In a flash she replied, 'the life of my fiance'. To Robespierre's credit this was granted. It is all true, or ought to be.

There are numerous stories of the universality of the game in our own century. The year is 1944. The Allies have just landed in Normandy and in Budapest the Red Army is slowly and surely pushing the Germans back. In an underground air-raid shelter a fourteen-year-old Hungarian boy called Réty is playing a German soldier at chess. Fierce street fighting is taking place. Suddenly other German soldiers burst in and order their colleague out because the Russians are already at the bottom of the street. Sure enough, a few minutes later a Red Army soldier bursts in waving his sub-machine gun. One of the women in the shelter screamed. Then the Red Army soldier saw the chess game and the young Hungarian boy. Back home in his motherland he too played chess in the Young Pioneers' Clubs. Now he went and sat opposite to the Hungarian boy and finished

off by winning the game which his enemy, the German, had started. After the war Réty, the young Hungarian boy, said that these two soldiers were two of the nicest people he had ever met. This story, and, let it not be forgotten, a true one, illustrates most powerfully that chess is truly an international game (Tom Dribery: *Reynolds News*, 1947).

Russians have held the world championship since 1927 with only two brief intermissions. Now a young Englishman, Nigel Short, is threatening this stranglehold. It is true that he has to play Jan Timman, the Dutchman first, but he is the favourite to play Kasparov for the world title. Born in Bolton, the British columnist, Leonard Barden, predicted when he was eight he would be world champion, such was his potential. Only a little later he drew with the ex-Soviet world champion, Smyslov, in a simultaneous display by the Soviet player. At the end of the seventies the *Sunday Times* placed him on the front cover of their colour magazine as one of the people most likely to be famous in Britain during the eighties. At the age of twelve Nigel was playing in the British Championship final tournament, easily the youngest player to have qualified. In this tournament he beat Dr. Jonathan Penrose, the ten-times former holder and gained a rating from his eleven games of 2,200 on the International Scale. This put him not far below the International Master level. Already he was making Leonard Barden's prediction of four years ago, (given incidentally when Nigel was playing only board two for Manchester Under Nines and when in the game he was playing he was a pawn down!) look remarkably prophetic. At the ages of ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen he was stride for stride on the International Rating Scale with Gary Kasparov. However, it took him three years longer than Kasparov to achieve the grandmaster title. This title had been created by Tsar Nicholas II at the great St. Petersburg tournament of 1914. The Tsar himself subscribed one thousand roubles toward the Prize Fund and nominated the first five players 'Grandmasters of Chess': Lasker, Capablanca, Alekhine, Tarrasch and Marshall were the first grandmasters of history.

But Nigel Short's expected thrust to the world title did not happen. Somehow he did not seem to have the 'killer instinct'. This seemed so when in the last world championship he could not bring himself to beat his good friend, Jonathan Spielmann. When he played Gary Kasparov on Thames Television's Speed Challenge he seemed slightly overawed. All that has now gone. He now beat his friend and faced Karpov, the great Russian. There was a new feeling of confidence and Ray Keene, the columnist for *The Times*, predicted that he would beat Karpov. Despite losing the first game of this match, Short surprisingly chose the Budapest Gambit against Karpov's Queen Pawn, a defence not often seen in World Championship play. He then proceeded to run away with the match, outplaying Karpov completely. Karpov rather sourly added that neither Short nor Timman would have any chance against Kasparov. Many good judges now give him every chance, but with this proviso: Nigel Short has to believe in himself and his ability to be world champion.

Certainly there is a huge army of young players in the Primary Schools

of England. Ever since Nigel Short started playing, the British have started their players younger and younger. The young Grandmaster, Danny King, said he started at eight, but he mused, 'Now you will find them starting at six or younger'. The modern British method of teaching young players is to encourage flexible skill in handling each piece. The system was hinted at by a Liverpool teacher, Edgar Parnell, but it was developed by Bob Wade, the chief national coach and myself into a system, the so-called Lincolnshire System. The five and six year olds will begin with the Pawn Game which is a 'Through the Looking Glass' affair, the winner being the first player to get a pawn through to the other side of the board. Other pieces then follow and there is even a driving test for the knight with a three point turn. The British have stuck to their insistence on the younger the better by quoting Richard Reti's definition of the difference between two world famous players, one of whom learnt to play in his teens, and the other, by watching his father play when he was four. 'Rubinstein played chess in the same way that a great orator delivers a speech in a foreign language,' Reti wrote. 'To Capablanca chess was his mother tongue.'

There are now a lot of very good young players, including women. A young girl from mainland China is the woman's champion, but even more dramatically a fifteen-year-old girl from Budapest, Judith Polgar, is the world's youngest ever grandmaster, younger even than either Bobby Fischer and Gary Kasparov who both went on to be world champions in their twenties. This slip of a girl and her two sisters are now a threat to the male grandmasters in tournaments all over the world. In Great Britain Leonard Barden thinks that seven-year-old Luke McShane, the World Under Ten Champion will be the next Nigel Short but there are many very good young players including two pairs of twins, the Rich brothers from Richmond and the Perts from Ipswich, Stewart Haslinger from Manchester, Stephen Jones from Solihull, and Gavin Extence from Swineshead in Lincolnshire. Gavin even went to Leningrad in September 1991 and received special coaching. Chess's story has then been all round the world since it left the tombs of Tutankhamun and emerged as a close form of the modern game in India in the seventh century. In this most universal of games, who is not to say that there will be a British world champion soon?

[Ted Nottingham is co-author with Bob Wade of *Check Out Chess* (Puffin, 1989). Their method, the Lincolnshire System, of teaching children to play chess is now copied all over the world and even referred to in Soviet chess literature. Their article 'Under Ten Chess in Britain' in *The Illustrated London News* (Autumn, 1991) has been translated into Russian by the Central Office of Information in *Anglia.*]

IRIS MURDOCH — THE 'GOOD' NOVELIST

by Mary Colley

PART of my education was spent as an admiring junior in the same school as Iris Murdoch. She has always been my hero, and I have followed her career as an author since her first novel *Under the Net* was published in 1954. Her output has been tremendous — twenty-four novels to date, two of which have been short-listed for the Booker Prize, and an outright win with *The Sea, The Sea.* There are many ways of reading Iris Murdoch and just as many critically appraising her work. It is possible to study her books from the point of view of her love of the sea, animals, and painting; the meticulous detail given to food and clothing; the descriptions of places and locations, from which it is often possible to draw up an accurate map; and the part that letters play in her novels. The way she uses dialogue (reminiscent of Henry James in its tendency to be obscure and enigmatic) could be an interesting study in itself, as would the eccentricity of her characters, and the many profound themes which she explores. Her role as narrator is fascinating, and her life-long search for the 'good' in the world, within both individual character and the main religions, has already been the subject of an excellent book, *Iris Murdoch: Figures of Good* by Suguna Ramanathan.

In this article, I should like to concentrate on an aspect of Iris Murdoch's work which involves the methods she uses as an author to structure her novels. There is nothing haphazard about this, and her technique, especially in the later novels, reveals a very carefully thought-out plan of construction. *The Book and the Brotherhood* and *The Message to the Planet,* contain features of her authorial methods which I have come not only to expect, with pleasure, but to admire and even to emulate.

Many readers complain about the proliferation of Iris Murdoch's characters, which are often introduced rapidly in the first few pages. Usually, the opening scene is specifically chosen as a suitable venue where all the main protagonists can be present. This sometimes necessitates drawing up a list of *dramatis personae,* composing charts or genealogical tables as a visual aid to memory! Not only are the characters numerous, but their relationships with each other are complicated. From the outset, the reader is asked to work hard and to assimilate valuable knowledge, without which the rest of the novel becomes a maze of confusion.

In *The Book and the Brotherhood,* the opening scene is a Commem Ball at Oxford University, at which the fourteen main characters are present. In the latest Penguin edition the first fifty-one pages are densely packed with intricate and involved details of the protagonists, seven of which are introduced on page one. Similarly, in *The Message to the Planet,* a supper-cum-sing-song, occupying the first twenty-two pages, opens the proceedings, although this time page one is entirely in dialogue among three of the nine chief characters. In both these scenes, the reader is plunged straight into the middle of an existing conversation, the topic

of which is the pivotal character, whose personal appearance on the stage is delayed until later. They encapsulate within a nutshell a foretaste of what is going to be a novel of panoramic proportions.

These very full opening scenes convey a sort of shock tactic, which dismays many readers, who prefer a gentle preamble prior to the drama itself. This shock tactic is stimulating and provides one with an immediate incentive to read on. I become addicted to the tantalizing and confusing information which is revealed about the leading character, and by the bottom of page one, I am already hooked! In the former novel, for instance, who is David Crimond, and why is he in a kilt? In the latter, who is this famous madman Marcus? Is he already dead? For me this technique works, but not for those who remain dedicated to the 'dear reader' approach of the Victorian novelist who played God. Not all Iris Murdoch's openings employ exactly the same method, but they all, without exception, have the capacity to involve one in immediate and total participation. It is equally satisfying to discover that her closing scenes sometimes refer one back to the beginning of the novel. In *The Message to the Planet*, hymns open and close the action, and in *Henry and Cato*, a similar sentence begins and ends the book, the only difference being the change of heavy object which 'banged irregularly against his (Cato's) thigh at each step'. A crucifix takes the place of an initial 'revolver', introducing her use of symbolism, which merits a study of its own.

I first became fascinated by the use of Retrospect and Disclosure from my reading of Trollope, especially in his novel, *He Knew He Was Right*, where these techniques are given exceptional prominence. They are used in a straightforward fashion, representing a constant backward and forward motion, in which the reader is carried along, and assisted at every turn by the narrator's running commentary. We are taken into his confidence, and there is no opportunity for misunderstanding or for reliance on our own personal interpretations. This smooth-running shuttle-service, moves one group of characters forward to a given point, and then returns for another group to bring them up to the same level in time. It is an on-going process, interspersed by the author's comments: 'We must now go back to...'; 'It is hoped that... will not have been forgotten'; and 'the reader may perhaps remember'. The outcome is certainly a relaxing read, but Iris Murdoch, for the most part, takes these techniques a stage further, and asks much more from her readers.

Part I of *The Book and the Brotherhood* opens as mentioned above, and is then followed by four long retrospective passages. Having met the main characters, the history of four of them is now given in detail, from the author-narrator's point of view, through their own consciousness and recall, or a mixture of both. A Coda or Summary closes Part I, and the reader can take a well-earned breather! A further stage in Iris Murdoch's use of Retrospect occurs in the middle of passages of dialogue. There is a very good example of this in *The Message to the Planet*, where Ludens is talking to Irina, and eventually says: 'I love you'. At this point, when the reader is interested to know what her response will be, the author

takes Ludens away in thought from the scene in several paragraphs of retrospection lasting three pages. Returning gradually to the present, he thinks about his declaration of love, and it is then that we rejoin the conversation. The motive for breaking up dialogue in this way, must be, I feel sure, to create greater incentive to read on. Also, of course, it is an attempt to reproduce realism. As in a serialization, each episode ends at the point of greatest suspense. In this particular scene, however, the interruption also highlights the fact that Irina has not really taken Ludens' declaration seriously.

This technique is taken into a third, more advanced stage, in what I call Circular Retrospection. Throughout *The Message to the Planet* this circular movement is repeated in scenes which involve Ludens' consciousness. They start and finish at exactly the same point, completing a perfect circle. In one instance Ludens is again talking to Irina about a group of 'intruders'. He then leaves her briefly to address this group, but returns after a few minutes. Silently, in thought, he recalls the events of the day before, which were full of activity and movement, and after this period of retrospection, he resumes his conversation with Irina about the intruders. These circular scenes abound in this novel, giving it an involved structure. They are contained within a larger framework, which is very carefully controlled by the authorial voice. Each passage is introduced by its respective description: 'The following morning'; 'The next morning'; 'Two days later'; 'The day after the seekers' invasion'; and so on, clarifying the chronological sequence of events. It presents an intricate pattern, which serves to enhance the cyclical nature of the novel as a whole.

Disclosure, the twin method which is used alongside Retrospect, plays a lesser part in Iris Murdoch's novels, as it does in her predecessor, Trollope. In *The Book and the Brotherhood* the author informs us that 'it was not tonight that Violet would kill herself', which draws our attention to the fact that Gideon had underestimated the extent of her distress. Similarly, in *The Message to the Planet*, a future event 'will be related later', we are told, because of its 'awful', 'unexpected' and 'catastrophic results'. A short passage using Disclosure in Action, as it were, occurs in the same novel again concerning Ludens. The construction is very interesting, and is yet another scene which can be lifted out of the novel, being almost complete in itself. It commences with Ludens enjoying his customary morning talk with Marcus, which is interrupted by a messenger bringing him a note, requesting him to meet Dr. Marzillian at two o'clock. There is then an immediate jump forward in time to that interview, followed by Ludens' retrospective thoughts, recalling what happened after his morning session with Marcus, and how he killed time until his two o'clock appointment. This is a complicated sequence, which shows the skill and artistry of Iris Murdoch's work.

Trollope used a method which enabled the reader to be aware of the simultaneous actions of more than one person, or group of persons, at any one time albeit in different places. There is an example in *He Knew He Was Right* where several characters converge on a small village in

order to visit a family there. Over a period of three days, we are able to pin-point and synchronize the individual whereabouts of the various people involved. In the Coda to Part I of *The Book and the Brotherhood*, Iris Murdoch introduces a summarizing section by the words: 'about this time', drawing together the simultaneous actions of five characters. Each is either, 'trying to cry'; 'crying in each other's arms'; 'stopped crying'; or 'faint with joy and pain', punctuated by the author's repeated words: 'At about the time when...'. Here, Iris Murdoch is in complete charge, and her presence controls the action in the best tradition of Victorian novelists.

Richness lies in depth, and background reading is essential if the reader wishes to come to grips with this profound novelist. Iris Murdoch believes that the novel is an 'art form', and the structural framework round which her novels are so carefully and skilfully created, confirm and support this belief. Her methods and role, as author-narrator, are some of the aspects which combine to make her an outstanding twentieth century novelist.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF LIZZIE BORDEN

by Lewis MacDonald

THE trial is over. As we jurymen file past her out of the court, Miss Lizzie Andrew Borden, clad in a sombre, black dress, is suddenly wreathed in smiles. She laughs, and thanks us for the verdict.

The place is a college theatre in Fall River, Massachusetts, 50 miles south of Boston, the occasion a partial re-enactment of the trial of Lizzie Borden, presented 100 years to the day after that formidable lady did—or did not—dispatch her stepmother, Abby Durfee Gray Borden, and her wealthy, skinflint father, Andrew Jackson Borden, by means of a total of some 30 blows with a hatchet.

There is a peculiar black humour which inevitably—and perhaps just as well—attaches to the notion of a Sunday School teacher who could make what the Scottish criminologist William Roughead called such 'family arrangements'. And this, despite the tragic nature of the subject, was never far from the proceedings of the Lizzie Borden Centenary Conference, held from August 3rd to 5th, 1992, at Bristol Community College in Fall River. The gathering attracted lawyers, authors, literary historians, librarians, rare book dealers, forensic scientists, feminists, sociologists, psychiatrists, film makers, playwrights and journalists—plus more than 400 Lizzie students from all over the US and from London, Glasgow and Melbourne.

A remarkable occasion, not least because many Fall River-ites would still prefer their city to be remembered for its once having been the largest cotton producing centre in the world, or for its magnificently restored fair-ground carousel, or for its naval museum with World War II battleship, destroyer, PT boats and submarine.

The celebrations began on Friday, July 31st, with the *Fall River Herald News* publishing a 20-page broadsheet pullout section devoted to the city's most illustrious daughter. In the evening there was a play and a welcoming party at the college, at which several ladies accepted the invitation to wear period dress. The Lizzie 'wannabees' included one Barbara from New Bedford, in a blue Bedford cord cotton dress—just such as Lizzie burned in the stove three days after the murders, on the grounds that it had paint marks on it. Barbara wore the dress for a few days, then it was seen no more, leading to the inevitable inferences as to its fate.

Any pilgrimage to Fall River must include visits to several shrines. First to gaze at the outside of the cramped, clapboard house in Second Street that was the scene and perhaps part of the cause of the killings; second Maplecroft, the spacious, elegant house 'on The Hill' to which Lizzie graduated with her elder sister, Emma, not long after being cleared of the murders in 1893; third, the Oak Grove Cemetery, where the Bordens—including Lizzie—lie buried side by side; and fourth, the Fall River Historical Society. This building contains such exhibits as the handleless hatchet which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts believed Miss Borden may have used, photographs of the victims' horrifically damaged skulls,

and the stool on which Lizzie sat in her prison cell as she awaited trial.

The society's most precious treasure, however, is their 93-year-old tour guide, Mrs. Florence Cook Brigham. This frail old lady — her mother-in-law was a character witness for Lizzie — is the proverbial walking encyclopaedia on Fall River and the case. She indicated that the illness the Bordens were suffering from before the tragedy was clearly a case of food poisoning rather than prussic acid, that celebrated last breakfast of four-day-old mutton soup making its presence felt. Mrs. Brigham will be finally persuaded that Lizzie was guilty only when some author comes up with a book convincingly exonerating Uncle John Vinnicum Morse, Andrew Borden's first wife's brother.

The conference began with a keynote speech by Joyce Williams of Indiana University, co-author of the useful 1980 book, *Lizzie Borden: A Case Book of Family and Crime in the 1890s*. Dr. Williams paid tribute to Pearson, Lizzie's foremost biographer in America, for keeping alive the fascination of the legend in his five books that deal with the murders. She drew attention to the amusing and informative correspondence between Pearson and his Scottish alter ego, Roughead, as documented in the recent biography of Roughead by Richard Whittington-Egan.

Pearson, who read the newspaper reports of Lizzie's trial as a boy of twelve and who died in 1937, was convinced of her guilt. He himself was accused in 1961 by an American newspaperman, Edward Radin, in his book, *Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story* (Lizzie was innocent, Bridget the maid did it), of bias and omitting anything that might tend to exculpate Lizzie. However, Professor William L. Masterson of Connecticut University, pointed out at the conference that — whatever one thinks of Pearson's objectivity — he was a superb writer.

Masterson set a question-mark against one of the most widely-accepted 'facts' of the case: that August 4th, 1892, was a hot day. In his recent, posthumously published *Forty Whacks*, David Kent, a Lizzie apologist, says it was a very hot day. Victoria Lincoln's *A Private Disgrace: Lizzie Borden by Daylight* (1967) says it was hot even at dawn. The former judge, Robert Sullivan, author of the perhaps definitive *Goodbye Lizzie Borden* (1974), said 'Already at 6.15 am the newly-risen sun was blazing hot'. But the prize, said Masterson, goes to Frank Spiering in his 1984 *Lizzie* (Emma did it, Lizzie was a lesbian): 'The temperature at 7 am was 89 degrees'.

In fact, said Masterson, the newspapers of August 5th, 1892, reveal that the hottest temperature in Fall River the previous day had been 72 degrees.

But the most thought-provoking presentation came from a forensic scientist, James E. Starrs, of George Washington University, who eschewed 'the rank speculation, the pyramiding of surmise upon surmise and the sorely-unfounded factual assertions that have so inordinately characterised the case'. Professor Starrs, who is also a lawyer, addressed himself solely to the scientific evidence. His verdict: Lizzie was not provably guilty on the scientific evidence submitted at the trial. 'It completely missed the mark,

in today's understanding of scientific evidence.'

Starrs has examined the handleless, or 'hoodoo' hatchet. The prosecution alleged that this implement — one of a number of axes and hatchets found in the Bordens' cellar — was the murder weapon, although, he said, they knew they could not prove this directly. The blade is just under three-and-a-half inches long, and curved. Starrs criticised the expert testimony — or lack of it — given regarding the wounds inflicted on the victims' skulls, which were severed from the bodies by the prosecution and presented in court at the trial.

Before the trial one of the experts, Dr. Frank Draper, indicated that the cutting edge of the weapon had to be not more than two-and-a-half inches wide. Yet some of the wounds were five-and-a-half inches; it would be very difficult to conceive how this hatchet could make these wounds, without a pulling or sliding action.

Starrs dismissed the prosecutor's contention, which was backed up by police Assistant Marshal Fleet, that one could tell that the break in the handle was fresh. Photo-micrographs of the hatchet blade, displayed on a large screen, show distinctive marks that would be translated to the skulls. There are also marks on the hatchet end, but it is not possible to say whether these caused the handle break, or if the break was deliberate.

Starrs also outlined his use of ground-penetrating radar to determine — not without considerable local opposition — whether the skulls were reburied at the graves of Andrew and Abby. His triumphant verdict: 'We have found the missing skulls, speaking scientifically'.

But perhaps his most striking point concerns one of the great articles of faith in the case — that there was a one-and-a-half-hour gap between the murders, with Abby being killed about 9.30 am and Andrew, on his return to the house, at 11 o'clock. No way could they prove this, said Starrs. In today's terms, as to what they used then to make the determinations — examining the stomach contents — they could not say there was an hour-and-a-half gap. There are so many variables in the digestive process that one cannot rely on this method. Similar objections also apply to blood clotting and blood drying.

The one-and-a-half-hour gap was so important to the prosecution, he said, because, if true, the likelihood of the killer being an intruder was very remote; an intruder would hardly hang around for such a time, waiting to kill a second person. But if the gap were, say, only 15 or 20 minutes, that objection would not stand.

Miss Borden was everywhere this August in Fall River. On bookmarks, on mugs, on paperweights and, of course, on tee-shirts: from the tasteful 'Axe me where I've been. Fall River, Massachusetts, home of Lizzie Borden and the original Top 40 hits!' to the stark 'Lizzie, Lizzie, Lizzie,' with hatchet rampant, to the political 'Lizzie says axe Bush.' She was even in the supermarket. As I bought a copy of *Yankee* magazine the checkout girl remarked: 'That's the one with the Lizzie article. I was Lizzie once in a high school play!'

And the week saw 'Miss Lizbeth Borden,' graciously inviting us to take

tea at the Victorian Cafe, an arts centre located at the former church where Lizzie once taught the gospel to Chinese children. After chopped ham sandwiches and throttled strawberries in cream, Miss Borden — an actress whose identity is a closely-guarded secret — allowed questions from her guests. She proved an articulate and charmingly evasive young woman.

Later in the week I was invited to dinner by a family who — among other ventures — run a sanctuary for ferrets, which prosper on a sonic diet of big band jazz. My host had another secret for me. A few years ago a friend of his, who ran the Fall River Animal Rescue League, awoke in his tied house at 2 a.m. He was aware of a presence. The rocking-chair beside his bed was gently rocking. At the foot of the chair, moving in sympathy, was a pair of blue, tie-up ladies' boots. After a while the rocking gradually came to a stop, and the boots faded from sight. The gentleman was convinced that his nocturnal visitor had been the lonely spinster who bequeathed $30,000 in cash to the Animal Rescue League, and who died at her home in French Street on June 1st, 1927.

[Lewis MacDonald is a sub-editor on the Scottish *Daily Record.*]

Literary Supplement

TONY BENN — A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Tony Benn, A Biography. Jack Adams. Macmillan. £20.00.

As a child Anthony Wedgewood Benn, now Tony Benn, used to dress in workman's clothes made by the family nurse and played at being a workman. Perhaps unkindly, Joel Barnet, now in the House of Lords, once criticised his habit of drinking tea out of a large mug, no doubt on the assumption that he was still playing the same game.

Tony Benn was born into the Liberal establishment. He is a totally British phenomenon. There is the mixure of the high-minded Gladstonian ethic with a Christian Socialist tradition. Temperance, care for the oppressed and the minorities, non-conformist religious conviction and a touch of feminism is part of that political philosophy.

He is the Left's equivalent of Enoch Powell on the Right in the political wilderness. They curiously share the same distaste of an 'alien' Europe threatening the independence of British parliamentary democracy.

Tony Benn may be looked upon as a saint and this hagiography written in very readable prose is also prosaic in failing to analyse the real and complex personality and motivation of Tony Benn. His determination to escape the shackles of his peerage was his finest hour and reflects the obsessional nature of his personality in pursuing ideas. It is also one example of the rather personal way in which he fights his corner becoming the idea itself and therefore demonising those who oppose him, albeit unintentionally.

His achievements do not match the promise which he showed. In Constitutional reform, according to the author, 'Tony Benn's three greatest achievements are the Peerage Act, the referendum over Europe and the democratisation of the Labour Party'. The first of these does not affect 99.999% of the people. The second was an unfortunate precedent undermining representative democracy and blew up in his own face. The third merely shifted a portion of power from the parliamentary Labour Party to the already overwhelming power of the Trade Unions and democratisation in the form of one man, one vote has yet to emerge.

Many of Benn's measures were idealistic but impractical. He certainly brightened up the Post Office and negotiated a good deal on North Sea oil. As opposition spokesman on transport he had far sighted ideas on road safety. He did little for industry and his main achievement has been to act as a catalyst in provoking the discussion of ideas.

Certainly Benn produced enormous antagonism from those who knew more of the realities of industry than he. He has been unfairly pilloried by the press. His habit of holding a seminar rather than addressing a meeting from afar is endearing as he sits on a table, sleeves rolled up with the proverbial mug by his side. There is something of the evangelist and pilgrim in Tony Benn. His brother was destined for the clergy before his tragic death.

I shall vividly remember three personal pictures of Tony Benn. Prior to my own selection I heard him speak in Manchester. I was spellbound. His very presence radiated reassurance. He did not possess the oratorical virtuosity of a Nye Bevan. Instead he pursued logic and appealed to idealism. I came away convinced that I had heard a future Prime Minister. I remember the day in the House of Commons tea room when I happened to impart to him the

news that the Conservatives were having a free vote on Europe. His face went ashen and he uttered the unfathomable words, 'Call that democracy?' I have still to understand what he meant. Finally, I was walking through Cardiff on a murky Sunday afternoon a year or two ago when I saw a somewhat dishevelled figure carrying a curiously large overnight bag with a shoulder strap, shuffling towards the station. He seemed lost in his own thoughts. This was the lone evangelist — a saint or pilgrim spreading a message that is too easily sneered at in this age of materialism and selfishness.

My instinct tells me that he saw the European issue as the road to power — and all politicians crave power. It proved to be a cul de sac to him. In another sense it was also the unmaking of such figures as Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams and those of us who took what we considered to be the principled path. The tragedy is that that internecine battle set many sincere people at one another's throats and the wounds have never entirely healed.

The reader will learn a great deal of factual information from this biography and there are occasional useful insights. However, I suspect that we will have to wait for some time before a more probing and critical analysis of Tony Benn's role within the Labour Party casts light upon that lonely figure I saw trudging through Cardiff.

PAUL B. ROSE

A CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN

Wrestling with the Church. Mary Levison. Arthur James. £7.99.

Mary Levison led a Velvet Revolution in Scots Presbyterianism and is now the first woman to be a chaplain to the Queen. As Mary Lusk, she won a battle in the 1960s to secure the ordination of women in the Church of Scotland, in circumstances which have some parallels with the present situation in the Church of England. At the time she was a deaconess, but licensed to preach and placed in a ministry — as an assistant university chaplain — with functions which would 'normally' have been exercised by an ordained man. It was an anomalous situation but, as she says, 'it is often through anomaly that the Church moves'.

There is a foreword to her book by Bishop Patrick Rodger, formerly of Oxford (where Mary Lusk was born while her father was Presbyterian chaplain to the university). He suggests that there are many similarities in the present English 'arguments and hesitations' — and, he might have added, anomalies. He warns his fellow-Anglicans not to assume that any differences in the theology of ministry make the Scots experience irrelevant. Although the Kirk was (and in most respects still is) conservative and male-dominated, 'a great national Church had been persuaded to change its mind'. As Bishop Rodger says, Mrs. Levison was skilful, articulate, patient and persistent 'with a simple and firm conviction about her calling which refused to be brow-beaten or side-tracked'. But she had a wide range of other qualities. They included academic distinction at Oxford and in an Edinburgh theological education supplemented at Heidelberg and in struggles at Basle to follow the Swiss accent of Karl Barth. She had also been a 'token woman' on many ecumenical occasions. Her qualities are evident in the book, although parts of it inevitably deal with procedural and theological wrangles long ago. Others are rather unassuming personal memoirs or devoted to specialised Church interests, such as the role of the diaconate.

One thing the book makes clear is that the 'revolution' turned out not to be very revolutionary. Scots Presbyterianism has not been over-run by a

monstrous regiment of women, nor have most women ministers been aggressively feminist. The ordination of women as elders — the same term is used in Scotland as for ministers — may have been more significant in changing the local style of the Kirk. Mary Levison herself renounces any claim to be a 'feminist theologian' and, though anxious that men should listen to feminist theology, is unhappy with the 'protesting character' of some of it. She is also 'content to be agnostic' on whether women make different kinds of ministers from men, in the sense of doing the job differently.

She concludes that 'all the wrestling' over women's ordination left no lasting animosity or ill-will — another point of possible English relevance. Others can decide how far the Scots owe their felicity to a Presbyterian theology of ministry which posed fewer theological obstacles to women, and how far to Mary Levison's gifts and graces.

R. D. KERNOHAN

PROBING POLITICAL DISCONTENTS

The British Constitution Now. Ferdinand Mount. Heinemann, 1992. £18.50.

Ferdinand Mount warns his readers that they will find his book 'a queer mixture: part history, part political theory, part contemporary polemic, with several spoonfuls of biography thrown in'. More than half the book takes the form of commentary on his predecessors' writing, particularly those he calls 'The great simplifiers': Walter Bagehot, A. V. Dicey and Sir Ivor Jennings. When he is discussing what might be called the big familiar themes — Prime Minister, Cabinet and Civil Service — his tone is that of a text-book, though enlivened by his role as once an insider, as he was from 1982 to 1984 head of Mrs. Thatcher's policy unit.

There is much here that is sparkling: he sees the monarchy as gaining in influence and acceptability because of the occasional royal utterance, or the sharpness of the remarks of Prince Philip, Prince Charles and the Princess Royal, he notes that the Queen wisely refrains from any such challenges to controversy. But so it is generally, in our world without standards: judges give interviews, and civil servants are prompt, even keen, to give copious evidence in public to Select Committees. He notes that (because of, or despite? remorseless television coverage) there is a decline in 'the magic of Parliament'; he is consistently critical of the doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty. Given the to-and-fros in recent decades inside each of the major parties on major themes: devolution, the size and finance of local government, membership of the EEC and/or the EC, he puts forward a somewhat plaintive plea for a written constitution to preserve a bill of rights to protect the citizen. He does not stress that this would provide yet one more cornucopia to be raided by that already overworked and over-compensated profession, the lawyers. And he fails to mention what any American constitutional commentator would tell him: that government by law means in practice government by lawyers. Some might think that we already have more than enough of them.

Ferdinand Mount recognises that a form of written constitution may be coming anyway, thanks to the European Communities Act of 1972, which is 'a major entrenchment of a superior source of authority'; it will permit the introduction *via* 'subsidiarity' of various forms of devolution, and of yet more reorganisation of regional government, and with or without any formal change in the functions of the House of Lords. Would any written document protect us from the invasion of lawyers and bureaucrats themselves?

I detect only one omission in a wide-ranging, provocative and thorough probing of our present political discontents. What was basic to the proposals put to Edward Heath by the Scottish Policy Group in 1967 (of which I was a member) was less a new Scottish Parliament (with all the arguments over nationalism that accompanied and followed it) than the locating in Scotland of the existing Scottish Standing Committee of MPs to which the Second Reading of all Scottish legislation goes — a recommendation on which action has long ago been taken. Although Mr. Heath's speech at Perth, like Lord Home's later proposals, came close to a recognition of a need for a distinct and separately-elected Scottish Parliament, the original proposals were not so revolutionary, and were primarily concerned with the strengthening of the existing committee stage of bills. Here — as elsewhere today — the press and the media blow on issues, add fuel to the embers and create fires by doing so; and bureaucracies grow by what they feed on. But this is the only point on which I would seek to question Mr. Mount's interpretation. His book is challenging reading.

ESMOND WRIGHT

KEEPING THE HOLMES FIRES BURNING

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: Interviews and Recollections. Edited by Harold Orel. Macmillan. £45.00.

His autobiographical *Memories and Adventures* apart, there have been fourteen biographical studies of Conan Doyle — by the Reverend John Lamond, Hesketh Pearson, Adrian Conan Doyle, John Dickson Carr, Pierre Nordon, Michael and Molly Hardwick, Mary Hoehling, James Playsted Wood, Ivor Brown, Ronald Pearsall, Charles Higham, Julian Symons, Owen Dudley Edwards and Geoffrey Stavert. There would not, one might think, be much more territory of Doyle's 71 years' fossicking on this side of the veil remaining unexplored, but now Professor Orel has collected together a miscellany of resurrected interviews and recollections which forms a kind of vital appendix or supplementary volume to the life story.

A fascinating *omnium gatherum,* resembling nothing so much as the contents of one of those formidable scrap-books of Holmes's which stood in a row upon a shelf at 221B, preserving all manner of tit-bits. Silas Hocking, for instance, best remembered as author of that Victorian tear-jerker tale of the harsh Liverpool slumland, *Her Benny,* here lays modest claim to having suggested to Doyle the means of putting an end to the troublesome Sherlock Holmes — 'Why not bring him out to Switzerland and drop him down a crevasse?'. Doyle duly precipitated him over the Reichenbach Falls.

A report of a speech by Doyle at the Stoll Convention Dinner at the Trocadero in London in 1921, shows him protesting against the confusion of the author with his character and remembering the 'thrill of disappointment' that ran through the assembly when he was delivering a lecture in New York and the audience 'all expected to see in me a cadaverous looking person with marks of cocaine injections all over him'. In fact, he looked, according to one American observer, more like the great detective Thomas Byrnes, Chief Inspector of the New York Detective Bureau.

Talking with the artist, Mortimer Menpes, Doyle told him that he had no faith whatever in the professional critic. He preferred the child's views. 'I want the boy critic ... who will chuck a book down and call it "rot", or will read it through twice and call it "ripping".' That brings additional significance to Doyle's poem dedicatory to *The Lost World*:

I have wrought my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man,
Or the man who's half a boy.

There are interesting glimpses of Conan Doyle through the eyes of, among others, Bram Stoker, Jerome K. Jerome, James Barrie, Eden Phillpotts, Coulson Kernahan and the Great Houdini.

Of his work as the 'paladin of lost causes', as the celebrated criminologist, William Roughead, called him, there is here some reference to his successful championing of the cause of George Edalji, the Parsee solicitor, falsely convicted, as Doyle believed, of the Great Wyrley horse maimings, but the much more important case of Oscar Slater, wrongfully found guilty of murder, is barely touched upon.

The book is divided into five parts: The Years at Edinburgh University, 1876-81; Sherlock Holmes 1886-1927; The Professional Writer; Speaking Out on Public Issues; Sports; and, finally, Spiritualism — the story of how Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gave up all further fame and fortune, seeing fairies and taking upon himself the apostolate of spiritist revelation.

It was a long, long trail a'winding from Picardy Place, Edinburgh, via Stonyhurst to Spiritism, but the pilgrimage was one of knight errantry, and Professor Orel's gatherings from the wayside flourish a very worthwhile adornment of the old crusader's standards.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

FIRST WOMAN OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE

Dear Departed. Marguerite Yourcenar. Aidan Ellis. £18.00. *That Mighty Sculptor, Time.* Marguerite Yourcenar. Aidan Ellis. £18.00.

Marguerite Yourcenar became well known to English readers when *Les Mémoires d'Hadrien* was translated in 1954, thirteen years after its original publication. She was the author of several novels, often with historical themes. Although she was born in Belgium and spent much of her life in the United States, she is normally thought of as French. Indeed she became the first woman elected to the Académie Française in 1980 and she was granted French citizenship by Presidential decree.

In 1974 she published the first volume of her autobiography *Souvenirs Pieux* and once again it has taken many years for an English translation to appear. This excellent translation by Maria Louise Ascher appeared in America last year and is now published in England.

Like most autobiographies this begins with her birth in 1903. However, instead of moving forward it travels backward to took at her ancestors, most of whom were minor nobility or officials in Belgium. The account of her own birth, which caused the death of her mother, is unforgettable as she draws a powerful portrait of life among the Belgian bourgoisie. Although nothing in the book equals this, she uses her powerful historical imagination to recreate — often with scanty materials — the world of many of her forebears.

A serious historian would have to be very careful in taking all these family legends for historical facts. Yet this feat of imagination does work in *Dear Departed* and makes it a memorable autobiography. One cannot say the same of this collection of her essays, *That Mighty Sculptor, Time.* These range from a two page attack on the wearing of furs to a mildly enjoyable one on Andalusia. Many of them are slight and more are pretentious. Often she needs only one fact to leap to a theory. For example, when a guide in Vienna

confuses a statue of Empress Maria Theresa with one of Empress Elizabeth, Madame Yourcenar concludes that Austrian schools do not know how to teach history. No doubt, some may be impressed by a dollop of Buddhism in an essay, but pretentious writing cannot obscure the fact that many of the essays are trite.

RICHARD MULLEN

A STUDY OF DIDEROT

Diderot: A Critical Biography. P. N. Furbank. Secker and Warburg. £25.00.

We know Diderot — or at least Diderot the author — better than his contemporaries could, because many of his oddest and most interesting works were not published until after his death. Even then he has, however, paid the polymath's penalty of spilling out of the categories of the catalogue. He wrote plays, novels and short stories; he tackled aesthetics, ethics and politics; he was a worthwhile scientist but an unimpressive mathematician. Most memorably he played a major role in editing the *Encyclopédie,* a compendium which at once consolidated and criticised everything which the eighteenth century knew. This great work consumed the best years of his life, and has often achieved the text-book status of one of the five or seven or twelve Causes of the French Revolution, depending on the orthodoxy of the writer's day. Yet Diderot remains partially recognised, figuring briefly in courses on the novel, art history or the enlightenment without receiving — at least from the English-speaking world — the attention he deserves.

In one sense, Furbank's study is unnecessary: if you want an exhaustive, scholarly biography of Diderot, Arthur Wilson has written it; if you want your appetite whetted and the principal questions raised in clear and exciting terms, Peter France's little Past Master volume does an excellent job. But Furbank's publishers guessed correctly that there would be a market for a vivid and driving narrative of the *philosophe's* life which paused to address great conceptual dilemmas — Diderot's and ours — in terms accessible to any thinking, reading person.

What makes Diderot startlingly 'modern' is that he calls into question not only the structures and beliefs of his own society, but the values and methods by which he himself sets about the task of undermining the traditional, many of which have in their turn become the norms of our century. His attempts at a new basis for knowledge, or for an immanent morality, are themselves satirised and subverted by what is often a second or even third authorial voice within the same work. This Furbank demonstrates by careful exegesis of the key texts, making judicious use of the flattering fiction that we are — say — being reminded of the story of *Les Bijoux Indiscrets,* or that we had ourselves already noticed the way in which the apparent shapelessness of a letter to Sophie Volland conceals three distinct philosophical themes ('Being oneself', 'Wanting to be a Genius' and 'The Rewards of Life') 'which', Furbank explains, 'obscurely hang together in Diderot's mind and make one'.

It is a difficult technique to persist with, but Furbank does so successfully, not least because in the last third of the book he is able to draw on points established a couple of hundred pages earlier: referring to Diderot's ' "statue-building" concept of ethics' or his 'interlocutory method'; by then the only compliment we are being paid is the reasonable one that we have been reading attentively and not skipping.

It is sad that Diderot had no Boswell, for so many witnesses tell us that the best of the man was in his conversation and in his exuberant, even

uncontrolled and alarming, physical presence: Catherine the Great was not only lectured on the nature of government, but had to put a table between herself and her philosophical visitor to stop him from squeezing her thighs black and blue. Mostly we have to take the wit, the energy and the kindness on trust. What is clear is that Diderot shared with his once-friend Rousseau an understanding of the dignity of humanity which respected ordinary people, caught up in making their livings, loving and dying; but which nursed a sense that once in a generation comes a man who sees what has never been seen before and that he demands and deserves space, recognition and adulation. Such a man somehow subsumes his less extraordinary fellows into his own vision and achievement, but is entitled to say and do things which they find not just eccentric but offensive. So humanity at large can find itself baffled by someone claiming to epitomise it, and who innocently looks for gratitude rather than reproach.

All this Furbank works hard to convey, but sometimes, without the exact turn of phrase, or a detailed account of how a conversation took off, the reader is left knowing only that on a given afternoon in — say — 1761 all those present thought Diderot had been very clever and very funny. As we did not share the experience, that is as far as the evidence will take us: but there are points where it is odd that — according to the footnotes — a book published in 1992 has not chased evidence that has become available in the last few years. It may be defensible to rest an account of the impact of censorship on book sales on a paragraph in Alfred Cobban's 1957 textbook *History of Modern France*, but why is there no sign in the text or the footnotes of Robert Darnton's recent vast output on forbidden books and those who wrote, printed and sold them? Again, there is a well-known anecdote about Hume at d'Holbach's dinner-table ('I don't think I've ever met an atheist,' says the visiting Scot, to which the reply is, 'Look around: there are eighteen people at table; fifteen are atheists; three haven't made up their minds yet.') This comes to us from more than one source, and probably originates from Diderot himself: it is odd, then, to give as authority Greig's 1931 biography of Hume. Maurice Cranston's second volume of his biography of Rousseau (1991) perhaps appeared too late for its findings to shape the section on Diderot's rupture with Rousseau, but it is a shame not to point readers with a note to where they could find additional clarity. One final carp: modern students find it extraordinary that despite Diderot's willingness to challenge and undermine almost everything his age thought normal, he wrote about the civil and political position of women with a tired mixture of compassion and whimsy, and limited his hopes for his own precious daughter to accomplishments, including the ability to make enlightened conversation, and a decent dowry. Furbank is fully entitled to decide, as he tries to squeeze this vast bubbling life between the covers of a single volume, that this is an issue too far: we are not all interested in everything; we have no call to quiz the subject of every study about his or her political correctness in every particular. Fair enough, but it is then careless to gloss Diderot's insistence that Angélique be taught some basic anatomy as springing from his 'feminist way of thinking'.

This book remains, however, a remarkable achievement. Furbank presents a compelling narrative which pauses to open out sharp and enduring issues of perception, value and creativity then sweeps the reader on to the next episode in a life which shares a colourful skittishness with many of Diderot's own stories. Furbank attempts to work out how well Diderot was rewarded for his work, not just in terms of the ubiquitous workman's daily wage, but

by noting the cost of a cheap wig or a bowl of *café au lait* at a street stall. It is sobering to note how long it took, in the eighteenth century as now, for a man of talent and energy to make a thinkable living from writing. Furbank is both lucky and deserving that this book has attracted so much favourable attention.

LINDA KIRK

THEROUX IN OCEANIA

The Happy Isles of Oceania: Paddling the Pacific. Paul Theroux. Hamish Hamilton. 1992. £16.99.

Paul Theroux can make pleasant reading, when he is not being deliberately disagreeable and his book makes a good dip in companion to Simon Winchester's equally vast tome on Pacific politics. Theroux has a personal and less coherent paddle round many islands, as he tries to overcome personal trauma, as others like Rupert Brooke have done before him. Like many western travellers, he cannot resist patronising local whites as against the less than noble savage.

Theroux starts in the Trobriand Islands, waving his sociological bible, Malinowski's *The Sexual Life of Savages.* This was required (unofficial) reading for every LSE undergraduate before the war. And how we loved it. Paul Theroux does not seem to have progressed much further. At grass roots level, he paints a sad picture of islands where primitive Christianity and Cargo Cults have replaced the unholy trinity of trader, planter and missionary. His sweeping condemnation of Thor Heyerdahl and a superficial picture of Fiji do not inspire confidence. The chiefs who so sonorously begged Queen Victoria not to bring alien Hindus to their land would have been saddened at the vulgarisation of their cause.

Theroux, an ex-Peace Corps worker of the sixties, seems, like many Americans, not to have survived the culture shock and clutches on to news flashes from the Gulf War to bring back reality. He paints a singularly nasty picture of Cath Tizard, Governor General of New Zealand; but his American imperialism really emerges when he reaches the paradise of Hawaii (a very different paradise from the wicked skit by David Lodge). Somehow he manages to condemn every aspect of French colonialism in the Pacific, while blandly claiming that American Samoa is simply a contented part of the American family. He does not even condescend to mention the British connection with Tonga, Samoa and Fiji. The book is an unhappy amalgam of not very informed opinion and anecdote. One hopes that his golden apples in Hawaii are not false and that his long dark paddle has cleansed his soul.

MOLLY MORTIMER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Simms A Literary Life (The University of Arkansas Press. $35). William Gilmore Simms was the most prolific author of the American South in the first half of the nineteenth century. He wrote more than seventy books ranging from novels to history. Rising from a humble background in Charlestown, South Carolina he became a politician, planter and spokesman for the Southern cause as editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review.* He once said 'all biography should be written *con amore* . . . without violating the truth and yet with some softening of its harsher effects'. He

has been lucky to have found a modern biographer who follows this wise, but unfashionable principle. John Caldwell Guilds has written an elegant and fascinating life of Simms which throws light upon a much neglected area of American literature. Not only do we see Simms as an author, but as a busy editor of an important periodical. Perhaps the most interesting part of this valuable biography is Simms' final five years when he tried to come to terms with the South's defeat in 1865.

In **Edward Everett** (Susquehanna University Press, £29.95) Paul Varg provides a useful and well researched account of the career of this famous New England politician and diplomat. Like his contemporary, Simms, he was also the editor of an important periodical, *The North American Review*. A conservative nationalist, Everett also played an important role in Anglo-American relations. Today he is best remembered as the official orator who also spoke at Gettysburg.

Religion: Contemporary Issues. The All Souls Seminars in the Sociology of Religion (Bellew Publishing. £35). This collection of essays, edited by Bryan Wilson, Reader of Sociology at Oxford, is the fifth in 'The Canterbury Papers'. There are fourteen essays on a wide variety of topics including church schools, the social gospel, the role of television, the Seventh Day Adventists, the divisive issue of women and ministry and the changing nature of England's Roman Catholic community. It is a fascinating collection containing a host of insights into the state of English religion at the end of the twentieth century.

Decline and Renewal

With the world in such rapid change, we need the perspective that only history can give to explain the meaning of all the developments taking place round us. Yet most historians barricade themselves in their own bastion and speak only to the other specialists in their 'period'. Fortunately R. C. Mowat is an historian who writes for non-historians. In *Decline and Renewal: Europe Ancient and Modern* (New Cherwell Press, 71 High Street, Standlake, Oxford OX8 7RH, hardback £18, paperback £11.50), he seeks to interpret the great impulses in Western Civilisation from Classical times to our own day. Throughout this perceptive book, he stresses the role of spiritual forces. He sees great hope in the developments in Eastern Europe and believes they will lead to a 'fresh blossoming of the human spirit'.

Writers of book reviews include Dr. Linda Kirk, a lecturer in modern history in the University of Sheffield, and Professor Esmond Wright, Emeritus Professor of American History in the University of London. He is the author of *Washington And the American Revolution* and a recent biography of Benjamin Franklin. From 1967 to 1970 he was MP for Glasgow, Pollok.

HALF YEAR INDEX — JULY-DECEMBER 1992

VOLUME 261

LS — Literary Supplement

ABEL, Betty: Some Recent Fiction, 43. LS 50.
AITCHTEY, Rodney: LS 54.
ASTIER, Henri: Americans and Conspiracy Theories, 169.
BARNETT, Muriel: The North Coast of Iceland, 101.
BEERBOHM, Nonie: LS 278.
BONSOR, Ann: LS 215.
LAMONT-BROWN, Raymond: The Yakusa: Japan's Gangsters, 80.
BRUCE, Donald: An Oxford Garrison of Poets in 1642, 250.
CARRIER, Peter: Rewriting Vichy after Fifty Years, 232.
CHAPEL, Beth: Talking of Trousers . . . , 99.
COLLEY, Mary: Iris Murdoch — the 'Good' Novelist, 319.
COOK, R. L.: Poem: Invocation, 260.
WHITTINGTON-EGAN, Richard: LS 220, 221, 330.
EMADI, Hafizullah: Conflicts in the Middle East: the Kurdish National Question, 62
EVANS, George: Singapore Remembers, 151.
FOSTER, Charles: Who Won the War? Greed, Schism and the Party Faithful in Vietnam, 240.
FRIESNER, Susan: A Festival of Theatre in Moscow, 303.
GIDNEY, Pam: Poems: Indecision Among the Apple-Trees, 32, A New Voice for Pastoral Poetry, 32; The Ultimate Forgiveness, 150.
GLADSTONE, David: Consultants and Changing Health Care, 281.
GLASGOW, Eric: The Sea in Liverpool's History, 266.
GOOCH, Anthony: The Foreign Relations and Foreign Policy of Spain: a Survey for 1992. Part Four: Spain, Western Europe and the European Community, 57; Part Five: Spain, Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, and Conclusion, 229.
GRAY, Dulcie: A Great Director: Glen Byam Shaw 1904-1986, 213.
GREEN, Laurence: Edinburgh International Festival, 242.
HARRIGAN, Anthony: The Skull Beneath the Skin, 14.
HARVEY, A. D.: LS 48.
HASHMI, Alamgir: Poem: On Hearing That the Wall in Berlin, 13.
HAWKINS, Desmond: A Newly Discovered Shelley Diary, 34.
HEALEY, Nigel M.: What Price Trade Union Reform? 288.
HEPTONSTALL, Geoffrey: LS 219.
HODGSON, Peter: Chernobyl After Five Years, 20. Science, the Greens and the Environment, 225. Oxford Examined, 300. LS 49.
HOPKINS, Tim: Poems: Envoi, 141; The Post-War Footballer, 305.
INGRAM, Paul: The Tragedy of Tibet, 122.
ISAACS, Marty: The Man Who Bought the Dead Sea Scrolls, 257.
JULIUS, Muriel: Richard Hamilton — an Illustrator of Ideas, 155. Walter Richard Sickert — Impressionist or Depressionist? 306. LS 52.
KERNOHAN, R. D.: The Subsequent History of Ruritania, 142. LS 164, 218, 328.
KIRK, Linda: LS 332.
LAND, Thomas: The Green Danube, 84.
LEE, Ann: Poem: We Will Remember Them, 299.
LEVITT, Lee: An Immigrant in Israel, 202.
MacDONALD, Lewis: One Hundred Years of Lizzie Borden, 323.
MACKINTOSH, Paul St John: Two Modern Christian Poets, 204. LS 166.
MEAD, Robin: A Close-Kept Secret in Edinburgh, 41.
MORTIMER, Molly: Ex Libris: the Destruction of a Great Commonwealth Treasure, 198. LS 108, 110, 161, 222, 334.
MULLEN, Richard: Anthony Trollope at Christmas, 309. LS 47, 107, 163, 217, 223, 331.
MUNRO, Kelly: Poem: Endings, 83.
MURAY, Leo: The Balkans: Past and Present, 72. Post-Communist Reflections, 185. LS 46, 109, 165, 274.
NASH, Michael L.: The UK Presidency of the European Community, 113. LS 275.
NOTTINGHAM, Ted: From Tutankhamun to Nigel Short: the Story of Chess, 314.
PACSOO, Jo: Himalayan Development, 36.
PENNINGTON, Richard: The Czech Zither, 39.
POORSOLTAN, Keramat: China Debates Capitalism, 1.
RADO, Emil: Hungary: Two Cheers for Democracy? 148.
ROSE, Paul B.: What Future for the Labour Party? 179. LS 271, 327.
ROSSI, John: Orwell and Patriotism, 95.
ROWSE, A. L.: LS 106, 159, 272.
SALLOUM, Habeeb: Can Tourism Save Cuba's Communist System? 130. The Democratic Future for Yemen, 236.
SCHOFIELD, Peter: Protecting the Environment in Central Europe, 189.
SESHADRI, B.: The Aberration of Hindu Fundamentalism, 76.
SHORTER REVIEWS: LS 56, 112, 167, 224, 279, 334.
ST JOHN, Ronald Bruce: Libyan Terrorism: the Case Against Gaddafi, 294.
SUTER, Keith: French Nuclear Testing in the South Pacific, 126.
SYER, Geoffrey: Britain's Two Cultures — a Third Look, 88.
THOMAS, David N.: Two-Party Politics in America, 117.
TIBBS, Molly: LS 53.
TOMLINSON, Bernard: Tennyson Remembered, 248.
TONG, Raymond: The Limits of Tolerance, 26.
TRAYLEN, Maryanne: LS 277.
VICKERS, Philip: A Visit to the Auvers-sur-Oise of Vincent van Gogh, 261.
WRIGHT, Esmond: Discovering Columbus: a Bibliographic Probe, 136. LS 45, 105, 160, 216, 273, 329.

Contemporary Review

an international forum for discussion of a broad spectrum of topics, has been in continuous publication as a monthly since its foundation in 1866. It incorporates *The Fortnightly*, founded in 1865 by Anthony Trollope.

The Review is very widely distributed in over 60 countries; in America it is read in every State of the Union. It has a broad institutional circulation among, for example, parliamentary and government bodies, embassies, universities and colleges, clubs and public libraries.

ORDER FORM

To: The Finance Director
Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG

Please enter a subscription for

U.K.		U.S.A. and Canada	
One Year ...	£29.00	One Year ...	$130.00
6 Months ...	£14.50	6 Months ...	$ 65.00
3 Months ...	£ 7.25	3 Months ...	$ 32.50

(Delete as appropriate.)

Name . ...

Address . .. .

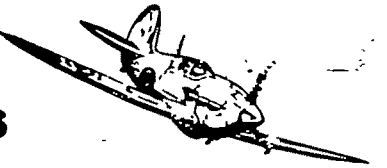
. ...

Country ....

I enclose a cheque for .... made payable to 'Contemporary Review Co. Ltd.'

Single copies (including back issues) are available on request.

THAT WAS THEN BUT THIS IS NOW



GIVE AS TOM GAVE

TOM SERVED IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

TOM FOUGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY

NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO CARE FOR HIS NEEDS

Please help by giving all you can for an emblem during Wings Week or send a donation to:
THE ROYAL AIR FORCES ASSOCIATION APPEALS DEPT., (D S)
PORTLAND ROAD, MALVERN, WORCESTERSHIRE WR14 2TA

I enclose a donation of ..... for The Wings Appeal

Please debit my Access/Barclaycard (delete as applicable)

Credit Card No. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please tick if receipt required or information on RAFA Membership ☐

Space donated by

.....

Printed by MANDEVILLE PRESS, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG.